

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

"SATURDAY NIGHT" never indulges in promises of improvements or explanations of any deviation from its regular methods. This issue, however, is completed on Thursday morning instead of Friday morning in order to provide an interval during which a new press can be installed. A portion of the present pressroom is occupied by the machinery of the "Star," the management of which had hoped to be in their own premises by the beginning of next year, but were forced to extend their tenancy until the first of March. It was our intention to put the new machinery in the place occupied by that of our tenants, but the increasing necessities of "Saturday Night" have made it impossible to wait any longer, and our old press must be taken out and a new one installed at once, though it will entail the moving of the new machine later on in order that the old one, when thoroughly goosed, can be returned to its present position. If everything goes well this can be done without interfering with the next issue appearing promptly on time, as the new press provides facilities for printing a sixteen-page paper in two-thirds of the time it now consumes to put out a twelve-pager. The opportunity is being taken to put in machinery of our own for setting type, and a general reorganization of our mechanical appliances, the benefits of which, it is expected, will be apparent in the next issue of "Saturday Night." Sometimes unexpected jolts take place, new machinery seldom works without friction, and delays occasionally occur, but it is to be hoped that nothing of the kind will mar what with us is an occasion of considerable importance, or irritate the readers to whose continued kindness and consideration we owe so much.

THE speeches at the Manufacturers' banquet in Montreal last week were of an unusually high order, but those of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. G. W. Ross were easily the best and should set at rest any further questioning as to the attitude of the Liberal party towards preferential trade with Great Britain. Sir Wilfrid was oratorical and diplomatic, but his friendly attitude towards preferential trade was made clear. Mr. Ross's speeches, taking both matter and manner into consideration, are almost invariably ahead of any speeches made within a decade by any man on this continent, and the one delivered in Montreal was no exception. He even though he is going through a period of stress which it is to be hoped will end by landing him in the House of Commons, where he certainly belongs. His well-wishers hope that he will not remain in provincial politics, because of the difficulties he will find in disassociating himself, either in or out of power, from methods forced upon him by the circumstances and colleagues he found when he took office as Premier. Some of the circumstances have grown worse, some of the colleagues he inherited or who were in line of succession have grown no better, but Mr. Ross has become distinctly a greater man, though continued submission to present conditions must certainly bring him permanent disfigurement and disaster.

ONTARIO needs a man for Premier who is strong, tactful, who, once he is persuaded he is right, can be neither coaxed nor coerced; he must be master of his cabinet, appreciative of the privileges of public life but not enamored of power; able to express himself clearly and forcibly, but of no necessity an orator. Any good business man with a fair knowledge of public life should be able to handle the business of Ontario and manage his ministers as the head of a large concern controls his deputies. Good administrators are not always good speech-makers, as has been shown by the present Government, which has but one good speech-maker and several good administrators. In fact, the conduct of the majority of the departments has been reasonably efficient—some say much better than during the time of Harris and Mowat—but disintegration has brought about deterioration and a debasement of moral policy, and a consequent degradation of methods. Mr. Ross has been too intimately connected with the Government in the past to be disassociated from much that is disturbing public opinion—if there be a public opinion, of which, apparently, the Government and many others are in doubt. In the mind of the electorate there is no real doubt of Mr. Ross's honesty and patriotism of purpose, and universal regret would follow his retirement into private life. The broadness of thought and clearness of expression which characterize his speeches make him distinctly a proper representative of Canadian impulse in the House of Commons and the Dominion Government. Broader and larger than his party or any of his opponents, he stands to-day in an unfortunate position, reluctant to leave his party in the lurch in provincial affairs, even though he must know that he can have no hope of rescuing it except by getting into some posture liable to leave him with the record of a demagogue, and an unsuccessful one at that. He has the key of the situation in his hand; will he use it and emerge to probable greatness, or remain where he is and be entombed in disgrace?

IN connection with a recent article on mistaken silence and culpable concealments of the Pulpit and the Press, there has come to me a startling incident on which I have been asked to give my opinion. According to the report in circulation, a man well known in a rather prominent church has for years had charge of a portion of the Sunday school, and of a Sunday morning class consisting principally of girls who are from seven to fourteen years old. His reputation was good and his family highly respected, but last summer the twelve-year-old daughter of one of his neighbors went home in a greatly excited state, and was ultimately induced to confess to her mother that she had been indecently used in an outhouse by this teacher of better things. The mother told the father, who, it is said, was so enraged that he contemplated personal violence, but was persuaded that he would do his daughter's reputation harm by either assaulting the man or bringing the matter into court. He brought the matter to the attention of some of the officials of the church, and it is said that the accused confessed to having acted indiscreetly, claiming he must have been possessed by the Evil One, and in view of his contrition no action was taken and he was permitted to retain his department in the Sunday school and the morning class. It is alleged he began to explain away his offence and to minimize his guilt to those who knew of it, and this, together with his continuance to hold his church position, further angered the parent of the little girl, who brought the matter before the pastor, who is one of the ablest men and gentlest characters in the pulpit. For the sake of peace matters were further left alone, the father hoping that after the offender took his family away for the summer he would not resume his place in the Sunday school. Returning, however, he sent out a rally card, which was not directed to the children of a few parents who had been outspoken in the matter, but practically reached all of the class.

The painful problem is what these children, when they learn the facts—as they doubtless will, for children hear everything nowadays—will think of their parents for leaving them in charge of such a man, and of the church for allowing him, for social reasons and the sake of peace and the quieting of a scandal, to retain his position. Will they not have a hearty contempt either for decency or for those professing it and condoning such an offence? Can a church, or churches, afford to do such things? The story seemed to me almost incredible, for at once every bad impression on the childish mind suggested by it seemed so obvious and so serious that I could not see why a quiet intimation to one in so prominent a place for his instant retirement should not have been made. The story may have been exaggerated, though I believe I have given it in its mildest form. But a church cannot afford to have prominently identified with its work one who is even tainted with a suspicion of anything so unnatural and improper. If the story is false it should have been silenced by an investigation, either in the church or in the court. Concealment is the

poorest possible way to rehabilitate a reputation. To brazen a thing out is apt to intensify the aversion of those who believe the story. A man certainly has a right to live a thing down, but good taste should suggest to a man with any fine feelings that such a thing should be lived down as a private member of a church organization. It is quite true that a charge may easily be made against a man which he cannot disprove, and no one should be considered guilty of an offence if his whole life corroborates his denial of guilt; but if a man has confessed to such a grave indiscretion, to put the matter mildly—and it is alleged such a confession has been made in the present instance—the line of action which should have been taken by the church seems to be absolutely clear. If for the moment he were really possessed by the Evil One there is certainly great danger of it occurring again, and his line of conduct rather suggests that the devil did not vacate without doing some permanent damage; that, in fact, he is not quite sane.

THE confession of the woman arrested, together with her husband, for drowning her baby at Coatsworth's Cut, gives the reader a feeling of nausea that a mother could be an accomplice in such a crime. Her somewhat vague excuses that the baby was in the road and prevented her from working, that there was another expected, and that they were in debt, all sound more reasonable than her statement that her husband was jealous of it because she seemed to think more of it than she did of him. In court she had nothing to say, while he pleaded not guilty.

It is not necessary to assume their guilt for the purpose of this paragraph. Somebody was the mother of the murdered baby, and the old-fashioned belief in the strength of maternal affection would lead us to expect that she would have been wildly crying in the streets for her infant as soon as she missed it if she had not been conniving at or assisting in its death. Deserted and murdered babies are not rarities, and women lacking the maternal instinct are by no means re-

but it is impossible to seriously contemplate anyone being let alone being good, who never had a father or mother. The future of a race propagated in this way suggests many changes of conventionalities. Instead of giving one's parentage it will probably be the fashion to state the number and locality of the incubator; and if parental instinct does not die out and the family idea be abandoned, men and women will choose some attractive baby in a fashionable factory, take some special interest in its development and education, and thus escape the embarrassment of having noisy nuisances about their homes—but then, of course, there will be no homes, simply hives. In thinking this matter over it really seems more reasonable that individual independence will return to inter-dependence, that the morbid introspection in literature will return to something of a chivalric sort with self-sacrifice as the motive, and that the present scientific, unnatural, or unnaturally scientific, methods of figuring out what one will do, and be, and say, and feel, will run their course like all other fads and fanciful theories.

THE Conservative organ is much exercised because a large quantity of campaign literature has been recently headed in the mails out of Ottawa under the frank of a Cabinet Minister, or Ministers. In the following paragraph it makes the charge still broader: "Tons of this stuff are being franked, with the compliments of Liberal members of the House, members of the Government, and even of Liberal candidates who never sat in Parliament. For this domestic business of a political party the machinery of the Post-Office, maintained at the public cost, is being used." The large amount of postage that this material should have paid, the "Mail and Empire" considers as "so much stolen from the treasury. During a Parliamentary recess no member of Parliament has a right to the use of the mails without payment of postage. Members' franking privilege ceases when Parliament rises." It contends that the Government admitted in the House some time ago that this reading of the act is the cor-



SHAKESPEARE UP TO DATE.

Cardinal Wolsey Ross (to Cromwell "Globe" Macdonald)—"Prithee lead me in: There take an inventory of all I have."

stricted to those who desert or murder their babies. We know little of the history of the people of the past in regard to the care they took of their offspring, but we do know from statistics that the birth rate in so-called civilized countries of recent years has shown a startling decrease, while infant mortality, except in localities where improved sanitation has had a certain counteracting effect, has shown an increase. These things have been grouped under the title of race suicide, and it is to be presumed that existing conditions are considered to have been established. The chief points in the Coatsworth's Cut case are conspicuous illustrations of the impulse behind all that is involved in race suicide; the lust of the man, the weakness of the woman, the mutual desire for intimate companionship, the wish each to go their own way unembarrassed by the care of a child or children, the unadulterated selfishness of the proposition, the decision to disregard the laws of nature and of the land, the scheming first to avoid embarrassment and then the plotting to do away with it—and now the Result! It seems to me a serious problem whether the child, with such prenatal influences disturbing its embryo heart and unconsciously laying the basis of a cold, utterly selfish character, is not better dead than alive. I am certainly not advocating the killing of children, but I would like to think it worth while to advocate the killing of such impulses. The general tendency of present conditions seems to be in the direction of utter selfishness and an absolute disregard for those natural and softening influences such as the rearing of a family and the making of sacrifices for the good of those for whom one is responsible. Can men and women each employ themselves separately, as the accused couple did, and have natural impulses of a parental sort? To what extent is the woman who figures out her own life in her own way developing into a new being? What is to be the result of this evolutionary process so distinctly going on all around us? The outlook does not appear beautiful.

IN the Congress of Arts and Sciences at St. Louis many startling things were said indicating that scientists have been reserving sensational announcements for a World's Fair audience. Professor Loeb of California claims to have discovered that by applying the principles of physics and chemistry to the science of life it will be quite possible that sex can be determined, instinct in animals accounted for, the origin of life explained, and reproduction of the race performed by artificial means. If something of the sort is not discovered shortly the race is liable to die out. If I had any hope of any such thing happening it would fill me with longing to live just long enough to see what sort of people could be produced by an incubator. Possibly they might be an improvement upon those who are subject to pre-natal influences of a vicious sort,

rect one. It is certainly wrong for the whole country to be made pay for a partisan presentation of public affairs, no matter which party sends out the cargo of distorted statements. It will be remembered, however, that the last time the Conservative members at Ottawa were stricken with fear that an election was coming on, carloads of campaign stuff were franked by rubber stamps, and the mails so glutted that the Postmaster-General had to interfere. It was during the session, and the Opposition practically went on strike and became obstructionists until the cargo was cleared. While this shows pretty clearly what is the Conservative idea of the franking privilege, it does not justify the Grits in doing likewise, nor in the slightest exonerate the Administration for permitting the franking privilege to be used during recess, when legally such a privilege does not exist. If the "Mail" has its facts on straight—as it seldom has—the franking privilege has been shamelessly abused. Even if large quantities of campaign literature have been franked by the Ministers personally, the offence is but little reduced, for it is more than doubtful if even the Cabinet frank is legally sufficient to make free to the mails partisan documents. The whole franking business is bad, and rumors of its long continued and systematic abuse whereby even business men in Ottawa were enabled to send out their business announcements: under it, have been rife. The regulations should be revised, the frank limited to the actual business of the departments, and during the session to carrying public documents to the electors. Members of Parliament might be supplied with a limited number of stickers something like postage stamps for their correspondence, and even that should not be good unless initialed by the member. This would stop the wholesale abuses complained of and yet not make the correspondence of a member of Parliament expensive. The easier way would be to abolish the franking privilege entirely. In the meantime it must be confessed that the analogy presented by the "Mail" of smuggling the campaign stuff through the mails and smuggling personal property through the customs, is obviously apt. The government which has to do with the making of laws should set a better example.

A CRITICISM of the severity of the sentence passed on the C.P.R. locomotive engineer out west who was sent for two years to the penitentiary for having been drunk while in charge of his engine, takes an altogether mistaken view of the offence. The man was taken from his engine on no other ground than that of intoxication, which was certainly sufficient to justify the severity of the sentence. It is not a crime to go to sleep under ordinary circumstances, but it is a crime for a man on duty to take a nap if by so doing he endangers the lives of others. A soldier found asleep

while on sentry-go is liable to be shot, and the train dispatcher or telegraph operator who goes to sleep and lets two trains crash into one another, unless excusable on the ground of being tremendously overworked, is held guilty of criminal carelessness. As this is also held true of a locomotive engineer, the stupor voluntarily superinduced by excessive drinking must be considered a much greater offence. Fortunately it has become the rule that no railway employee may use intoxicants during or near hours they are employed; on many railroads those who have to do with trains or the safety of the public must be total abstainers. The world is becoming so complex, everyone has become so dependent upon somebody else for the safety and conveniences of life, that no one can be a law unto himself, as was once held possible. The change in this sort of thing in the last twenty or thirty years has been most conspicuous, and getting a "jag" is no longer considered merely an amiable weakness. When men walked home or got drunk after they got home, or in fact got drunk under almost any circumstances where they were not positive nuisances to others than members of their own family, intoxication was largely a domestic affair, unfortunate in itself and the cause of great suffering, but not a menace to the safety of the public. Now when men ride home in street cars and are full of booze and delight in making nuisances of themselves, it is held to be offensive and they are ostracized; and when those in charge of public transportation such as cars and steamers get drunk it is quite properly considered a crime and treated as such, as it endangers the lives of those who had no share in the fun—if there was any—of putting on the load, while they have a very important share in the dangers resulting from another's excess.

THE benefits to Canada of a visit of a considerable delegation of the Institute of Civil Engineers of Great Britain, headed by Sir William White, the great naval architect, cannot be overestimated. It is an organization possessing immense influence. Capitalists go to engineers for advice and reports with regard to many great enterprises, relying upon their skill and honesty to a really wonderful extent. Canada relies greatly on being understood and appreciated; that these engineers have seen something of this country and its people consequently means much to us, for an engineer, like other people, has his prejudices and preferences. What has been done to entertain these gentlemen has a meaning not often to be found in attempts to be hospitable to visitors, and this city and country, already proud of its engineers and jealous of any attempt to supersede them in opportunities to demonstrate their worth, should feel grateful to the Canadian Institute of Civil Engineers for the generous and courteous treatment of their visiting colleagues. It has been generally noticed that nothing of the sort was ever better done; I doubt if anything was ever before as well done in Toronto, large as that saying may seem to be.

RUSSIA is paying a terrible price for her refusal to permit uncensored foreign newspapers to circulate freely among her people. Since the war with Japan broke out the papers of Canada and the United States have been filled with the most valuable criticisms and suggestions which, had they come under the eyes of the Russian officers in command, would have made any really serious reverse in the campaign impossible. The Russian Government has persistently sacrificed both men and ships merely that a tyrannical press regulation might not be disregarded. Had Kuropatkin been regularly supplied with copies of the Toronto daily papers alone—filled as they are with invaluable little hints and cautions supplied by the eminent non-combatant military authorities of the editorial staff—it is safe to express the belief that long before this he would have been smoking Stoesel's cigarettes in the relieved fortress of Port Arthur.

THE killing of a boy at the Dunn avenue railway crossing last Friday was but the latest of a long list of tragic accidents which have occurred at that notoriously unguarded spot. One look at the crossing and its surroundings would convince the most careless observer of the necessity for the adoption of every modern safeguard that the risk of accident might be reduced to the average of level crossings. The avenue crosses the tracks immediately west of a rather sharp curve, thus rendering it almost impossible for a person coming north to see a west-bound train approaching. Anyone driving north at the ordinary rate runs a great risk of failing to hear a train until it is almost upon the crossing. There are no gates or other effective means of guarding the lives of the citizens at this point. Pedestrians and teamsters alike are forced to take their chance of getting to or from the lake front in safety, neither the railway companies nor the city, which appears by its inaction to endorse the companies' policy, seeming to care very much so long as they are not stuck for heavy damages for their criminal negligence. Most of the railway crossings in this city are a disgrace to any place of its size—and so far as I am aware, no place of the same size on this continent is more behind the times in this respect than Toronto. Whenever there is an agitation for modern crossings the city blames the railway people, and the railway people blame the city. If it is the railway companies that are responsible, why does not the city institute proceedings whenever there is an accident and assist the injured citizens in securing damages? A few cases of this kind would soon result in locating the blame and in having the responsibility of the present notorious disregard of life rest conspicuously where it belongs.

STREET car accidents are becoming intolerably frequent. The Toronto Street Railway Company appear to be acting on the assumption that their franchise includes a privilege to injure and kill an unlimited number in order that they may practice small economies which are practically murderous. Rather than spend a few thousand dollars on proper fenders and some sort of apron over the wheels of the front truck, they kill people who have as good a right to be alive as if they were rich. The number of cars is so inadequate that during rush hours the platforms are crowded; the brakes are so crude in some of the miserable old buses—condemned long ago—that the cars start and stop with a jolt that is sufficient to throw the careless passenger from a seat, bang strap-holders into the faces of those who are seated, and knock the unwary off the platforms. Two women were killed last week, one while alighting, the other apparently while trying to prevent a companion from getting off a moving car. No one appears to be able to account for the impulse which makes women step off backwards, but there is no law to prevent them getting off that way if they wish. There is a law, however, that the car shall stop long enough to permit people to alight or establish themselves safely on getting aboard, and the improper observance of this regulation is the cause of many attempts to alight while the car is in motion. As if impelled by cussedness or the meanness caused by trying to pay big dividend on watered stock, the railway company fights desperately at every stage to avoid recognizing the citizens' rights. To make even a passable attempt to follow the time-table of the City Engineer, the cars are often forced to run too rapidly and to make the stops altogether too brief for passengers to get on and off. More cars would be more expensive, but the convenience and safety of the people would be much better served.

The people, on the other hand, have been prone to think more of the mutual convenience of getting on and off quickly than to insist upon their rights. Many kindly and considerate passengers think of the saving of power and trouble they effect if they get off the car without it coming to a full stop, and are really foolishly anxious to assist in the general transportation scheme. A few may get off and on in this way with a desire of showing off, but as a rule they are actuated by consideration—something neither practiced nor appreciated by the Railway Company.

While probably ninety per cent. of the conductors and motormen are vastly more considerate than the company for whom they work, not yet having had their sympathies for the masses dulled by contact with an unscrupulous corporation,

yet there are a considerable number who pay no attention to old people, cripples or children, using them, indeed, as if their infirmities, misfortunes or immaturity were offensive devices to delay their car. While nine out of ten are not of this description, the tenth man is not only offensive, but dangerous. He is determined to make his time no matter who gets hurt, and whether from ill-nature or fear of rebuke at headquarters he ploughs along without heeding the lives or convenience of his passengers. Sometimes he has charge of the motor, sometimes is conductor of the car; in either case he has great chances for being nasty. The objectionable motorman starts and stops his car apparently without caring a cuss who falls down so long as he is not delayed. He does not slacken speed in time to make his crossing, and carries the passenger half a block beyond the point for which the bell had been rung in ample time. To make up a second's loss he looks the other way, though some citizen may be signalling wildly for the car to stop, and if anyone makes the mistake of speaking to such a motorman by way of complaint or reproach, impudence is the result. I am making no personal complaint, for I travel but little except by two or three accustomed routes, where both motorman and conductors are not only courteous but careful of my comfort, for I am unfortunate in not being able to move with celerity. I am simply giving voice to complaints which are so numerous that, taken in connection with the accidents continually occurring, they indicate that the morale of some of the employees is being destroyed by the heartlessness of the company. The tendency of a small percentage of motorman and conductors to give cheek to those who are excusably slow in getting on or off impels weak-natured people to take chances, showing that they are more in fear of the conductor or the motorman than they are of accidents. The condition of affairs can only be cured by passengers taking the rude conductor's number and noting the time of the car, and making complaint both to the company and the newspapers. Lest the company become even more forgetful of its duty, prosecutions should be initiated by the city and carried to a stern conclusion whenever there is the slightest suspicion that the Railway Company is to blame for an accident.

THE proposal to revive the winter carnival, ice palace and all, in Montreal next winter, may not be a very wise suggestion from a national advertising standpoint, but it is by no means the traitorous suggestion that some people would have us believe. A good many patriotic Canadians seem to think their patriotism can best be shown by frowning down any suggestion that this country ever has any frost, snow or winter overcoats. The real patriot will be proud of his country as it is, and will not be afraid to let the world know that its climate is not always tropical. The best advertising Canada can have is to be found in the quality of her products. So long as we can export the best peaches, wheat and butter in the world we need not dread the possibility of Europeans learning that we sometimes have snow and ice enough to permit the holding of a winter carnival.

IT is satisfactory to note that the City Council has been made to see the injustice of the by-law compelling the early closing of barber shops. On Monday the law was repealed. Controller Spence and Aldermen Ward and Noble being the only members of the Council to oppose the repeal. The law, as I pointed out several weeks ago, was altogether unjustifiable, interfering as it did with the ordinary course of a business that is already sufficiently well regulated. Why should barbers be compelled to close at seven, eight, or even ten o'clock, while tinkers and cobblers are not required to close until they are ready to do so? The fad of passing grandmotherly legislation compelling people to do this and that should be discouraged. If the City Council had considered the early closing by-law regulating barber shops as carefully when it first came up for discussion as they were forced to consider it before it was repealed, a lot of trouble and annoyance would have been avoided and the Council would not have found it necessary to register its disapproval of one of its own by-laws.

CAPTAIN BERNIER, whose ambition was to head a Canadian expedition intended to decorate the North Pole with the Canadian flag, sailed last Saturday week for Hudson Bay as master of the "Arctic," while Major Moodie has charge of the expedition, with a title meaning that he is Governor of Hudson Bay and Adjutant-General. Captain Bernier made an ineffectual protest against the humiliation of playing second fiddle to a landsman, and I was in hopes that so important a venture would have been freed from the upsetting influence of one who seemed to me to be little more than a comic opera explorer. The Captain is such a jolly, good-natured enthusiast that no one took him seriously, everyone seeming to join in the play, until he began to imagine himself a Franklin, Nansen, Frobenius, Peary, and latterly to adopt the role of Hendrik Hudson himself. Canada is quite properly establishing her sovereignty in Hudson Bay and the regions thereabouts, and as whaling poachers and United States adventures would like to have squatters' and poachers' rights or obtain some ground of grievance, the mission is a some-

what delicate one. The opera bouffe captain was the last man to select for that sort of thing, for in reality his principal experience has been as a river boatman, and he is of such a light and uncomplimentary nature as to be likely to get into all sorts of comic but embarrassing situations. Politicians of both parties are to blame for encouraging his ambitions; though done in good nature, a joke can be carried too far, and it is to be feared that the Captain not only thought that he had established himself in the public mind as an Arctic explorer, but imagined that he had a place in politics and was, in fact, a sort of Dundonald of the navy who could not be dispensed with.

HAS anyone ever met a man who had no faith in modern progress, or one who did not regretfully sigh for the "good old days"? Such a person is pretty hard to locate. Everyone seems to take it for granted that everything is changing for the better simply because everything is changing, yet scarcely anyone past middle age seems willing to admit that present men and conditions can be favorably compared with the men and things of the previous generation. Progress is a word that is thrown out right and left by all of us as if it correctly described the present-day habit of discarding old ideas, appliances and customs and substituting something different. If increased knowledge of the "exact sciences," with the consequent changes of mechanical appliances, may be regarded as progress, then surely we may be said to progress as the years roll round. But if the "pursuit of human happiness" be the real object of life, it may well be doubted whether we are moving along at the rapid rate which it is customary to claim. Our increased knowledge of practical science has enabled us to make more comfort and luxury possible, but it is extremely doubtful whether there is more comfort and contentment per head in the world to-day than there was two or three generations ago. The conditions that have made the greater production of wealth possible have also made possible the accumulation of it in the hands of a few tyrannical monopolists. At a time when the world has produced its greatest display of wealth it has also produced its greatest display of wretched paupers. For a while everything seems to be coming our way, and then without any apparent reason everything starts going wrong. It is the eternal law of average. As it is with individuals, so it is with nations and humanity generally. Our circumstances and ourselves change, but they do not necessarily improve. Flux and reflux may be seen in all things. One generation, perhaps, accomplishes about as much and gets about as much comfort out of life as another. Few generations—as generations—get any more pleasure out of life than they can stand without losing their heads, and few make their conditions so miserable that they look forward to extinction as a welcome release. The human race spends most of its time in chasing itself round in a circle, and if any of us look carefully at the ground over which we are running we are likely to see old footprints that look remarkably like our own.

Social and Personal.

The visit of a large party of English engineers to Toronto this week was the raison d'être of several most enjoyable social parties on Monday, among whom the reception given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark was facile princeps. About half-past four the guests of honor and some leading citizens invited to meet them began to arrive and were welcomed by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, who received in the east drawing-room. The beautiful vista, ended by a grove of green in the conservatory, where an orchestra played sweetly, was most attractive, and late in the afternoon hosts and guests stepped out upon the terrace to admire the rolling lawn and still brilliant flower-beds. It was good cheer and good company, and the Torontonians who were given opportunity of meeting the able and delightful men who composed the visiting party, and some of the ladies who accompanied them, found a rare treat in so doing. Sir William White was the lion, par excellence, and had a nice young son with him who is, I believe, in the service. The guests were not all on time for the reception, some of them having been rushed out to the Hunt Club for tea, and others taken sailing by Toronto's smart skippers, several of the finest steam-yachts being at the disposal of the visitors. However, before six o'clock they were all at Government House, some beautiful girls and pleasant matrons, besides the men of brains and experience composing the party. The Misses Clark, Captain Law, A.D.C., and Captain Magee, A.D.C., looked after the company, and dainty refreshments were served in the hall-room, where a few noticed were the Premier of Ontario and Miss Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Mrs. Gzowski, Mrs. Otter, Miss Tully, a charming lady, Mrs. Russell Duncan, who came out with her husband from England three weeks ago; Mr. Russell Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenlyth, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. William Jennings, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Polson, who had a sailing party on their yacht; Dr. Deolite, president of the Automobile Club, who had several autos for a run for the amusement of the engineers; Mrs. Loudon, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Cawthra and Miss Perkins, Dr. and Mrs. Beattie Nesbitt, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. and Miss Vandermissen, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Dr. Laing, Colonel and Mrs. MacLean, Senator and Mrs. Cox, Senator and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mr. A. W. Campbell, Mr. Kirkpatrick of Coolmine.

The polo match on Tuesday, resulting in a score of five to three against Rochester, was the snail's pace of Sunlight Park, a large attendance being the assurance of interest held by society in polo and polo players. Three captains, Sweeney, Van Straubenzee and Elmsley, with Mr. Ewart Osborne, swung the ball to victory. The Rochester players had their friends at the match and loud applause greeted their best play. The match was not brilliant, partly on account of the state of the turf, which was soaked and slippery from late drenching rains. Among the spectators were Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Stanhope Williams, Mrs. and Miss Kerr of Rathnelly, Dr. and Mrs. Ogden Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Pepler, Mr. and Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, Colonel Field, Captain Des Voeux, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mr. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Jones, Miss Annie Michie, Mrs. Polson, Dr. Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mrs. Willie Gwynn, Miss Gladys Drury, Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mrs. G. P. Magann, Mr. Gerald Boulton, Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mrs. Soames, Mrs. J. C. MacDougall, Mr. Hume Blake, Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, Mr. and Mrs. A. VanKoughnet, Miss Nordheimer, Miss and Mr. Arthur Boulton, Miss Constance and Miss Daisy Boulton, Misses Mariel Temple Dixon, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Miss Cawthra, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, Mrs. and Miss Scadding, Mr. and Mrs. Clinch, Mr. Ramsay, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Professor and Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and the Misses Cassels, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Miss Athol Boulton, Miss Arnott, Major Macdonell, Captain MacMillan, Mr. Douglas Young, Colonel Lessard was referee.

On Tuesday afternoon at half-past two o'clock in All Saints' Church, Mr. Arthur Gowan Strathly and Miss Margaret Cleary were married, in the presence of a large party of relatives. Rev. Arthur Baldwin, the rector, officiated. Miss Cleary was attended by Miss Queenie Strathly, Mr. J. R. Strathly, brother of the groom, was best man. Mr. H. H. Strathly of Barrie brought in the bride and gave her away. Miss Cleary was married in a traveling-costume of brown cloth with beaver hat to match touched with nasturtium. The bouquet was of white roses. Miss Queenie Strathly wore pale blue with white hat and bouquet of pink roses. After the marriage a reception was held at the home of the groom's sister-in-law, Mrs. John Strathly, 102 Bedford road, where the large family connection welcomed the new member heartily, and offered best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Strathly, who left on their honeymoon by the afternoon train. On their return they will take up their residence in Strathly Chambers, Simcoe street.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Duncan are on pension at 278 Jarvis street and, I am glad to hear, there is some likelihood of their remaining in town for the winter. Mr. Duncan is a well-known engineer in England, and his clever and attractive wife is a very gifted musician, having been highly trained in Paris and London, where she has sung for charity on many occasions. Her full, rich soprano is peculiarly suited to oratorio, and has been successful in opera also. Should she remain in Toronto she will be a rich addition to musical as well as social circles. Invitations are out to a song recital at St. Margaret's College by Mrs. Russell Duncan, which will take place on Thursday, October 6, and to which those bidden are looking forward with pleasure.

On Sunday afternoon Madame Schumann-Heink took tea with Mrs. Vandermissen (who has been on pension at Surrey Villa until her own home was vacated by the tenant who took it for the summer), and who invited a few friends to meet the

diva, who was very happy to be with Mrs. and Miss Vandermissen, to whom she is warmly attached, and the little reunion was infected with the whole-souled gaiety of the singer. Madame Schumann-Heink looks quite ten years younger than on her last visit to Toronto, and was never in such mirthful mood. The success of "Love's Lottery" has delighted her, for she is a born comedienne and plays the part con amore.

A large attendance is expected at to-day's polo match, and I am told that the Buffalo players will take a lot of beating, more, it is said, than even "Strau and Jim," with canny Ewart Osborne and sure-thing Sweeney, can provide for them. The smart set is devoted to polo and throws a great deal of heart into its applause. There will be a royal time after the match at the Hunt Club, no matter which side wins. Quite a number went out for dinner there on Tuesday after the Rochester-Toronto match, but the visiting players decided to dine in town.

On next Wednesday many thoughts will go from Toronto to brides in Montreal and Ottawa. Miss Greenshields of Montreal will on that day become Mrs. Charles, a popular New Orleans visitor in town for the last month or more. Mrs. Charles and her two daughters, Mrs. Reginald Gamble, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Burns, Miss Pinkard and Mrs. Causey were those at the luncheon, the color tone of which was delicate pink, carried out in asters and broad ribbons.

What was supposed by the recorder to be a very thrilling scandal was impressively detailed to me from an Eastern city to-day. It seemed devoid of many of the everyday features of such tales as they are told hereabouts, and the comment of a certain lovely woman upon it was, "How narrow! They should come to Toronto and broaden their minds a bit. We can show them how to do such things much more artistically." Which is quite true.

On last Friday a very pretty luncheon was given in the Rose room at McConkey's by Mrs. Charles, a popular New Orleans visitor in town for the last month or more. Mrs. Charles and her two daughters, Mrs. Reginald Gamble, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Burns, Miss Pinkard and Mrs. Causey were those at the luncheon, the color tone of which was delicate pink, carried out in asters and broad ribbons.

Mrs. Gordon C. Edwards (nee Stone) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at 661 Huron street, Thursday afternoon, October 6.

Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemon of Ottawa came up on Tuesday for a few days' visit with her sister, Mrs. Capron Brooke, and returned, I believe, yesterday to the Capital.

Mrs. Wallace Helliwell will hold her post-nuptial receptions next Monday and Tuesday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, 89 Glen road.

Mrs. Starr (nee Hardy), who has been visiting her mother, returned to New York on Saturday.

Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere will receive every Tuesday in October at La Futaie, Jarvis street, and not again until the New Year.

Mrs. Charles Worsley (nee Kingsmill) will hold her post-nuptial receptions at her father's home in Yorkville avenue on Monday and Tuesday of next week.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed received for the last time on Tuesday at her apartment in the St. George. She will shortly go abroad to continue her voice culture.

Mr. Bertram Denison of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry has returned to England, after a visit of some weeks with his uncle, Colonel Septimus Denison. Mr. Denison's career since he began serious study has been one of phenomenal success, and his people are justly proud of his achievements. His reticent and modest manner gives no hint of his attainments.

Mrs. Vivian Morgan, formerly Miss Zoe Shortt, held her post-nuptial reception at Mrs. Morgan's home, 274 Dovercourt road, on Wednesday afternoon, and had many callers on so lovely a day. Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Morgan are now at their home in Elora.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are again in their home in North street. Mr. O'Grady of the Crown Bank has bought the house in Queen's Park recently occupied by Mr. Arnold.

A pleasant tea was given at Glenlyth on Friday for Miss Violet Brook Hunt, an Englishwoman who is prominent in many good works. The guests were disappointed that this lady did not arrive by train in time for the tea, which was in every way most delightful. Mrs. Nordheimer and her daughters being, as usual, charming hostesses.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ross are on pension at Iver Holme, 74 St. George street, until they take possession of their house in Huron street.

Mr. E. W. Sandys, who has been spending some time with his mother in Chatham, was in town last week, and left for New York on Saturday.

The luncheon given last Friday at the King Edward was a very smart affair and kept some of the prominent men from the races until quite late, the president just arriving in time to see one of his good nags come in second.

Chief Justice Falconbridge and Mr. Cawthra Mulock returned this week from a brief visit to England.

Mrs. Dickson Patterson is spending some time at Rye, England, in most picturesque quarters. Her Toronto friends hope soon to welcome her here again.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Macculloch have leased the house in Laburnum avenue, Parkdale, formerly occupied by Dr. Murray and will remove there next week.

An open exhibition of French-Canadian homespun and furniture is on this and next week in the Woman's Art Association rooms in the Confederation Life Building. The ladies serve afternoon tea each day to all visiting the exhibition.

Mr. Vaughan Philpott left last week for a stay of some duration in the South.

The president of the Toronto Automobile Club took his honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark for an automobile run on Thursday. The run was out the Don valley, and Mrs. Sweeney of Roballion invited the party to afternoon tea at the farm in North Yonge street.

Miss S. Strickland Tully will receive on Thursday of next week, and on Thursdays throughout the season, at her studio in Toronto street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hay of Rosedale are removing from Elm avenue to the handsome house in Glen road formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Irish. Mr. and Mrs. Irish have built a new home on the Macpherson estate.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harris and Miss Hewitt were in town until mid-week, when they returned to Brantford.

Mrs. Arthur Hills and her sister, Mrs. Soames, have suites at Alexandra Palace, and Mrs. Hills will receive on Wednesdays during the season.

Mr. McMaster and his daughter, Mrs. Fenton Arnton, have taken a suite at Sussex Court, Sussex avenue, which handsome residence is quite full.

After the polo match on Tuesday a smart party went out to the Hunt Club for dinner. The visiting team did not join them, but dined in town. Buffalo plays Toronto to-day at Sunlight Park.

On Thursday afternoon the last Convocation Day of Trinity University was celebrated by the conferring of degrees, the ceremonies beginning at 3.45 p.m. Hereafter Trinity will be federated with Toronto University.

A very beautifully expressed letter of thanks has been received by the National Council of Women in session in Winnipeg this week, from Lady Marjorie Sinclair, daughter of the Earl of Aberdeen, acknowledging the receipt of the unique chain they presented her on her marriage.

Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones are spending a short time in the Eastern Townships and in Quebec, where Mr. Jones spent the early years of his ministry.

Mrs. Yates of Montreal (nee Bunting) will be in town to-morrow, and will during the golf tourney visit her mother in St. Patrick street. Mrs. George Bunting is visiting Mrs. Bunting.

Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop have gone to Europe for a tour in their auto car of some weeks' duration.

Miss Bessie Bonsall returned to New York on Tuesday. Professor Vandermissen has returned from Europe. Mrs. Vandermissen was called home some weeks ago by the illness of her son. I hear the family are returning immediately to their home in Surrey place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lamont returned from their bridal tour on Tuesday evening and are with Mr. and Mrs. Cosbie for the winter. Miss Wrong of Detroit, one of Mrs. Lamont's bridesmaids, and her cousin, has been called home by the illness of her brother, who is dangerously ill of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Lincoln Hunter (nee Smith) will hold her post-nuptial reception at 113 Walmer road on Thursday and Friday afternoons, October 6 and 7.

Mrs. Goldwin Smith has asked some of the older contingent to take tea at the Grange next Tuesday afternoon to meet the Right Honorable James Bryce, who will be the guest of Dr. Goldwin Smith during his visit to Toronto.

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A very pretty wedding took place in St. James' Church, Sutton, on Wednesday, when Miss Ida Sturbridge, daughter of Mr. Richard Sturbridge, of Sutton, was married to Mr. J. Aymer Lake of Jackson's Point. The ceremony was conducted by the Rev. J. McKee McLennan. The church was prettily decorated with ferns and white asters. Miss Marion Ross played the wedding march. The ushers were Messrs. F. Lake of New York and F. Sturbridge of Toronto. Miss Edna Sturbridge, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaid was Miss Clare Pringle. The groomsmen were Mr. C. Defoe of Toronto. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome gown of white crepe de Paris over white tulle, and a beautiful veil of silk illusion, which was caught up with a spray of orange blossoms. She carried a huge bouquet of white roses and ferns. The maid of honor wore a very pretty gown of maize silk mull over tulle, with a large picture hat of maize tulle, and long ties. Her bouquet was crimson roses and ferns. The bridesmaid's dress was of pale blue silk organdy over silk, with picture hat to match; she carried pink roses and ferns. After the ceremony a large reception was held at "The Terrace," the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Lake left for Toronto, en route for Chicago and St. Louis. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Kemp, Mrs. Blythe, Miss Higgins, Miss Defoe, Mrs. Craig, the Misses Ross, Mr. Dick Sturbridge, and Mr. C. Defoe, all of Toronto, Mrs. Gardfield of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Pringle of Orillia, Mr. Bert Sheppard and Mr. Fred Lake of New York, Mr. J. Allison of Washington, Mr. and Mrs. C. Clemens of Peterboro, the Misses Pringle and Miss Widdfield of Newmarket, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Lewis of Milwaukee.

Mrs. and Miss Lamond Smith have been spending some time at the Welland, St. Catharines. Other Torontonians recently registered there are Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Pettit, Dr. and Mrs. B. E. Hawke, the Misses Mackenzie and Mrs. R. E. A. Land.

Lady Daly and Miss Daly of Halifax recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

A beautiful visitor from Montreal at the races was Mrs. Henry Thomas, wife of a Montreal banker, who came with Miss Rutherford, and whose visit was too short. Mrs. Thomas was at the King Edward during their stay in Toronto, and left on Wednesday for a visit to Mrs. Thomas's girlhood home, London. She was a Miss Beddome, only child of Mr. George B. Beddome, whose tragic death by drowning off Narragansett Pier may be recalled by members of the "old brigade." Mr. and Mrs. Thomas may return for a short visit to Toronto and will be guests of Mrs. Rutherford of Northfield.

Mrs. Carleton and daughter of Carry-borrow, Rosedale, left some days ago for a stay of several weeks at Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

The engagement is announced of Captain W. Charles Brooks, Walnut Grove, Brantford, and Miss Mabel Ann, only daughter of Mr. Gifford D. Clump, Brookside, Paris.

Miss Maud Mackenzie of Woodstock gave a telephone tea on Wednesday last week in honor of her guest, Miss Mae Dickenson of Toronto.

Owing to the recent death of her grandfather, Senator Atkins, Mrs. Charles Perley Smith of 112 Crescent Road will not receive until the New Year, when her reception day will be Tuesday.

Mrs. Graham and the Misses Graham are still in Germany, and intend spending the winter in Italy. Dr. Joe Graham is in England.

The sudden death of Mr. George S. McConkey, which occurred on Tuesday morning, was a great shock to his family and friends, and peculiarly so as the family were absorbed in preparation for the marriage of his only daughter next month.

Next week will see the gathering of lady golfers, who meet in friendly rivalry on the beautiful links of the Toronto Golf Club. Members of the Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa clubs will take part in the annual tournament.

I was optimistic in saying last week that the O. J. C. had all sorts of weather but a downpour for their autumn meet, for on the last day the downpour was on hand. Never has such streaming rain blotted out a horse race at the Woodbine. People were not caught unawares, however, for only the best reports went out in the face of the threatening clouds, and they all prepared for the rain. The president and Mrs. Hendrie, Major and Mrs. Will Hendrie and Mrs. Hay were present, the Holmstead party returning to Hamilton on the five-twenty train, as they have done each day, preferring the comfort of their lovely home in place of even the most comfortable hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Richardson were on the lawn, and under cover during the varying conditions. Miss Nesbitt of Woodstock was a visiting guest. There was good racing and plenty of fun. On Friday Mrs. Barwick, who recently returned from Gloucester, Mass., where she spent the summer, was the center of a bright group of friends.

In addition to the Lockie Hamiltons, several other Torontonians and well-known persons from other cities are taking the trip around the world on the "Empress of India" from Vancouver on October 3. Four young ladies left here last Friday with that intent—Miss Chaplin of St. Catharines, Miss Edna Chaplin of Montreal, Miss Cock-shutt of Brantford, and Miss Lillian Allan of Toronto. They were given "bon voyage" by many friends who saw them off at the depot.

Major Lang has returned from Scotland, and resumes his lectures at the University. He was one of his Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark's guests at Government House on Monday, and has evidently found his vacation most enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Acland, who went to London a year or so back, have returned with their family to Toronto. Their friends, who bade them goodbye with regret, welcome them back with pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. Willson and Miss

Hazel Wright, who have spent the summer on the island, returned to town last week, and Mrs. Willson is busy with improvements to her new home, the artistic residence recently purchased from Mr. Dickson Patterson in Elmley place.

The Monday evening dance at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club House was a young folks' affair almost entirely, the kind secretary and Mrs. Porter, with Mrs. Duggan, being almost the only married people present. Mr. and Mrs. Porter take great interest in these dances, having a bonnie lassie of their own who greatly enjoys them, and never have the "hops" been so pleasant or the company so congenial as this season. "Just one more" was so insistent a cry on Monday, that on next Monday week another hop will be given, which I do not feel bound even yet to call "the last of the season." On last Monday night the guests included a perfect galaxy of pretty girls, and some excellent dancers. It is a very long time since one has seen that formerly familiar sight, the man or girl who could not dance well. The young folk on Monday were the embodiment of grace and lightness, and it was a pleasure to watch or to join with them. Among so many pretty girls, Miss Noble was perhaps the acknowledged queen. Miss Duggan, eldest daughter of Mr. E. H. Duggan, was a picture of girlish grace, and Miss Porter was notably charming. A few of the others present were: Mr. F. S. Allan, Mr. Donald Bremner, Miss Gertrude Parsons, Miss McWhirter, Mr. A. H. Edwards, Mr. J. T. Eastwood, Mr. J. E. Featherstonhaugh, Mr. A. L. Flaws, Mr. G. S. Gooderham, Mr. T. E. Menzies, Miss Eleanor McMahon, Miss Ethel McPhie, Miss Akers, Miss M. Simpson, Mr. R. R. Sanderson, Mr. J. H. Trow, Miss Meyer, Mr. Ed Bayly, Miss Archie Towner, Miss Jessie Malcolm, Miss Coulter, Miss Elsie Thorne, Miss V. Fisher of Dublin, Miss Irene Alexander, Miss Florence Mill-champ, Mr. W. H. Mara, Mr. H. J. McAdie, Miss B. Carewell, Miss Helen Radford of Galt, Miss Powis, Miss Evans, Mr. Duggan, Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Selley Martin, Mr. Kleiser and Mr. Morgan Jellett.

Mrs. Amelius Jarvis, with her children, sails to-day for England, where Mr. Jarvis visits his sister, and the family will spend the winter abroad.

Miss Quinlan and Miss Muriel Temple Dixon returned from the Caledon Club on Monday. Miss Temple Dixon, who has suffered greatly from rheumatism, is to spend some time at Preston Springs, where it is hoped by her many attached friends she will derive great benefit. Since a severe attack of measles, this beautiful and talented girl has been more or less of an invalid.

The party assembled at the Caledon Mountain Trout Club House for a week-end reunion was large and congenial, the bouquets of beauties from Hamilton including several talented musicians and the usual contingent of the nicest people from the Ambitious City. From Toronto were the president and Mrs. Ellis, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Arthur Massey, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harris and Miss Hewitt, Messrs. Blain, Miss Blain and several others. The club house closed on Tuesday for the season, but I heard a whisper that an Indian summer party might go up to enjoy a few days among the splendid hills and foliage next month.

Mrs. Auguste Boite and Mrs. Stewart Gordon are home from a summer in Cobourg. Mrs. Bristol was at the races, having also returned home.

A handsome pair of firm friends who were much admired at the races last week were Mrs. Mulock and Mrs. Haydn Horsey, each looking very well in smart gowns and enjoying themselves immensely.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith are back from the Georgian Bay. Mr. E. O. Bickford has returned from a trip to Winnipeg for some shooting.

Colonel Otter, D.O.C., has returned from a most interesting and enjoyable trip to Virginia, where he witnessed the autumn manoeuvres of the United States troops, and afterwards visited the famous battlefields of the Civil War.

Mr. F. Stanley Morrison has returned to Stanley Barracks from several weeks' study in Ottawa.

Artistic and Beautiful.

The use of electric light is becoming so general for house lighting in Toronto that it seems almost unnecessary to devote the many beautiful effects which may be had by the use of electric lighting in the home.

The Electric Light Company find, however, a very good purpose is being accomplished by having the art show-rooms in their new office building in Adelaide street east thrown open to the public. It is their intention to have an exhibit of the latest things in electric fixtures there, in order that Toronto people may have the benefit of a large variety of beautiful pieces to select from. Their wish is that everyone who takes an interest in the artistic and beautiful should call and see their display.

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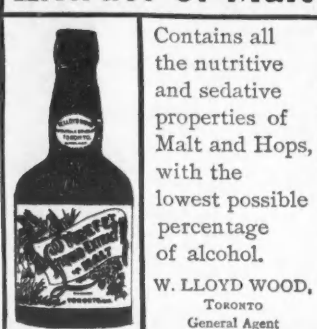
The blades are of finest solid silver plate over solid nickel. The handles are formed of very lustrous pearl, or of ivory, if preferred.

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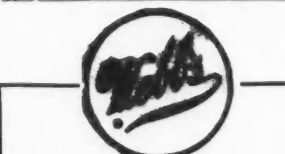
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CHAPTER XXV.

The Crimson and the Blue.

I was for the moment between the fire of a burning desire to hear the winner's name and a consuming curiosity to see Giggles, and as I took a stroke toward the judges' float, with an eagle eye on the little man from Rome, he gave a lusty shout and sprang down the bank to the beach, while muscled girls, with screams, made way for his precipitate descent.

"There's our man!" he roared, as he leaped nimbly into a skiff, at the bow oars of which sat a husky whose face, it seemed to my memory, I had glimpsed in Rome.

"E's 'ad the nerve to come up stream again! And going it, too, dash 'im!" Giggles shed his coat faster than a lightning-change artist in a first-class music hall, and seized the stroke oars. The big husky caught the stroke, and away they dashed in pursuit of Potts, whose temerity had impelled him to come up the river to learn the result of the race. The various craft in his course made way for Potts now, and cheered him on, as the chase began.

"This 'ere's the constable o' Rome!" panted Giggles, for my ear, as his copper-tipped oars flashed by me. "An' I've got a warrant out for Potts! We'll nab 'im now, Bob, if we 'ave to chase 'im to—"

The name of the place of Potts's destiny faded incoherently toward his celestial pole as Giggles strained anew, and my old red cruiser rocked in the skiff's swine wake.

As I turned, then, to find Jimmy, already with De Puyster surrounded by scores of craft, I found myself sandwiched between White of the wide-brimmed hat and Brown of Fisherville, the latter joyously reminding me that I held the stakes of a bet he had won.

"You haven't won!" protested White. "You wagered that a fellow you called Stevens would win."

"You bet that Willoughby would win, and I took you," retorted the indignant Brown. "And Willoughby lost, so, I win."

"Willoughby is entering a protest now, and if it's sustained, I win," said White. "And if it isn't, the bet's off, because that chap in light blue isn't Stevens; he's Carew. The stakeholder called him Carew."

"Carew nix!" cut in Brown, scornfully. "He's Charles Stevens, I say. And it don't matter if he's won or De Puyster's won, so long as Willoughby's lost. You'll have to mix a dash of Willoughby's color in your name, young fellow, if that's the kind of a sport you are. Anyway, the stakeholder decides."

I said if Willoughby's protest was to be considered, decision as to the ultimate destiny of the stakes would have to be deferred until the Regatta Committee's decision was announced, and the winner bulletined. I gave each of them my card, with "The Inn" scrawled on it, lest the assumed consideration by the Committee of the protest should postpone until a late hour the posting of the winner's name, and broke away.

"That man in light blue is Stevens all right!" said Brown. "Here he comes, and I'll ask him to prove it. He dashed off to intercept Jimmy, now coming toward me."

"Stevens your grandmother!" said Jimmy, with a grin, and Brown, with a hard stare, rubbed his sunburned nose, and rowed on, perplexed, followed by White, wearing a superior if anxious look.

"Can't say yet who won," said Jimmy briskly, as our bows lapped. "Some say De Puyster, some Carew, but the judges are mute. They took a snapshot of the finish and have rushed the plate over to camp for development. It was a close thing, and if the boy from good little old New York takes the plum, I'll be the first to give him the glad hand. We beat Willoughby, that's the point. But he's entered a protest, claiming I fouled him near the finish, and he was scrawling his black charges just now for the gentlemen in blue. And he has it in for Giggles, too. I hear, for blowing that blessed 'D.' So the Committee won't put the winner until the protest has been heard later on. Now, cut across to the camp, and get into racing duds! All our entries are good by the grace of the special permission of the Regatta Committee, though Willoughby fought

hard enough against it. Algernon Potts had primed him well. The double-bladed tandem half-mile is next on the card. De Puyster isn't entered, as he hasn't a club-mate here, but Willoughby has, so we can chase after first place with a vim! Here's Willoughby coming along, to rag me again, I suppose, about that wretched lock!"

I cut across to camp, and got into racing duds, and I took my place in the bow of Jimmy's racing craft, quivering with eagerness to measure blades with Willoughby and his mate and share with Jimmy the keen delight of administering to the ireful tiger the bitter pill of a second defeat.

From the word "Go!" that spurred eight straining crews over the line, we and the Willoughby crew leaped to the front, and the field that had known us no more. We were many places apart, but ere we had gone a furlong the canoes, as if wickedly attracted one to the other, had drawn perilously close. The news of the Willoughby-Carew Cup episode had spread up and down the river as hot and fast as a prairie fire, and factions now took up their separate cries. It was blade by blade for half the way, and then, while the river rang with the hoarse din of "Willoughby! Carew!" we flashed them the challenge to a finish hard and fast, and with a quickened, strenuous stroke went by them for a length. And then—snap! A muscle strained in my left arm, a twinge shot to my shoulder, and I saw the nose of the Willoughby boat come creeping, creeping up as I glanced to the left, and I grated my teeth in pain and rage.

"Stick to it!" hissed Jim. I felt the bow lift under his huge strokes. "Put all your work into your right!" The bow of the yellow-and-black slipped back. Jimmy strained mightily again. We shot suddenly to port, we had their water, and we raced over the finish line with the tigers gone all awash in our rocking wake, and De Puyster filling the air with college cries—the vocabulary of Harvard and Yale—as the crimson-shirted Apollonian boy stood up in his racing craft and funnelled his delight through a megaphone.

Of the rest of that glorious day there is nothing save a succession of victories for the crimson and the blue to tell. Never did knights of sport enter the river more merrily than De Puyster and Carew. De Puyster won the upset event; Jimmy harvested the gunwale race, and the crimson boy scored again by capturing the hurry-scurry, though Jimmy's strong swimming was in a class with De Puyster's sprint, and the spectators got a sensational run. Never was the tiger, yellow and black indeed, and thirsting for revenge, better than third place. And when, in the culminating and crowning feat of arms—the fiercest, wildest, wickedest, that ever gladdened the eye of man, and in which the Committee blissfully let all rules and precedents go by the board—when in that consummate combat Willoughby got his coup de grace, and went to Waterloo, as it were, by the way of a relentless and relentless punch on the jaw from the lance of his rival, Carew, that tumbled him headlong into the blue river—my cup of unholy but delectable joy was so full that the biggest saucer out of Crockerydom or China wouldn't have been wide enough to hold the overflow.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Trial in the Tent.

And now, the game over, the Regatta Committee summoned us to its presence in Officers' Row. Willoughby's protest was on the card. The little canvas court supreme looked quite judicious, it being a veritable tribunal, since the numerical strength of the Committee was three; while it obtained somewhat the air of a court-martial from each triumpvir's uniform of blue.

Willoughby was the last to arrive. He came with a scowl, and disappointment, and when his glance failed to discover Potts. But he was not to be outdone.

"I don't see that fellow Giggles," he

said to the Committee in a truculent tone. "The Commodore himself in the launch has gone in search of Giggles," said the chairman, suavely.

Just then, Giggles, in company with a village constable, was in not pursuit of one Potts to recover a stolen skiff. Potts is the man who interfered on the course to-day in the cup race, and we would like to see him, too."

"I know nothing of Potts!" declared Willoughby. "But I know Giggles; and if Potts stole a skiff, and Giggles went after him, the round-up ought to follow if it's true that it takes a thief to catch a thief."

"I call this meeting to order," said the chairman briskly. "It was convened to hear Mr. Willoughby's protest of a foul—"

"I renew my protest against Rule Ten being waived in favor of De Puyster and Brooks and Carew!" cut in Willoughby in a high voice. "Let Carew deny, if he dare, that he spent twenty-four hours in Rome on account of the society of a young lady there, intimating his confidence that the ladies would waive Rule Ten for him, and that he loafed for half a day in Bellamy Lake—"

"The question of the eligibility of the gentlemen named was decided by this committee before the race for the Trophy Cup," said the chairman sharply. "Special permission was given for the sake of sport. De Puyster was unadvisedly cut in New York on business, as he wired us. Carew and Brooks, being detained by two days of inclement weather on the lakes, during which navigation would have been arduous in the extreme, did not reach Rome until Tuesday morning, and so could not have reached camp by paddle forty-eight hours before the first race to-day. We are of opinion that Mr. Carew showed the true spirit of sport in paddling more than twenty miles to-day against a strong head wind on the mere chance of this committee waiving Rule Ten for him; especially when he was aware that Potts had come on here in a spirit of spite to reduce that chance to nil if he could."

"I know anything about Potts!" sneered Willoughby. "The man who gave me the information said his name was Kent—"

"That your case is hardly strengthened by the fact that you based your first protest on information given you by a man who kept his real name dark," said the chairman drily.

"Carew admitted that the information was correct," retorted Willoughby.

"He did, very frankly, which helped his case; and in view of the interference which was practiced by Potts, alias Kent, this committee—"

"I don't know anything about his interference!" interrupted Willoughby, quivering.

"Not sneered by it, but collusion is not charged," the chairman said. "If it had been dreamed of, your protest might not have been considered at all. And before proceeding with it I would advise you of what Potts, alias Kent, doubtless did not: that he tried a criminal way to reduce to nil Mr. Carew's chance of getting here in time for the races to-day."

"How about Carew's alias?" said Willoughby, with a sneer. "There was a man on the river this afternoon who swore that his real name was Stevens; and in the interest of amateur sport—"

"We will now proceed," capped the chairman blandly, "to consider your protest of a foul in the race for the Cup."

"Then I protest that I was deliberately fouled near the finish by the shrilled Willoughby in a rage. 'As a result, I was upset when I had the race in hand.' He stopped, quite beside himself, and Jimmy filled in."

"I claim, Mr. Chairman, that Mr. Willoughby's protest is out of order and may not be entertained. Under paragraph one of Rule Ten of the Racing Rules, he should have given notice to your committee before leaving his boat on the finish of the race; whereas, for reasons best known to himself, perhaps, he did leave his boat first."

The Committee rubbed its several noses, smiled, and scanned paragraph one. The chairman said:

"The point is well taken, though it turns the protest into a paradox. However, we will be placed in possession presently of evidence that should satisfactorily settle the point in dispute. A photograph was taken of the two canoes in question at the moment of the alleged foul, and we are expecting the proof at any moment. I may add that also a photographic record was taken of the interference to himself, practiced by Potts, alias Kent. Meantime—"

"Meantime," said Willoughby. "It would be interesting to hear a photographic record of the deliberate interference practiced in behalf of Carew, alias Stevens, by his friend Giggles. Giggles found it very convenient to chase after Potts. Oh, it's devilish fine for you to smile, Carew!"

"Stevens," corrected Jimmy, blandly. "I daresay! Where is my property that you've withheld ever since you came here? Why haven't you handed over the loot that I lost en route, and that you found, as I know very well? I suppose I'll have to take a leaf out of your friend Giggles's book and get the village constable, eh? As for Giggles, what?"

"Order!" said the chairman. "What interference was practiced by Giggles?" "He signalled Carew on a whistle!" "State the case."

"He signalled Carew that he was in danger of fouling me—"

"You have protested that you were deliberately fouled."

"Well, when Carew saw he was in danger of fouling, he made the foul deliberate."

"And what was the signal that Giggles gave?"

"How do I know just what it was?" sneered Willoughby, bludgeoned by the chairman's bland tone. "I don't know what code Carew and Giggles have between them. The whistle was given to Giggles by Brooks at Rome. Does Carew deny that?"

"He does not," said Jimmy, with a grin. "Giggles knew that the Morse 'D'—which was the signal he blew—was a call understood between Mr. Brooks and me to stand by for danger; but I am at a loss to understand why Giggles blew it to-day, unless—"

"Unless?" sneered Willoughby.

"Unless," said Jimmy, in his serene tone, "he wished to warn me of any danger I may have been in of

being fouled." And Jimmy lit a cigar. A boy had hurriedly entered the tent, with a package, which he handed to the chairman. As the latter opened the package, he said judicially:

"Rule Eight of the Racing Rules says that neither pilotage nor direction will be allowed from boat or shore, and any one accepting such assistance may be disqualified. In view of the facts of Mr. Carew's frank explanation, the signal blown by Giggles might be construed as direction, though rather of the nature suggested by Mr. Carew, but it would remain to be shown that Mr. Carew accepted such direction; and, indeed, whether he saw the 'danger' or not. I have now in my hand the photographic evidence in the matter of the alleged foul. It is very clear. The chairman held up a large-size rough-mounted positive, and Willoughby glared with sullen eyes.

"This photograph," continued the chairman, "shows the stern of Carew's craft being carried to port on a swell, and that the swell had not yet reached Willoughby's canoe. It shows, however, Willoughby's canoe pointing to starboard. I was standing on the deck of taking a propulsive stroke with his left-hand blade, which would of necessity impel the bow of his boat still further to the right. And the conclusion, it shows that if the arc of the circle being described by Willoughby's canoe had been completed, his bow would have swept across the stern of Carew's boat; as, indeed, it did, because there were, besides a camera, several pairs of keen eyes on the scene. If, on the other hand, Willoughby's bow had not swept clear of the stern of Carew's boat, I am of opinion that a foul—I will not say deliberate—would have been made by Willoughby. I would add some rapid developments in the case," concluded the chairman, as he handed the photograph to his brothers of the Bench.

"By the photograph in camp, in whose hands I was placed, a highly sensitized one, immediately after exposure." He took up a pen. "We would advise you to withdraw your several charges. Willoughby. Our decision is that the protest in this case has not been sustained," he added a moment later, and proceeded to write.

"I'll take the case to the Executive Committee!" cried Willoughby, at white heat.

"This Committee may feel constrained to report to the Executive Committee that you have been guilty of conduct ungentlemanly and unworthy of a member of the American Canoe Association," said the chairman severely, as he despatched a package to the secretary's tent by the boy. "In which event you may find Article Thirteen of the Constitution and Chapter Twenty of the By-laws to be much more relevant to the case than any section of the Racing Rules." The boy, departing hurriedly, carried into the Commodore and Giggles, just entering the tent.

I thought the threat of expulsion would cool Willoughby, if he had a grain of sense. But his ire had superseded all such considerations, and the grain was scorched.

"I'm the active representative member of a reputable club, from the service of which I was now dismissed," he cried, levelling a quivering finger at little Giggles.

"An' w'y was I dismissed from your club, which I was caretaker of for two years?" roared Giggles. "Tell me, gentlemen y'ot! Tell 'em 'ow I spoke my mind to you about your tricky ways in racing, like you was tryin' to play to-day, and 'ow I saw you 'play fair,' I see, or don't play at all! Tell 'em 'ow you 'ated me for it, too! Tell 'em 'ow you never could take a beating, like a man, and being one, like you couldn't take one to-day! Tell 'em 'ow you took young Carter out, the night afore, the time o' the spring races one year, an' got 'im so fuddled, an'—"

"You trained so fine, that 'e couldn't row 'is race on account of his stummock being out. Tell 'em 'ow you did it, which was on account of your 'av'ing sneaked down every morning to 'old your watch on 'im, an' knew 'e was going to trim you if you didn't fix 'im some'." An' don't forget to tell 'em 'ow you fixed me, gettin' some of the members to 'ave me keep liquor in the bar, and getting me to sell it to you along o' some others, and then reporting me to the committee. Tell 'em 'ow you never would 'ave 'ad the pull you 'ad with the board and committees an' all, if you 'adn't stood in so chummy with the wife o' rich Old Man Adams, that you got to buy half of the shares of the club's stock w'en the club's affairs was at ebb! An' if I did signal Mr. Carew, wot was it for but to warn him of a tricky trick you was tryin' to play, like I'd seen you play it afore, and chuck yourself out o' your boat, like you did to-day?"

Giggles ceased, less from exhaustion of physical material than that of respiratory power; and Willoughby, with clenched hands and eyes of flame, rushed at him. But Jimmy interposed an arm that was a bar of steel, as the Committee rose in wrath. Willoughby, measuring Jimmy with an expert eye, fell back and dropped his raised arm.

"Very well!" he said sneeringly. "I'll wait for a fair fight!" He rushed to the tent's door, shaking a fist at Giggles. Then, with a fresh burst of flame, he turned again.

"For the last time, you give me that jacket, Carew!" he cried. "I know, on good authority."

"You go and get the good authority," said Jimmy, with an exasperated grin. "I want to see him." And Willoughby, with an execration, rushed from the tent.

I followed, curiously, while Jimmy lingered, doubtless to impart some details of the latest episode to the gentlemen in blue. Willoughby raced down Officers' Row, jumped into his racing craft and paddled off, faster than he had travelled in any race that day. In the wake of the ferry-boat, now making her last trip.

There was a little knot of men gathered about the bulletin board at the secretary's tent. Among them, with a dejected countenance, was young White of the wide-brimmed hat, scanning the official notification of his financial disaster with such intent that he did not see a notice posted that Willoughby's protest had

been disallowed. Beneath it was tacked a photo of the finish in the Trophy Cup race, and it showed plainly what the official announcement declared: that Jimmy Carew, by a nose, had won the Cup.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Last Gossip of Giggles.

Jimmy joined me at the dock. "Come!" he said briskly, as he launched his racing craft. "The Commodore and Committee and their ladies have promised to dine with us at eight-thirty at the Inn. De Puyster's coming, too. I'll hurry ahead to brush up and get the

Inn people in line, and you chase after in my other boat and get into togs. The 'Water Lily' will tow up your old red tub."

He slapped ahead between the islands in his tireless way, and as I followed, Giggles and the Roman constable put out in their skiff, while I observed that "Number Seven" was not in tow. It was good-bye sweet day now, over the darkling blue, with a glorious sunset half burned out, but still silhouetting the welcome bulk of the Inn and the farther spires of the twinkling town.

"Potts?" echoed Giggles, in a tone of weariness and disgust. "No, we didn't catch 'im, more's the pity! 'E was too fast and foxy for us, and me and Bob

Romance of an Irish Textile Industry.

A study of art as revealed in textiles would seem to indicate that this particular form of expression has from time immemorial originated and abided with the pastoral classes of great nations, or with peoples of a primitive mould as a whole.

In a painting or piece of sculpture we have the expression of the individual artist, tinged, it may be, with the spirit of his period, the aspirations of his nationality or some other peculiarity of environment, but always the artist's individuality predominates.

In a work of textile art the artist's personality is obliterated. The piece is the expression of a community, perhaps, to some extent, of a period. To such an extent is this "community of expression" carried that an expert in Oriental rugs can immediately pronounce the place of origin of a given rug, carpet or other fabric by the characteristics of rugs, etc., made in that country. These characteristics are expressed in color, form, technical methods of workmanship, peculiarities of tufting, and various idiosyncrasies of draughtsmanship, motif, and choice and treatment of subject.

We may comprehend a whole field of textile art under one general term, the "Oriental Rug." The general characteristics of the Oriental rug have varied little for centuries. Each country or locality produces practically the same style of art expressed in textile to-day as did the forebears of the present generation two, three or half a dozen centuries ago. Period takes secondary place to locality. Thus, rugs are not known as of the sixteenth or fifteenth centuries; they are not usually classed as of such and such a period. They are known by the country or locality of origin, such as Persians, Indians, Turkish, Bokharas, Mazras, Smyrnas, Syrians, etc., etc.

And always they are the product of the simple-minded people of primitive habits of mind, of no definite "school" of art as we understand it, pastoral peoples. Why such beautiful and enduring works of art should be the product of untutored and uncultured peasants, with naught but the untaught instincts of the ignorant lover of the beautiful, would be an inviting field of exploration for the student of the psychic in art, but is not to the point here.

Perhaps it was this question which occurred to the mind of a noted British carpet manufacturer, who was one day driving through the County of Donegal, Ireland. All about him were the cottages of peasants who had for centuries been weaving homespun on hand looms—a fabric which had commanded the admiration of the world until the steam looms had produced an imitation article which satisfied the indiscriminating at a cost which meant starvation to the hand weaver.

Why could not this people of primitive culture, of pastoral habits of mind, with an inborn love of beauty, with an inherited textile finger deftness and a natural taste for textile work, be utilized to make Oriental rugs? In other words, why should not the peculiar workmanship of the Oriental weaver be produced by those Irish peasants who had the weaver's skill and patience bred in his very blood for centuries?

Suppose the Irish peasant did lack the Oriental's conceptions of gorgeous colorings, he could do what the Oriental could not—adapt himself to a modern design by a modern artist, and produce it by precisely the same method of weaving and tufting as the Oriental employed. He had the Oriental's technical skill and patience, combined with an adaptability that could produce any design given to him.

These peasants understood the raw material, wool, of the Oriental weavers as well or better than the Orientals. This was the theory evolved as our English manufacturer drove over the rocky hills of that rugged old County of Donegal.

As he pondered on the idea he thought of the results success would bring to the sorely beset natives of Donegal. Here was a community, the scene of centuries of contented industry and frugal happiness, gradually withering under the competition of the whirling wheels and strident shuttles of the power loom, which had all but taken the last crust from the meagre cupboards. They were now almost without employment. Many of them had been compelled to till the rocky, unproductive soil, others to earn a precarious livelihood in the peat bogs. Only their sheep were left to remind them of the happy industry of other days—but the wool went to the factory of the belching chimney. Should this community be broken up and its collective force and skill forever lost to Ireland and the world?

Why not set these people to weaving carpets and rugs, like the natives of Persia, or Syria, or India?

Why not utilize the skill and finger dexterity acquired and inherited from centuries of textile work?

The answer to these questions was made in an experimental depot established within a year after they were asked. The experiment succeeded. The technical work in all its tedious detail came easily to hands and fingers whose lessons in patience had been learned and inbred for centuries. The workers developed a wonderful color perception, and even beginners worked out the most intricate designs.

As the work progressed the adaptability of the workers became more apparent. And as their adaptability to the work developed, so the scope of the work itself increased. From making rugs of stated size and set designs they gradually began to evolve special sizes for original designs by great artists.

The great advantage of producing a rug of a required size and shape in a special design suddenly broadened the scope of the weavers to an immense degree. To-day it is quite an easy matter to have made a rug that will exactly fit any room for which it is required, taking into consideration angles, windows, recesses, fire-places, arches, round ends or nooks, in fact any shape which the architect's fancy may give a room, and a rug be made with a border following in and out of these peculiarities of a room, harmonizing with the design, showing no break, requiring no cutting, and for all purposes as enduring as the most expensive rare Oriental. Any scheme of color and design may be accurately reproduced. The purchaser may engage his own artist, if desired, to produce a design to harmonize with the location, shape, light or other peculiarities of his room, and the rug will be reproduced exactly as required.

The method weaving or tufting, as it is called, is precisely that followed by the Orientals from time immemorial. The design is produced by tying wool of the required colors in place on the warp, and then beating it in tightly with a sort of toothed hammer. This gives a surface of tightly-packed wool standing on end—pile it is called. The last operation is to trim it down by shearing, giving the rug the desired thickness. The finished product has been aptly described by William Morris as a "mosaic in wool." The secret of the great durability of all tufted carpets or rugs is in the fact that the wear comes on the ends of the wool and not on the sides as in ordinary weaves.

And thus are being produced in Ireland rugs which comprehend the vast possibilities of modern ideas in art, precisely adapted to the characteristics of modern homes, and with all the durability of fabric and color of the best Oriental rugs.

I have examined many beautiful specimens of these splendid productions in the handsome store of John Kay, Son & Co., Toronto, who have the Canadian agency for them, and one may simply revel in a display of design and color combinations not seen even in the productions of the gorgeous East.

The designs and colors appeal to one's imagination and sympathy in the same way that a well-wrought picture of human interest depicting a familiar scene in life, would. The handwork of an interesting, known and simple people lies before us; their ambitions, tastes and skill are embodied in beautiful and lasting symphonies of color and harmony of design. And such colors and designs! The daring but sure touch of the master hand is revealed in every piece. Conceptions of design and gradations of color tones come in a profusion of combinations such as one would think could be possible only from the full palette of a master in oils.

Yet there they are before us, concrete, indisputable evidence of a newly discovered world in textile art, one of absorbing interest, because it comes within the scope of our every-day understanding, and carries us by a new route into a field hitherto occupied exclusively by generations of Orientals, whose only claim to our attention has been a certain glow of color expressed in mystic and but little understood symbols, with no particular attraction to our Western understanding or sympathy.

And where the Donegal rug is produced, peace and smiling plenty, contentment and industry reign, where a few years ago penury and starvation boded, and the breaking up of a once happy community of skilled hand-weavers was imminent.

BRUCE.

THE THIN MAN.



USTOM tailors and "ready-made" manufacturers will tell you the "thin man" is the easiest physique in the world to fit.

They cut down a size larger and rig him out somehow.

With us the thin man is neither more nor less difficult than any physique.

We recognize in him a type just as the stout man or the regular man are considered as types—and tailor suits especially for his figure.

Then each Semi-ready suit is tailored to the try-on stage.

You can prejudice effect of color and design and fit before you buy, whatever may be your physique.

Suit delivered two hours after fitting.

Semi-ready Tailoring

TORONTO 22 WEST KING STREET MANNING ARCADE

Your Rainy Day Skirt

ought to be made of

Cravenette

"Cravenette" is damp-proof and waterproof—keeps you "dry as toast." It is made in a great variety of plain colors and fancy mixtures. Sold by the yard and in ready-to-wear garments.

AT LEADING DRY GOODS STORES.

and you chase after
I get into togs. The
w up your old red

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BRUCE.

October 1, 1904

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5



BABY'S OWN SOAP

prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use. 99c
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL

Your Ideal Cracker

Think of all the good kinds of crackers you ever tasted. The creamy whiteness of the first—the lightness of the second—the crispness of another—the appetising appearance of another—the delicious eating of the fifth. Then see how we've combined all these five points into one cracker.

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas
Conjure up your ideal—your perfect cracker—and you'll find it in Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas.

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We have everything there is to be had in the line of good School Shoes. Bring the Boys and Girls here. We're sure to fit them—sure to give them solid comfort and lasting service—sure to save the pocket-book.

H. & C. Blachford
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is O'KEEFE'S SPECIAL EXTRA MILD ALE. Rich in strength-giving malt and hops—gently stimulating and invigorating. Absolutely pure—perfectly brewed—fully aged. An ideal beverage for Invalids and Convalescents. Your dealer has

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To the World's Fair
ST. LOUIS
Over the Wabash Line

The World's Fair is a grand success. In all probability, none now living will see anything of its character approaching it in grandeur and magnitude, and the great Wabash is the best route to go by, because it saves many hours of travel and lands passengers right at the main entrance World's Fair grounds before going to Union Depot. Excursion tickets on sale daily until Dec. 1st. Passengers leaving Toronto on evening trains arrive at World's Fair grounds next day at noon. For time-tables, descriptive folder, address J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, northeast corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

ere pulling like all possessed, and 'aving a warrant, too! Potts knew that 'aving Bob along meant arrest. That was it. And 'e wasn't going to be took, not 'im. 'E cut around the 'ead of Sugar Island, wd, an' 'e way that gatta crowd cheered 'im on, and tried to block Bob an' me, was perfectly shameful an' scandalous. Then 'e took a sharp turn across the river, past Syke's Island, and went right through the Lake Fleet, 'eading for Grindstone, going down stream a point or two. 'No go!' ses Bob, who was nearly blown. 'Wot?' 'E thes. 'Go on, then!' ses Bob, puffing, 'you'll see in a minute!' Potts rows past Grindstone a bit, then 'e stops and sticks a little flag of the Stars and Stripes up in the bow. There was 'alf a dozen chaps in bathing-suits, who 'ad a camp on the foot of Grindstone, an' they was lolling around that drinkin' beer. They yelled to Potts, an' when 'e ses something back, they all come swarming down the beach, an' 'e rows in. 'Come on!' 'I ses to Bob. 'We've got 'im now!' 'Got 'im?' ses Bob, letting go 'is oars. 'Like 'ell!' 'E's got us. Don't you see 'e's crossed the boundary line between Canada and the United States, an' that 'e's in American water now? My warrant isn't no good there!' 'e ses. 'Well, I'll 'ave my boat!' 'I ses, and pulls up. That crowd of beery, 'alf-naked savages come crowding into the water. 'Come on!' they ses. 'Ave a small beer!' 'Don't you do it!' ses Bob, backing water. 'It's my boat!' 'I ses, ripping 'ot. 'Well, you just come an' take it, you little red-faced Brit! 'bloke!' ses the gang. There was seven of 'em, counting Potts. 'Don't be a fool!' ses Bob, pulling the boat round. 'They're just beery enough to play rough 'ouse' an' 'I ses that quick enough, 'w'en they peeted us with stones, seeing us row away. But it was rich, Potts putting up that Yankee flag, an' 'im such a rabid pro-British and never losing a chance to rap at it in print. 'Those chaps I'll see through 'im after a bit,' 'I ses to Bob, 'an' then 'e'll be 'is turn.' I was that mad, leaving my good boat there, an' seeing Potts swiggin' bottled beer with that bunch of savages, an' me an' Bob just gaspin' for one glass, 'e being so sure that I rowed up to Gannanock to see the bobbies there an' 'ear wot I could do. But there wasn't nothink we could do, except 'drown our defeat in beer, an' that took some time. So that was 'ow I missed the races, an' w'y the Commodore's launch 'ad such a time 'unting me up. 'Owever,' concluded Gigs vigorously, and setting Bob a more strenuous stroke by way of a safety valve for his emotion, 'Potts 'll 'ang 'imself with a bit more rope. The bobbies at Gannanock gaw us good news. There's more than Bob an' me looking for Potts. A photographer at Athens and a little Irishman this end of Gannanock Lake is after 'im, too. They've took all the warrants for Potts' arrest for aggravated assault. A county constable an' the Gannanock blue-coats is waiting for 'im to come across, an' that wotch constable at Athens, Hans, wired 'e was coming down on the Stop-an'-Carry-One. So it's only a matter of time. I wonder wot Algernon's father, the little parson in Kent, would say?'

A rakish, white yacht, following the steamboat channel, drew swiftly ahead of us to starboard, and the singing of a clear soprano voice and a subdued bass, to the accompaniment of a guitar, came silvery over the furling of still and moonlit river that lay between.

"There goes the party I drove down this morning in my stage," said Gigs. "That's Cap'n Andrews, late of 'is Majesty's army, singing with the Duchess o' Downeast, as they call 'er. Miss Helen Blazer, I think 'er right name is. There's going to dine at the Inn. It'll be quite gay there, with the Carew's party, an' all. But it does seem too bad that Miss Moore an' 'er man should be going down the river just when Mr. Carew's going up." 'E glanced over his shoulder at the white yacht gave a shrill salute to a big three-deck side-wheeler churning her way down channel, honking on her horn, 'er, the ladies are—Miss Moore an' 'er man,' 'e added, with a lateral nod at the big boat, whose saloons were ablaze with electric lights, while from her bridge deck came the seductive music of a string orchestra playing a Strauss waltz. "Oh, I forgot you didn't know Miss Moore an' 'er man left Rome this morning, Mr. Brooks. They got word early at the Roman 'ouse that the 'Fair Queen' 'ad broke down near Wishville, an' there wouldn't be no boat calling at Saturday at Rome. I got word they would be going over, in the stage to Athens, with their luggage, to take the Stop-an'-Carry-One to Gannanock and take the big boat down the St. Lawrence for Quebec. 'E didn't quite made up my mind about driving down to Gannanock to see the races, so I let my man drive the ladies over to Athens. Miss Moore shaking 'ands w'en she said good-bye, saying wot a good time she'd 'ad on account of my 'aving such good boats, an' 'ow sorry she was about 'Number Seven,' wot she was sure Mr. Potts would bring it back, w'ich I wasn't, not 'aving such a Christian spirit, an' 'e being a kind of a doubting Thomas, as you may say. But beautiful she is, an' a perfect lady! Well, I 'adn't got my mind made up yet about the races, w'en back comes my man, an' 'e 'ad the stage full up with a party from Red 'Orse Lake, an' 'e seconded 'e intended to drive down to Gannanock in Athenian 'ouse rigs. But Miss Patterson there—peraps you met 'er—who's in charge of the 'ouse, got 'er 'igh horse with 'is American lady that's in the party—the Duchess o' Downeast—an' w'ile she was at it, my man drives back from the station with the stage empty, an' Gannanock, a lawd, o' Gannanock, bought 'im up at five dollars a 'ead, right under Miss Patterson's nose, to drive the party down to the races. An' w'ile Gus was attending to the wants of the party in the stage, outside of the Roman 'ouse, the morning being breezy but 'ot, my man took me a bit of the gossip 'e 'eard at Athens about Potts before the night, an' 'im going down Red 'Orse Lake. I 'adn't time to hear more, as the party was in a hurry to get away, but I see at once wot Potts' w'ich was 'e, was to get down to the meet and make mischief there 'e could go after my boat, an' wanting to see Mr. Carew trim Willoughby—w'ich 'e did, 'e 'app'ly to say—and feeling I'd like to apologize to Mr. Carew for 'aving took that new purser of the 'Fair Queen' 'im at the party garden party the night before, w'ich I 'eard all about w'en I got back to Rome last night—seeing I could 'ave business and pleasure combined, so I took the train myself, an' took Bob 'ere along on the seat, 'aving the warrant w'ich I'd took out early for Potts, and drove 'im away all about your bet this morning with Cap'n Andrews in Red 'Orse Lake, an' a good deal of very interesting chat besides, 'ow Willoughby was engaged to the Duchess, who looks like a duchess, an' 'is beauty, an' no mistake; an' all that."

The paucity of vocal periods in Mr. Gigs's latter remarks, combined with the exercise of serving stroke to Bob, reduced the little man's respiration temporarily to the vanishing point. He "blew" contemporaneously with a lo-

comotive on the Canadian shore, and cropped his oars to take a look over Bob's shoulder up stream. The swift white yacht with the Red Horse bunch had just run in to the Inn wharf, and the conclusion of Gigs's gossip found us well upon our way. The lighthouse lay well astern, and Corn Island was on our port quarter now. Jimmy was abeam of Dark Island, his rhythmic dripping blades flashing back Diana's beams as he drove steadily toward the Inn. Then suddenly, from the shadows beyond, across the quivering radiance of the moonlit river, shot the shape of a canoe. Another double-blade dashed in the nebulous light. The stroke seemed not strange, and I focused Jimmy's binocular full upon the man who was coming up. Only the light of the lanterns of the leviathan bound down glowed, with the mellow murmur of distance, and but a faint murmur of the throbbing of her engines and the tinkling echo of the orchestra reached my ear, for Big Stave Island loomed large and dark on her port. But as I looked, a red eye glowed between the big river-stem and me. It was the port light of the "Water Lily," as she headed out past Squaw Island for the channel, with Jimmy's prospective guests on board and my red tub in tow. A few moments later, and the green starboard eye had winked and swung into view, as the launch headed toward the Inn.

"Eh, 'e!" I subdub, exclamation by Gigs brought my head round. He was kneeling on his thwart, his hands on the gunwales, staring ahead. Across the moonlit radiance of the water, out of the shadows of Tidd's Island, had shot a skiff, swiftly propelled, and less than a furling away were three other boats, whose rowers lay on their oars.

"It's Potts," said Gigs.

(To be continued.)

Note.—The following article has been widely published and is one of the most remarkable illustrations of the value of careful investigation and analysis of facts in presenting a subject to the public.

Levelers.

The Mission of Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee.

The Creator made all things, we believe.

We know what He made food and water for, and air and sunshine, but why Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee? There are here enough and each performing its work.

There must be some great plan behind it all; the thoughtful man seeks to understand something of that plan and thereby to judge these articles for their true worth.

Let us not say "bad" or "good" without taking testimony.

There are times and conditions when it certainly seems to the casual observer that these stimulant narcotics are real blessings.

Right here is the ambush that conceals a "killing" enemy.

One can slip into the habit of either whiskey, tobacco or coffee easy enough, but to "untangle" is often a fearful struggle.

It seems plain that there are circumstances when the narcotic effect of these poisons is for the moment beneficial, but the fearful argument against them is that seldom ever does one find a steady user of either whiskey, coffee or tobacco free from disease of some kind.

Certainly powerful elements in their effect on the human race.

It is a matter of daily history testified to by literally millions of people, that Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee are smiling, promising, beguiling friends on the start, but always false as hell itself in the end. Once they get firm hold on you, to show their strength, they insist upon governing and drive the victim steadily towards ill-health in some form; if permitted to continue to rule, they will not let up until physical and mental ruin sets in.

A man under the spell (and "under the spell" is correct), of any one of these drugs, frequently assures himself and his friends, "Why, I can leave off any time I want to. I did quit for a week just to show I could."

It is a sure mark of the slave when one gets to that stage, 'e wiggles through a week fighting every day to break the spell, was finally whipped, and began his slavery all over again.

The slave (Coffee slave as well as Tobacco and Whiskey) daily reviews his condition, sees perfectly plain the steady encroachments of disease, how the nerves get weaker day by day and how the drug the more he seems to smother and offer relief for a few minutes and then leave the diseased condition plain-er to view than ever and growing worse. Many times the Coffee slave realizes that 'e is between two fires. He feels bad if he leaves off and a little worse if he drinks and allows the effect to wear off.

So it goes on from day to day. Every night the struggling victim promises himself that he will break the habit, and next day when he feels a little better, he seems to see a light, but breaks, not the habit, but his own resolution. It is nearly always a tough fight, with disaster ahead sure if the habit wins.

There have been hundreds of thousands of people driven to their graves through disease brought on by coffee drinking alone, and it is quite certain that the human race is caused by coffee and tobacco than by whiskey, for the first two are more widely used, and more hidden and insidious in the effect on the nerves than is either of the other two, and are thus unsuspected until much of the dangerous work is done.

Now, reader, what is your opinion as to these things? Take a look at the question from this point of view.

There is a law of nature and of nature's God, that things slowly evolve from lower planes to higher, sturdy, steady and dignified advance toward more perfect things in both the Physical and Spiritual world. The ponderous trend of evolutionary development is likened by the Infinite and will not be questioned out of natural law by any of man's methods.

There have been many illustrations showing how nature checks too rapid advance. Illinois raises phenomenal crops of corn for two or three years. If a farmer continues to plant corn year after year, he will find that his farm-ers would advance in wealth far beyond those of other sections or countries. So nature interposes a bar every four or five years and brings on a "bad year."

Here we see the leveling influence at work.

A man is prosperous in his business for a number of years and grows rich. Then nature sets the "leveling influence" at work on him. Some of his investments lose, he becomes luxurious and lazy. Perhaps it is whiskey, tobacco, coffee, women, gambling, or some other form. The intent and purpose is to level him. Keep him from evolving too far ahead of the masses.

A nation becomes prosperous and great like ancient Rome. If no leveling influence set in she would dominate

the world perhaps for all time. But Dame Nature sets her army of "levelers" at work. Luxury, over-eating and drinking, licentiousness, waste, and extravagant indulgences of all kinds, then comes the wreck. Sure, sure, sure. The law of the unit is the law of the mass. Man goes through the same process. Weakness (in childhood), gradual growth of strength, energy, thrift, probity, prosperity, wealth, comfort, ease, relaxation, self-indulgence, luxury, idleness, waste, debauchery, disease, and the wreck follows. The "levelers" are in the bushes along the pathway of every successful man and woman, and they bag the majority.

Only now and then can a man stand out against these "levelers," and hold his fortune, fame and health to the end.

So the Creator has use for Whiskey, Tobacco and Coffee to level down the successful ones, and those who show signs of being successful, and keep them back in the race, so that the great "field" (the masses) may not be left far behind.

And yet we must admit that same all-wise Creator has placed it in the power of man to stand upright, clothed in the armor of a clean-cut, steady mind, and say unto himself, "I decline to exchange my birthright for a mess of pottage."

It is not matter each individual must decide for himself. He can be a leader and semi-god if he will, or he can go along through life a drugged clown, a cheap "hewer of wood or carrier of water."

Certain it is that while the Great Father of us all does not seem to "mind" if some of His children are foolish and stupid, He seems to select others to prosper, health, money, and the good things that come with power, for the half-sleep condition of the "drugged," with the certainty of sickness and disease ahead.

It is a man tries flitting with these levelers a while, and gets a few slaps as a hint, he had better take the hint or a good solid blow will follow.

When a man tries to live upright, clean, thrifty, sober, and undrugged, manifesting as near as he knows what the Creator intends he should, happiness, health and peace seem to come to him. Does it pay?

This article was written to set people thinking, to rouse the "God within," for all highly organized men and women have times when they feel a something calling from within for them to press to the front and "be about the Father's business." Don't mistake it; the spark of the Infinite is there, and it pays in every way, health, happiness, peace, and even worldly prosperity, to break off the habits and strip clean for the work cut out for us.

It has been the business of the writer to provide a practical and easy way for people to break away from the coffee habit, and be assured of a return, to health, and all the good things that bring. Provided the abuse has not gone too far, and even then the cases where the body has been rebuilt on a basis of strength and health run into the thousands.

It is an easy and comfortable step to stop coffee instantly by having well-made Postum Food Coffee served, rich and hot, with good cream, for the color and flavor are there, but none of the caffeine or other nerve-destroying elements of ordinary coffee.

On the contrary, the most powerful rebuilding elements furnished by nature are in Postum, and they quietly get about repairing the damage. Seldom is it more than two days after the change is made before the old stomach or bowel troubles, or complaints of kidneys, heart, head, or nerves show unmistakable evidence of getting better, and ten days' time changes things wonderfully.

Literally millions of brain-working Americans to-day use Postum, having found the value and common sense in the change.

C. W. POST.

The Headsman of France.

At the ripe age of eighty-one, the famous French executioner, Louis Delbier, has died peacefully at his Paris residence. He resigned his lugubrious post six years ago, and was succeeded by his son, who is thirty-nine years of age. It was in 1848 that the elder Delbier entered on his career as assistant-headsman at Algiers. Five years later, on the death of his father, he became executioner-in-chief for Brittany, and in 1872 was the highest post in his profession—that of sole executioner for France.

His first task was to put to death a monster named Laprade, who had murdered his father, mother and grandfather under circumstances of the greatest barbarity. So fierce was the resistance that he offered on the scaffold that the headsman had to stun him by dashing his head on the pavement.

Another of his "cases" was the police sergeant Prevost, who, enjoying the reputation of a model officer, was convicted of the murder of two persons, whose dismembered bodies he threw into the Paris sewers. He died with great firmness, declaring that not all his blood could wash out his crimes.

Pranzini, the elegant and fascinating Ravachol, the tigerish Anarchist, and Caserio Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, were among the criminals who died by the hand of Delbier. Five hundred is said to have been the total of his cases in his nineteen years of office.

When Carrara, the Italian mush-room-grinder who killed and tried to burn the body of a man whom his wife had lured into his house, was thrown under the great knife, trembling with fear, one of the assistants shouted: "He is dead! It is a corpse that you are going to behead." It was true; the assassin had died of sheer terror. But even as the man spoke, the blade descended and did its work.

In appearance, says the "Journal," Delbier was short and of weakly physique. Far from being of sinister visage, he looked like a prosperous tradesman, but always wore a somewhat sad expression, while his movements, even on the scaffold, were slow and deliberate. He was the perfect executioner.

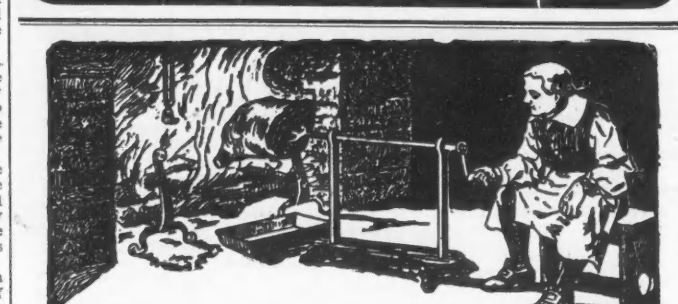
"What did your husband do to you to make you seek a divorce?"

Ted—Do you think that old millionaire will do any good with his money? Ned—He'll have to. He has six marriageable daughters.

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.



The oven of an Imperial Oxford Range and the old-fashioned spit before an open fireplace do better roasting than any other cooking apparatus invented.

Imperial Oxford Range

draws fresh air into the fine chamber, super-heats it and diffuses it evenly over the oven, thus heating it quickly, thoroughly and uniformly—back, front and sides are at the same equal temperature. The result is juicy, tender roasts, light, dainty pastry, evenly raised bread—successful cooking.

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THE SILVER SLIPPER is again being lost and found at the Princess this week, and is as popular as ever. Of course Toronto playgoers know the plot, which is very simple. The whole transaction is based on the falling of a slipper from Venus and the efforts of Stella the Venusian to recover it. Comparatively speaking, there is no plot beyond that, and quite luckily, too, as no male creature could think or follow a plot when his eyes are charmed by such a galaxy of beauty. Talk about girls! Why, do you know I could just imagine I was in paradise! Girls! Girls! Girls! Everywhere, but not a drop to— Girls! Well, if you want to see girls, brunettes, blondes, and in-between, all sorts of dainty girls—English, French, Austrian, Irish, Scotch and soda—in fact every nationality is represented, and so charming are the costumes and so catchy the music that one gets home with the feeling of having been in heaven. And the dancing is divine, especially the champagne dance. It really is a charming spectacle. The costumes and combinations of color are beautiful. The English sextette is as piquant as it can be. Harry B. Burcher as Berkeley Schallamar sings a very good song. "It is fine to be a soldier in the army," and two people warbling about "me and you," "no, you and I," created laughter. There are several innovations, all of which are good. Take it all around, "The Silver Slipper" is quite worth seeing, even if one has seen it before, although the music is not as good as in "Florodora." Still, there are some good songs and dances which are quite up to the "Florodora" mark.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush," that good old play, met with its usual success at the Grand Opera House last night, when a very full house proved the popularity of the play and Mr. Stoddard's acting. That veteran actor has a strong company acting with him and he himself, as usual, was recalled time and time again. He played the part of Lachlan Campbell and added some new and realistic features to the part. Miss Irina la Pierre as Flora Campbell also added strength to the cast. The quaint and charming old Scotch play repays anyone who goes to see it. The tender pathos and quiet humor always gain great applause, and generally bring tears to the eyes of the audience. They will continue to play all this week at the Grand, and if Monday night was any criterion they will have a very successful visit.

C. J.

Shea's is keeping up its standard this season. This week the programme is an excellent one. It opens with a comedy cycle act by the St. Ouge Brothers, whose performance shows considerable originality. This turn is followed by two of the best we have seen this season. Miss Bertha Gilson, with a fresh, unspotted mezzo-soprano voice and charming appearance, sang some pretty little songs which suited her voice admirably, and was quite a welcome innovation as a singer. Her enunciation was excellent, and in spite of rather an awkward carriage was generally pleasing. The next on the programme was Rosa Naynon, who was assisted by Claude Phillips, who produced a very novel and interesting and wonderfully well trained troupe of gorgeously plumed arras, white cockatoos, and other tropical birds. One particularly pretty little performance, in which two love-birds, or, as they are called, "paraquitos," climb into a gilded hansom cab with a white cockatoo between the shafts and are driven round the stage, met with great applause. Miss Naynon's scene is ended by a flight of white pigeons from among the audience, which settle all around her as she stands in the middle of the stage. Cole and Johnson, who have always been great favorites in Toronto, as usual surprised and delighted the audience with the artistic feeling and taste displayed by them in their musical turn. It is an absolute treat to hear such a gentlemanly performance after the tremendous amount of ragtime we are used to. Miss Rose Stahl and Company presented a one-act comedy entitled "The Chorus Lady," a slight sketch of stage life. At first I thought the choice of title of Toronto might turn against such a sketch, but judging by the applause which followed I think I must have been mistaken. Miss Stahl as Miss Patricia O'Brien got off some very clever little hits such as, "Oh, yes, Balasco writes passionate plays to match her hair." They were talking of Mrs. Leslie Carter. The Gotham Comedy Four, the Prosper Troupe, and George W. Monroe of "My Aunt Bridget" fame, complete a very excellent programme.

William Gillette will open his present season in Toronto, presented by Charles Frohman, at the Princess Theater for one week beginning October 3, in J. M. Barrie's comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," which has met with greater success than almost any other dramatic offering of recent years. The play is usually described as a comedy-fantasy, but its quality is one that baffles description. In its essence it is a romantic fable, and upon the story Barrie has lavished such a wealth of beauty and play of fantastic humor that the result is not like anything seen before. Despite the fact that Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister" delighted thousands upon thousands in book or play form, yet those acquainted with all his works have had no hesitancy in pronouncing "The Admirable Crichton" by far the best work he has offered to the public. "The Admirable Crichton" was originally produced by Charles Frohman at his Duke of York's Theater, London, two seasons ago, and ran there for an entire year. Last season William Gillette opened the new Lyceum Theater, New York, with the play, and it created at once a dramatic sensation. Critics were unanimous in their praise of both play and star, while their verdict was so cordially endorsed by theater-goers that Mr. Gillette continued to play to crowded houses at the Lyceum without interruption during the entire season.

When the Henry W. Savage English grand opera company appears here the week beginning November 7, it will afford the first opportunity to hear the great English singing chorus that has attracted so much attention during the past two



COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND AND HIS STAFF.
The men who forced the signing of the British-Tibetan treaty.

seasons. Mr. Savage was recently quoted as saying that he had more difficulty to secure a chorus for his grand opera company than he had to select the principal singers for the big grand opera roles. This need cause little surprise when it is known that 1,240 voices were tried during the past three months at his New York office to select the choral bodies for his English grand opera and "Parsifal" companies. The applicants came from all parts of the United States and Canada. They represent the flower of the conservatories of this continent. There were over one hundred applicants from leading choir singers. Once the chorus is selected it becomes necessary for the musical directors and chorus masters to take the young singers in hand and practically open a school of opera in which the ambitious singers must be taught the repertoire. In this country children do not learn grand opera with their A B C's as they do in Europe, where every city of any size has its stock operatic organization. Weeks and weeks of rehearsing are necessary. That is why Conductors Emanuel and Schenck have been rehearsing nearly all summer on the repertoire to be sung by the Savage company this season. Judging by the material now in hand, Mr. Savage expects to have the best grand opera chorus of any season during the nine years' history of his organization.

Hans, the Great Horse Prodigy of Germany.

WHAT are Hans's achievements? A dry enumeration of his feats would fail to convey a perfect notion of his intellectual capacity. He is asked by some one among the bystanders, "How many people in this crowd wear straw hats?" And Hans looks about and gives, with his hoofs, the exact number. "How many persons do you see here?" Another glance



of almost human understanding, and again he "hoofs" the right number. "How many children are here?" "How many ladies?" (or rather females; for even Smart Johnny would be at a loss to discern outwardly a woman who is a lady from a woman who is not). "How much is 2 times 13 plus 5?" "How much is 38½ plus 13½?" All these questions are answered by the horse with never-failing correctness. The free

tions he indicates in two parts. First he "hoofs" the denominator, then the numerator. "How much is half of 26?" "The third part of 24?" "The fifth part of 45?" "How much is 2, 3, 5, 6, raised to the square?" "Through how many numbers can 24, 33, 36, etc., be divided?" "Give us the third, fourth, fifth, etc., of those numbers." Never once has Hans failed to solve these problems.

One of the onlookers asked Hans, "I have eight plums in a bag. Two children come along, and I make them a present of these plums, even shares. How much did each of them get?" "Look here, Hans; I have a certain number in my mind. I deduct from it 9 and I retain 3. Which was my number?" And Hans continues to answer each and every question in his self-reliant way, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a horse to take a lesson in higher arithmetic every morning with his breakfast hay.

But Hans can do even better. He can read. You put down your question in writing, and Hans will answer it just as correctly after having thrown a knowing look at the paper. You press the button of your automatic pencil and Hans does the rest. Again, from his look and from his quickness in answering questions, it is easily to be seen that the rows of letters produce in his brain the same mental functions as in the brain of a bright boy of 12 or 13. The identical conclusion must be received from the fact that Hans is able to spell—after a system invented by Herr von Osten—the words written down for that purpose. You put down a word on a slip of paper, let Hans take a good look at it, and Hans will resort to a frame covered with movable letters which is placed in the courtyard and pick out the proper letters.

One man told Hans to remember the phrase, "Forest and bridge are occupied by the enemy," and next day Hans took his alphabet and spelled out the sentence correctly. Another man produced his watch, showed it to Hans, and asked, "What time is it?" And Hans moved his hoof eleven times—and so it was. Twenty minutes later the watch was shown to him again, and now he stamped first eleven, and, after a short pause, twenty times more. He then answered correctly the following questions, the watch not being produced this time: "Between what figures does the small hand stand at 7.40?" "Between 7 and 8," hoofed Hans. Similar questions, with varied hours, were answered just as correctly. Other questions and experiments indicated that Hans has a distinct sense of colors, of music, even of coins and playing cards, and that he recognizes persons from their photographs.

But the proud owner and teacher of this marvel insists that Hans is not only mentally a human-like being, but claims for him real sentiments of affection toward all persons who treat him affectionately.

"When I lived out in the country," Herr von Osten said, "I made it a point every morning and in all weather to let him out of his box into a small paddock to graze. He waited patiently with ears pricked and head turned toward the house until he heard my voice inside. Then he neighed until I went up to him. Or if he saw me at a distance, and I did not speak to him, he told me pretty plainly what he wanted me to do. When other people let him out occasionally, he never asked them to do so. When he thought himself unobserved he would sneak up to the railings and gobble up roses, lilies, poppies, sunflowers, and all within reach of his muzzle. He knew full well that he was doing wrong, as he was often sent into his box for this offence; so when he heard anyone coming, or the house door being opened, he entered off and began to eat grass."

Authorities on animal psychology such as Professor Moebius, Herr Schilling and Dr. Heck, the manager of the famous Berlin Zoo, have declared over their signatures that Hans is an entirely novel phenomenon in natural science not to be compared to and measured by even the most skillful "doele" or "trained" horses known to history.



W HEN George Seymour Lyon took up golf he was measurably past his thirty-fifth year. Now, at forty-six, he is champion of America. There is the test on which can be founded a convincing sermon on the merits of the game. Canadians, not twenty years ago, were disposed to look with suspicion on the man who after entering his third

decade continued to practice sport. They thought it a fool idea; they—or many of them—held that the sportsman was a frivolous loafer, a fellow who would never be any good in business because he believed it was desirable to have a sound body. The streets of Toronto are full of these chumps—the objectors—to-day. They are round-shouldered, pasty-faced, dull-eyed at sixty. What muscles they have left is atrophied as much as their intellect. I do not lay claim to being a veteran, but I can remember some fourteen years back when I encountered in a street car one of these progressive members of society. At that time I had arrived at the mature age of twenty, and—it was a Saturday afternoon—the fossil asked where I was going. I answered that I hoped to play football at Rosedale for Toronto against Ottawa College. Grey disapproval overspread the countenance of the relic. "Any boy of twenty who can find nothing better to do with his time than play football should be ashamed of himself," said he. I saw an awful vision of a life of failure ahead before me, but I played. In this year of our Lord my mentor, who lived up to his teachings, and never tried to build himself up, is a Customs officer, aged about fifty, and drawing a thousand dollars a year. The trouble to me is to ascertain which is the horrible example.

George Lyon has done a lot for the youth of Ontario. He has shown persons of the kidney of the man referred to that a man can be a success in business and on the athletic field. In his own line of financial endeavor he has a clientele that is as large as any in Toronto. He has made a success of sport. He has captained the International cricket team, as well as played on it three. He has been the tennis champion of the Dominion. Now he is the golfing champion of America. He has made the most of himself, and has not allowed silly prejudices to prevent his enjoying life. At St. Louis, I am told, he amazed the large "gallery" by his tremendous driving. That he got from cricket. The stroke is almost the same in one game as in the other, the only difference being that the cricketer is not taught to "follow through" as does the golfer. Cricket, too, gave Mr. Lyon that unerring eye that helped him to beat young Egan. In golf, it is justifiable to say, a good eye is a sine qua non. Without it a man can never be anything but a fourth-rater. The same may be said of cricket, but of no other outdoor game save, perhaps, tennis in baseball, football and lacrosse, agility may make up for defective visual judgment.



MR. H. CHANDLER EGAN.
From whom Mr. Lyon won the Golf Championship at St. Louis on Saturday last.

And the lacrosse season, as our cartoon admirably illustrated last week, has ended in anything but a blaze of glory. Querie and Lambe, whitewashed, disinfected and purged of assault, played for the Tecumseh Club against Brantford on Saturday. It is pleasing to note that the attendance was small. Despite the clamorings of the newspaper defenders of rottenness, the mass of the Toronto public wants honest sport. The managers of clubs who believe the protestations of shady betting men and other alleged sports as against the objections of honest lovers of the game, are only killing their chances of getting dividends next year. Everybody knows that money is what the club-owners are after, but the club-owners believe that the people want to see man-handling, mayhem and felonious assault as features of the games. In speaking of the club-owners, I desire to make an exception in the case of the Chippewas. Mr. Haffey and his colleagues have stood for honest lacrosse. I do not mean to say that the Chippewas are not professionals. That is in no way denied. But the Chippewas, as any follower of the games will avouch, have played more fairly than any other team in the Canadian Lacrosse Association. It is nonsense to say that men like Lambe and Querie have done what they have done without the cognizance of their employers. In the case of the Chippewas the players were given plainly to understand by Mr. Haffey that, while they were expected to play as well as they knew how, roughness would be punished.

The Island regatta course scheme is not meeting with a tremendous degree of favor. Only eighteen months have passed since the St. Catharines course was selected as the Canadian Henley, and now it is proposed to institute a rival meeting. The plan may be all very well for Toronto oarsmen, but will it be quite fair to the scullers from outside places? The great recommendation of the St. Catharines course is that all the visitors are on an equality. Here, on Toronto bay, the men from Ottawa, Brockville, Hamilton, Winnipeg and other places would be at a distinct disadvantage as compared with our own men. As between St. Catharines and Toronto, my voice is for St. Kitts every time. It will take a good deal more than the aldermen think to pay for the proposed new course at the Island.

That bright and shining planet in the firmament of all that is good, Inspector Archibald, is after the Ontario Jockey Club for permitting betting to be carried on at the Woodbine. Messrs. Hendrie and Fraser and three bookmakers have been chosen as the targets at which the big guns of morality are to be directed. The Criminal Code, as passed by Sir John Thompson, exempted and permitted betting on the track of any incorporated racing association, but the good people's lawyers aver that they know a way to put the bookies out of business. Horse racing without betting would be a truly lovely spectacle. The club would have to discontinue operations. As the case, in the words of the "Globe," is sub-judice, it is impossible to comment on the subject, but I hope Archibald will proceed also to attend to other places in Toronto where betting is carried on. What this town would be without somebody to adjust its morals, imagination fondly stoops to trace. Toronto the Good has become a byword. Toronto the good place to stay away from would be our true title if some folk had their way.

OLYMPIAN.



"QUEEN DIDO CHAMBERLAIN'S DREAM."

According to Lord Rosebury, Joe Chamberlain's idea of preferential tariff is a phantom which will disappear through colonial opposition.

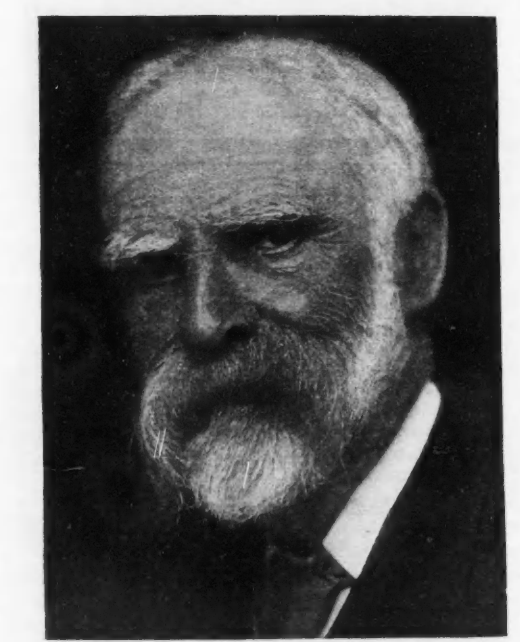
Englishine.

ENGLISHINE is becoming one of the most common, disagreeable and dangerous products of this country. Years ago the governments of all up-to-date countries passed laws regulating the manufacture and sale of artificial products—cheap and unwholesome—supposed to take the place of real, vigorous butter. Butterine is under the ban, but Englishine—an infinitely more offensive preparation in its various forms—is still permitted to circulate freely and to pollute the national atmosphere.

One of the most popular and offensive forms of Englishine is the well-known substitute for the English language which one encounters at almost every street corner, in every street car, or wherever citizens most do congregate. It is an odd thing, this conglomeration of cold-pressed vowels, disabled consonants, and unmeaning grunts delivered through vocal chords in the last stages of collapse superinduced by a villainously slow and painful strangulation.

The other day on the corner of King and Yonge streets I overheard a person trying to tell a friend something about a motor car—commonly called "automobile"—and he had such a struggle with the word, in Englishine, that I had to warn him that there were ladies within hearing distance. The ladies who use this substitute for language seldom meet with the kindness of correction or reproof, consequently they become more and more offensive and spread the nauseating mixture abroad with a more and more lavish vocal apparatus with each day that passes. It is in street cars that they are least considerate. On a crowded car one polysyllabic word choked out in Englishine will produce more discomfort than could the exit of the fattest passenger—even though the exit be made at a rush. I have known the word "transfer" to be so mangled in a pretty mouth that it tripped a gigantic conductor and put out the lights when it made its exit in the form of Englishine. "Transfer," I know for a fact, can be exhaled and shook loose in such a manner that taxidermists find little difficulty in stretching it, tanning it and selling it for a library rug.

But the linguistic brand of Englishine is only one of the many forms that the substitute takes in this country. The Englishine walk is, perhaps, one of the most tragically comic methods of locomotion to be observed outside the walls of an army veteran's home. I have heard of a case where a foreign dealer in artificial limbs was encouraged to start a large manufactory in this city after he had taken one stroll down Yonge street, where he viewed the efforts of the Anglomaniacs to walk and keep their feet from missing the sidewalk at



THE RIGHT HONORABLE JAMES BRYCE, M.P.
The distinguished English writer who will be entertained at dinner by the Canadian Club on Monday evening, October 3.

either side. It is almost needless to say that the enterprising stranger was ruined in his venture, for, in spite of all appearances which would lead one to suspect a deformity of the leg or hip, the gentlemen who stilt it along the streets of this city are no more physically imperfect than the citizens of any other place of a like size. The strut, with the heels three feet apart, the upper portions of the body thrust forward at an absurdly obtuse angle, the back held stiff, the knees unbendable, is not the result of either a freak of nature or an unfortunate accident; it is merely a substitute for the human pose—it is Englishine.

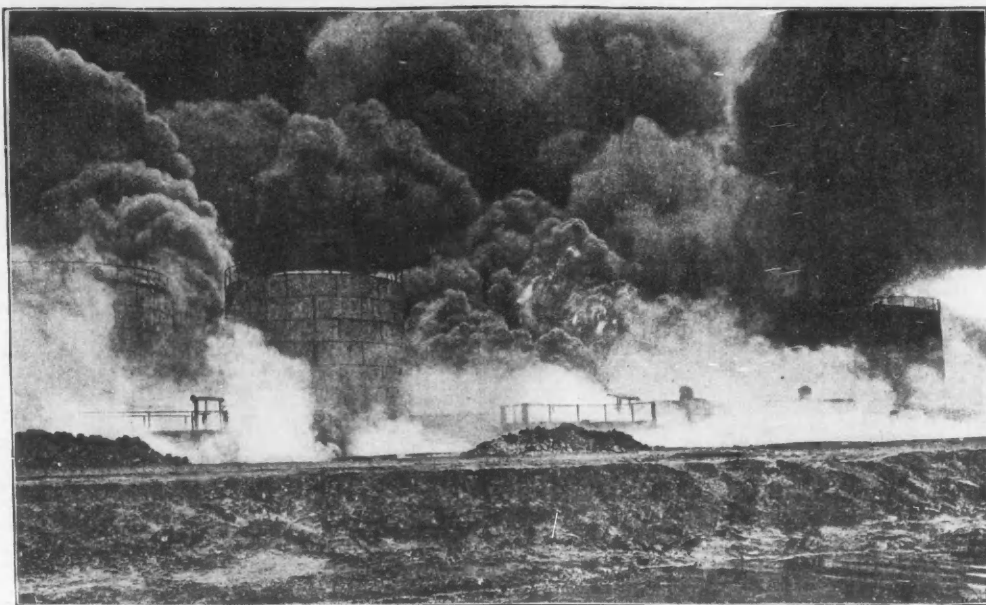
One might be tempted to put down to an empty head and an overmastering desire to be thought different this popularity of an inexplicable unnaturalness which has become a menace to public comfort, if not to health, were it not that its extensive adoption and use by persons of unquestioned intellectual capacity conclusively renders such a contention absurd. No Englishine has come to be such a force in this country that it must be reckoned with. It is swiftly and certainly distorting the features of the citizens to such an extent that a stranger might be excused if he were to form the opinion that many of us deemed ourselves in constant danger of being annihilated by the explosion of a charge of dynamite beneath our feet. The eyebrows are painfully elevated, the eyelids droop as if to ward off an imminent danger, the jaw is dropped in seemingly expectant horror, and the lips are drawn and partly open in preparation for the uttering of a yell of anguish. Of the human voice, in a startling number of our vocal organs, but little trace remains. An almost unending series of painfully audible yawns, cut off in uneven lengths, has taken the place of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Even the haughty tailor—than whom there is no more relentless despot—has been forced to bend the knee to the ever increasing flood of Englishine. A half-yard of cloth must be put into a pair of trousers—must needs be wasted, in fact—that the gentleman who mauls the English language, distorts his features, voice and form, may carry a wad of useless twined rolled like a bandage round his neck.

Will the fad—if it be a fad—last? Will the substitute finally extinguish the real? In the end, will a different race, with a different tongue, inhabit this land which our forefathers carved from a tangled wilderness? To each question one can but reply—perhaps! Time alone can give a definite answer. One thing only is certain: for the present we must be content to put up with the inconvenience of telephones becoming deranged through a heathenish articulation, street cars stranded through fright at the sights they see and the things they hear, and toes crushed to a pulp by the wide-gauge walk of the Anglomaniacs and his Englishine.

Where Time Was Money.

NOT the least of the difficulties of the first British Governor of the Cook Islands in the South Seas was the question of chronology. The islands lie embarrassingly near that degree of longitude where the new day begins and where the mariner loses or gains a whole day, according to the direction in which he is sailing.

Now this fact had never bothered the natives much in the halcyon days when they were eating one another and otherwise enjoying the blessings of a state of unspoiled nature. But with the coming of the missionaries this and possibly other problems began to disturb the simple children of the soil. It seems that the first missionary to arrive came from the East, and he, good man, of course set apart the next Sunday to be forever the Sabbath. All went well until the advent of the second missionary, who came from the West, and who, equally good man, of course stuck to his Sunday, and felt



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE RECENT MILLION-DOLLAR OIL FIRE AT ANTWERP, BELGIUM.
On August 26 a fire, caused by the ignition of escaping gas, started at the tanks of a Russian oil company at Hoboken, near Antwerp, Belgium. A high wind caused the fire to spread rapidly. Thirty-eight tanks, containing about 26,000,000 gallons of petroleum, were destroyed, and seven workmen lost their lives. The total loss is estimated at \$1,250,000.

duly scandalized on finding his rival desecrating the Sabbath. As neither of the preachers of peace would give in, things soon got into a dreadful mix, and, to make matters still worse, a third missionary turned up—a Seventh Day Baptist—who, of course, good man, set apart the Saturday before the first missionary's Sunday as the true Scriptural Sabbath. Three days of the week were now dies non, and sweet bells jangled out of tune summoned the bewildered natives to prayer on three days running. In vain did the harassed Governor try to bring sweet reasonableness to bear, and he had given up in despair when a guileless Israelite—whose coming threatened to add yet another possibility of chronological difficulty—solved the whole question by bringing it to the reduction ad absurdum.

Mr. Goldstein had brought an assorted cargo of alarm clocks, mouth-organs, concertinas, and other necessities of life. He had also brought a very sensitive conscience. Having sold out his entire stock at a profit of cent. per cent., the prudent man began quietly to buy up all the available crates in which the fruit is exported from the islands, and then presented himself at the counting-houses of his creditors on the day that each was at church. Witnesses testified to his having offered payment, and to the fact that it was refused or that he could not get into the place of business of his creditor on such and such a day.

"It is absurd, is it not?" remarked the Governor when Mr. Goldstein filed his protest.

"Apsurt? Vye, Goffunor, id iss a conspiracy in restraint of trade, thad's vad id iss!" replied Goldstein; "un, py Jofe! iff any more of dose breachers comes here, ebery day'll be Sunday by und by, and id id! Vell, I hafe dried to bay dem, und now dey musd come und dry to ged der money."

They did try. The first man who sought the gentleman was unfortunate for Mr. Goldstein had carefully ascertained the exact views of each of his creditors as to the question of Sabbath observance.

"Bay you to-day?" exclaimed Goldstein with a look of injured conscience; "vye, Mr. Browne, vat day you go to church yed?"

"To-morrow, of course," answered the astonished Browne. "I t'oughd so," replied Goldstein; "und dondt you know dat ve Hebrews goes bei our church on de day before yours yed?"

On the following day and the next others sought Goldstein with like result, that successful trader having adopted a sliding Sabbatharian scale enabling him to win seemingly perfect right—to plead a conscientious scruple against transacting business on his day of rest, which was always the day before the day on which his friend kept his Sunday. That settled it. Uniting against the Jew, the Christians were able to get together at last.

VINCENT HARPER.

A Quiet Game of Bridge.

MRS. SPLASH—Mersey, it's my deal. How I hate dealing! Cards would be lovely if it were not for dealing. Why can't we have little nigger boys to deal the cards? (Giggles.)

Mrs. Weeds—How well I remember poor dear Tom! When he dealt for whist he always stopped after the fifth card. He did so enjoy a game of poker.

Mrs. Rittenhouse—Poker is a low game. I remember a New York woman tried to introduce it into our little set

twenty years ago. She was squelched for her pains.

Mrs. Wynner—Ladies, if we are going to play bridge, let's play. Talking confuses me dreadfully.

Mrs. Splash—Heavens! It's my make, isn't it? I am always afraid to make it. Dear Mrs. Weeds, I hope you have a good hand.

Mrs. Weeds—I have a horrid hand. I have only one ace. I love aces.

Mrs. Splash—I could make it diamonds, if I wanted to. But diamonds count only 6. I have five diamonds. Oh, what shall I do?

Mrs. Weeds—Please don't make it diamonds, whatever you do, Mrs. Splash.

Mrs. Wynner—Mrs. Weeds, that is distinctly unfair. You cannot signal your partner.

Mrs. Weeds (with dignity)—I did not signal my partner. I made an audible request.

Mrs. Splash—I'll make it club—(interrupting herself.) Oh, please wait a moment. I didn't mean to say clubs. Elwell says, "Consult the score before you make the trumps." Mrs. Rittenhouse, what is the score?

Mrs. Wynner (with asperity)—This is the first hand we've played, or, rather, attempted to play.

Mrs. Splash—Well, then, I just shan't make the trumps. Partner, what shall it be?

Mrs. Weeds—I think that's real mean of you, shifting the responsibility to me. I am dying to make it no-trumps to get even.

Mrs. Splash—I hate to play no-trumps. Please don't.

Mrs. Weeds—I might make it hearts. Hearts were always lucky with me. (She presses a gold vanity box to her head to facilitate meditation.) Hearts it shall be.

Mrs. Rittenhouse—May I play, partner?

Mrs. Wynner (with set expression)—Doubled!

Mrs. Weeds (lays down her cards and snickers)—He-he! I play dummy. I am going out and see if Mr. Ginger has ordered another highball.

(Urged by Mrs. Wynner, a few tricks are played in silence.) (Mrs. Weeds returns.)

Mrs. Weeds—Ginger is a perfect sight. My dears, he will never get back to his room. It's a scandal.

(Mrs. Splash throws down her cards and dashes to the French window. Mrs. Rittenhouse leans forward for a glance.)

Mrs. Wynner—Mrs. Splash, are we playing cards?

Mrs. Splash—Isn't he a sight? My stars! He's calling for another highball. Perfectly killing, isn't it?

Mrs. Rittenhouse—I drank a highball once. I think they're vile.

Mrs. Wynner—According to Elwell, you should have led a smaller card.

Mrs. Weeds—Charles Sodapop is coming down over this week-end. He loves bridge.

Mrs. Splash—I hope he wears those lovely white flannels. I do like to see a man in white flannels. Don't you, Mrs. Rittenhouse?

Mrs. Rittenhouse—There, Mrs. Splash, you've made me trump Mrs. Wynner's ace by asking me that question! Pardon me, Mrs. Wynner.

Mrs. Wynner—There, I take the next of our tricks. I believe we have five tricks over the book.

Mrs. Splash—I am afraid I lost a trick toward the end.

Mrs. Wynner—I am going to dress for dinner. (She snorts a "thank you" and vanishes.)

Mrs. Splash—I do so like a quiet game of bridge!

Their Little Game.

TOM Granby and his wife Marie (who was baptized Maria) had been married for three months before Tom declared his desire for a game of whist. In his bachelor days he used to run over to the Howard Wilsons, but since his marriage he had been too much interested in the grave business of arranging the furniture in the new house in Howland avenue to think of such things as rotary discards. The Wilsons and Tom and Mrs. Wilson's cousin, Frances Hanley, used to have many a cosy game of duplicate whist in the winters of the past. Mrs. Wilson plays a really good game, and on more than one occasion Howard has said, "I declare, Janet, you remember the cards awfully well—for a woman." Janet Wilson is always deeply grateful for the praise and heedless of the qualification, because she knows that a man can't help being condescending.

Both Howard and his wife had missed the old evenings, and at last Mrs. Wilson just telephoned in an informal way, asking Mrs. Granby to come over for a little game, adding, "You play, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," came the confident answer, "Tom and I'll be very pleased to come. He was saying just last night that he'd like to have a game."

On the way to the Wilsons Tom entered seriously upon the subject of weak suit leads, saying, "It's rather queer that we haven't said anything about whist before. There's no game like it."

"I don't think it's queer at all," replied his wife quickly. "I should have thought you fearfully stupid if you had come down to Cobourg for two days and talked of trumps and things like that."

"My long suit was hearts in those days, wasn't it, girlie?" and Tom was so pleased with his own wit that he forgot to discourse further on the sweet reasonableness of finding out how many trumps your partner has.

When the fourteen boards were produced Mrs. Tom exclaimed with a charming gush of admiration, "What dear little boards! Aren't they cute? I've never played whist like this before."

Her husband felt slightly uncomfortable, for he knew that the Wilsons were secretly amused, and so he said firmly, "I think you and I had better be partners, Marie. You see, Mrs. Wilson and her husband always play together."

"Yes," blundered in Mr. Howard Wilson, "you always played with Fannie, didn't you?"

"Ye-es," answered Tom Granby, with no unnecessary haste, for he and Frances Hanley had played other games than whist in which the score had not always been in his favor. "Miss Hanley played a careful game."

"Frances was a pretty nice girl," continued Mr. Wilson, unaware of the fact that his wife's slipped toes were trying to make an impression on his left foot, "a good deal of a flirt, but I hear she's going to be married to an English chap in Vancouver."

"Shall we have clubs for trumps as usual, Howard?" said Mrs. Wilson in a voice that was slightly chilly.

"Oh, I guess so. We're all accustomed to them."

"And you don't deal or anything?" said Mrs. Tom, who had been closely observing her husband's face; "it seems so strange to have the cards ready for you."

"You lead, Marie," said her husband abruptly.

"Oh, do I really? I just hate to lead. Couldn't someone else do it this first time?" She looked appealingly at her host, who became embarrassed as he felt a deep sorrow for "poor old Tom," whose wife didn't appreciate the inevitable word of whist.

"Well, you see, Mrs. Granby, we'll all have a turn at it."

"I suppose it can't be helped," with a sigh, "but I'm sure I don't know what to do. Tom, if you have four spades, what—"

"Marie, you know perfectly well that we have no business to hear about what cards you hold."

"But I wasn't telling. I just said 'spades' to throw you off the track. I've only two spades and they're little ones. I shouldn't dream of leading one of them. I know that you ought to lead from the suit that you've got a lot of high cards in."

"My dear girl," urged the irritated bridegroom, who was perfectly sure that Howard Wilson had not turned away for the purpose of getting a match, "don't say any more, or I'll know all about your hand. Just make the best lead you can think of. Use your judgment and you'll be all right."

With a flurried gesture Mrs. Tom placed a five of diamonds on the table, dropping the knave and ace of hearts as she made her lead. The opponents charitably made no remark, but Tom's brow puckered ominously. The cards fell in a silence that was not broken until the hand was played, when Mrs. Tom breathed heavily and said, "Now, I suppose I did something wrong, but I'd like to know what it was."

"Why did you lead the five when you had the ace and four small ones?" asked her partner.

"Perhaps Mrs. Granby plays with the lead of fourth best," suggested Mr. Wilson blandly.

"There was my trump signal," said Tom, who was still plunged in reminiscence, "you didn't seem to notice it."

"Why, I never bother about things like that," said his wife airily; "I just play the best cards I have, although I never like to lead the ace the first time. It seems so daring."

"It's just as well to be cautious," agreed Mrs. Wilson. "You had a splendid hand in hearts."

The silence of the game as played by those who consider whist as next to a religion, was too much for the nerves of Mrs. Tom, who endeavored to enliven the fourth hand by a little conversation. "Do you know," she said gaily, "that whist is mentioned in the Bible?"

"No," said Mr. Wilson, with an air of polite attention.

"Where it talks about Gabriel playing his last trump," was the triumphant reply. Her husband's features were sternly set, but the host and hostess smiled cheerfully. Deeper and deeper fell the gloom on the face of Mr. Thomas Granby as his little wife went bravely on, trumping his strong suit, refusing to return trump leads, and indulging rashly in a "singleton."

"What's the score?" he asked after the last hand.

"Oh—er—you're down a bit," was the answer.

"A bit!" said Mr. Granby in scorn. "We've lost more than nine points and we deserved to lose more."

"That's too bad," said his wife with ready sympathy, "but I'll play better the next time. I'm awfully out of practice, but I always pick up quickly. I learned ping-pong in no time." At the mention of the harmless pastime with the Chinese name, Tom's eyes gleamed dangerously and Mrs. Wilson hastened to say:

"Yes, it's so easy to forget the leads. But we'll go downstairs and look for the chaffing-dish."

"Tom," said his youthful wife on their homeward way, "you were a perfect bear about that tiresome game. You did everything but growl."

"Why the deuce didn't you tell me, Marie, that you don't know a thing about whist? You always have said that you've played whist for years."

"Well, so I have."

"Heaven help your partners, then, if they knew a knave from a king!"

"Tom Granby, you're the rudest man I ever heard of! I played all right, only those boards were new to me—and—"

"Marie," gasped the alarmed husband, "for goodness' sake don't cry here—on Floor street—for we're right under the electric light and there's a policeman coming."

"Well, you had no business to say—"

"Oh, I know I was a brute; but the Wilsons always play a good game, and—"

"Yes, and who was the girl you always played with there?"

"She played a better game of whist than any other woman I know," said Tom firmly, knowing it was a safe form for his commendation to take.

"But you never told me about her."

"Why should I? As you suggested, I had better things to discuss, and, to tell the truth, I'd forgotten about her." The Recording Angel must have been tempted to whistle at this flight of Mr. Granby's eloquence, but his wife dried her eyes and said more amiably:

"I suppose I didn't pay much attention to the game, but you can give me a little book about it and I'll study the rules about when to lead the ace."


"You'll play a fine game," said her husband fervently, "and you looked stunning in that cream silk blouse."

So their little game ended peaceably and Mrs. Tom Granby is now spending five minutes daily over a small red book by Mr. Fisher Ames which tells beginners a few valuable things about "standard whist."

CANADIANNE.



THE ANCIENT MARINER.
Old Man Ontario—"I looked upon the rotting sea and drew my eyes away."



We Eat Too Much

We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The liver gets upset. (Biliousness.) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

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Anecdotal.

Russell Sage, on his recent birthday, talked in an interesting manner about the famous Americans he has known. Apropos of Henry Ward Beecher he said: "I went to Beecher's church one night to hear him preach. The church was crowded to the doors. But Beecher, unexpectedly, had been called out of town, and in his place in the pulpit there sat a beardless black-clad youth—a youth who is to-day one of the most powerful preachers in America. But this youth, fresh from college, was unknown then, and the great congregation had come to hear Beecher, and not him. Consequently, as soon as he arose and announced that he was to preach in Beecher's place, the people began to drift out. First one went, then two, then a half-dozen; and the young man stood watching this dispersal from the pulpit. It was a trying moment, and yet there sat on his youthful face a smile singularly composed. Out the people drifted, and he waited, saying nothing, for almost five minutes. Then he said, as if in explanation of his silence, 'We will not begin this public worship until the chaff blows off.'"

Brigadier-General George F. Elliott, during an inspection of the Philadelphia Navy Yard, met Captain Smedley D. Butler, who distinguished himself during the Spanish-American war by rescuing a wounded comrade at the risk of his own life. "You played the good Samaritan," said General Elliott to the young man. "You were luckier than most Samaritans, though, for your unselfish heroism brought you a due reward of praise and honor. A friend of mine, a colonel," said General Elliott, "played the good Samaritan one night last spring with very grievous results to himself. He was riding on a train when a young man entered in a slightly intoxicated condition and looked like an honest young man, and the colonel was genuinely sorry to see him in such a plight. When he got a little noisier, the colonel tried to quiet him; and, when the passengers objected to his presence, the colonel soothed them, and kept him from being put off the car. Altogether, on account of his youth, the colonel befriended the young man considerably. His reward came when the inebriate arose to get off. He reeled over to the dignified old soldier, shook him by the hand, and said in a loud, hearty voice: 'Good-bye, sport, and thank you. I see you know yourself what it is to be drunk.'"

Mark Twain has an interesting story in connection with the late Charles Darwin. He was informed by a friend, who was visiting the eminent scientist, that he had noticed a copy of "The Innocent Abroad" lying on the great man's table. Darwin requested him on no account to disturb the book, as it was his practice to read it night and night. When the appearance of Darwin's biography, Mark Twain hastened to purchase a copy in order to ascertain what reference to himself it might contain. There was, however, no mention whatever of his name, the only possible allusion to him being the statement that Darwin in his old age suffered from some kind of brain paralysis, which prevented him from following his ordinary mental pursuits, and compelled him to solace himself with "trashy novels and vicious humor."

Mrs. Gazeta Lightfoot of Montgomery, Ala., has in her menage a pickaninny protegee who had been taught to recite the line from the Master, "It is I. Be not afraid." When the little fellow came before the negro Sunday-school, where he was to do his part, he was ashy with stage-fright, but with his small voice full of tears, and trembling like calves'-foot jelly, he managed to say: "Tain't nobody but me. Doan' get skeered."

Hip Reukema, a Milwaukee lawyer and member of the Wisconsin Legislature, is superintendent of one of the largest Sunday schools in the city. Mr. Reukema was making a children's day address, and wishing to get an explanation of "manna," asked: "What is the staff of life?" An agitated hand waved the air, and on being encouraged to make reply, a lad answered: "Whiskey." The assemblage was astonished, but roared when the boy, encouraged to make himself clear, continued: "Moses threw down his staff and then the people saw a snake."

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CENTURY OF CLIPPINGS

"The fashionable parties have at length commenced their festive career at that terrestrial elysium, Vauxhall Gardens; and on Friday evening they demonstrably proved that they would no longer wait for the more favorable influence of the solar emanations. Indeed the brilliant orbs of the Duchesse of Devonshire, and her numerous angelic associates, were quite sufficient to dispel the vaporous chilliness of the dew-drenched foliage. But every evening at that charming place seems, by its superior grandeur, to cast a shade over its precursor; and with the appearance of the Duchesse of Manchester and her concomitant graces, the attractions of to-night must be pre-eminent indeed."—The "Times," July 30, 1864.

"Crickets seem to have become almost epidemic in Scotland since the grand match in Edinburgh between the eleven of England and Twenty-two of all Scotland, in which the latter sustained a great although an honorable defeat. Matches are now being played all over the country, even as far north as Aberdeen."—"Weekly Dispatch," July 8, 1894.

"The few leisure hours which the votaries of fashion obtain from the gaieties of a London season, have this year been devoted to the acquirement of a new and very ingenious kind of amusement, an allude to the art of conversing and corresponding by means of flowers. Take the jasmine, the heliotrope, the scented honeysuckle, inverted tulip, twine them together with the ivy, and in lieu of presenting an unmeaning nosegay, you are offering a delicate compliment, spoken, 'tis true, in perfumed silence, but well understood by the initiated. To attain a knowledge of this simple language, we refer our readers to a little book lately published, entitled 'The Language of Flowers,' which saves her life."—"Morning Chronicle," July 9, 1884.

"Mary Trash, alias Mary Bateman, was capitally indicted for stealing two silver watches in the dwelling-house of Eleanor Bryan. The prisoner was only eighteen years of age, and confessed to the robbery. The jury, in handing to the prisoner's age, and her apparent contrition, found her guilty of stealing only to the amount of thirty-nine shillings, which saves her life."—"Morning Advertiser," July 3, 1887.

Yesterday New York papers were received to the 30th ult. They state that the ship "Sally," Captain Davis, lately arrived there from the Isle of France, had brought intelligence that Admiral Lincol's squadron has returned thither, on the 1st of April, from the Straits of Sunda, and that on its passage it had fallen in with the British homeward-bound China Fleet, and a convoy of six ships of the line. It is added that three outward-bound Indiamen had been captured by the French, and carried into the Isle of France, and that despatches had been sent off in a frigate for the French Government, about 20 days previous to the sailing of the "Sally." Captain Davis also mentions that an embargo was to take place soon after his departure.

Another account states that the homeward-bound China Fleet, three of which had been arrested for the violation of the rest, fell in with the French squadron, consisting of two line-of-battleships, a frigate, and a brig in the Straits of Malacca, and that the action of four hours, the enemy were obliged to run for Batavia, where they arrived in a very shattered condition. The brig, in particular, was with great difficulty preserved from sinking—"From these accounts, though they differ in certain particulars, we are justified in the conclusion that the whole of the homeward-bound China fleet has escaped. The outward-bound ships, which are said to have been taken, must be those which have been already announced as having fallen into the hands of the enemy.

"At Mr. Horn's Academy, Starford Hall, near Gretna Bridge, Yorkshire, young gentlemen are accurately instructed in the English, Latin and Greek languages, writing, arithmetic, mensuration, and the various sciences, etc., proper to complete them in every part of literature necessary in a commercial or literary department. They are boarded and provided with comfortable beds and all other necessities, at eighteen guineas per annum. French language taught by a native of France one guinea extra. Mr. Horn's Academy is situated on the main road from eleven to one at Peele's Coffee House, Fleet street."—"Morning Advertiser," July 3, 1886. Note: Mr. Horn's Academy is the original "Dotheboys Hall" of Dickens.

"Bonaparte quitted Boulogne on Friday morning very early, and did not pursue the ordinary route to Calais wishing on his way to inspect the chief forts between the two places, and therefore, taking the route that lay along the seashore. At one of these forts he fired a gun, and the shot not going so far as he expected, he desired the same quantity of powder to be weighed with which the piece had been discharged, and he discovered that it was deficient in the usual weight. The commandant of artillery, who was present, was immediately broke. It is said that he has acted everywhere on his journey with the same rigor."—"Paris Correspondence," July 3, 1895.

"The Post-Office Puzzled.—A parcel was left at the General Post-Office on Tuesday morning, without direction, and neither 'postage paid' nor 'franked.' The Solons were puzzled, and a jury of inspectors were summoned, when, on opening the parcel with great caution for the fear of a 'detonator' was before their eyes—a beautiful baby dressed in a gold-clad military uniform. This was a puzzle, and at first it was thought it ought to be sent to the Earl of Lichfield as a 'droit of office,' but on reconsideration it was delivered 'post free' to the parish officers of St. Anne and St. Agnes, who, with the charity of the saints of old, have offered five guineas to discover the kidnappers, and the view of rewarding him or her according to his or her deserts."—"The Observer," July 3, 1887.

"Saturday the young Gentlemen of Eton College, according to annual custom, took their aquatic excursion in boats, dressed in uniform, from Windsor Bridge to Surly hall, where they were entertained with syllabubs. The Staffordshire band attended them."—"The Times," July 30, 1884.

The picture of the burglar was put in the Rogues' Gallery. The picture of the man who captured him was put in the evening paper. The question is, which was the more injured?



WHEN the pretty little

steamer "Home" of the Reed Newfoundland fleet arrived at Battle Harbor to convey me from the varied industries in which I had been engaged there, I fancied that probably the best part of my vacation was over, and only a chastened joy would attend the remainder. How little I knew of the charms of Newfoundland, which does not sail south by the west coast and spend a few hurrying days somewhere around the shore of Bay of Islands. To be with us had royal weather, a brilliant moon, and scenery before which the far-famed Saguenay seems—well, we won't enter into details. The "Home" calls at a few places in Canadian Labrador before she cuts south to Flower Cove, whose twinkling lighthouse gleamed across the strait for hours at us as we threaded the moonlit waves. To go to bed was a trial, these lovely nights, and many a sortle was made in deshabille before morning to see this and that marvelous thing which the "Home" was not considerate of us in that respect, steaming steadily on past beauty and majesty of cliff and mountain while we slept. However, we were on deck at midnight to see the entrance to Bonne Bay, alone worth the trip down the west coast, and up early in the morning not to miss the rocky peninsulas of the long peninsula where a herd of caribou were spending the summer, among those shelving mountains, pierced by mysterious rifts, clad in green, and the bay, and the western ocean were two armed cruisers, which some one persuaded a credulous body were a Jap and a Russian war vessel chasing each other, so that the man-of-war had been in their range, really, and as the shells struck the sea the water spouted up as if a school of whale were spouting. The French man-of-war had been in port a day or so before, somewhere on the West Shore, and of course was "protecting" something or other. The details of the West Shore question have been thrashed out for me by at least a score of ardent politicians of the three-cornered election now looming near, and with the best will in the world to grasp something definite, I fail. One thing impressed me, that the West Shore people don't want the canning factories closed, no matter whether French or English or Canadians manage them. Their scant living goes with them. A midnight impression of Bonne Bay is not good enough to go into details about, but I have other things to say of Bay of Islands, that sweet spot where trippers haven't yet swarmed, and where I spent three utterly delightful days. You can sail from morning till night, and find new beauties every hour, even if you don't go into that wonderful river, the Humber; once in there, with a canoe and a smart guide, you are lost to the world, to time, to everything but its grand and ever-changing bewitchment. The Humber is so closemouthed that one steers for an entrance, and the prospect of being surrounded among the feet of the everlasting hills. Then the boat swings around a sharp point and there is revealed just one short bend of the stream, also sealed by downy, mossy rocks at the upper corner, where, cowering, there is a way onward, if one but trim the sail or work the paddle in tranquility. The water is so fast, so full of rock and river keep the interest always on the alert, and are some of the things that allure one to go on and on till rapids begin, and a portage is needed. The water of the Bay of Islands creeps up a long way into the river, the succession of mountains slope into quaint fantastic shapes. The boat is on the point of turning, for instance, at Devil's Dancing Point, three or four miles up, they tell of a boat-load of jolly Jack Tars, from a "naval" war, who were so fat, so hardy, when the water was high in the spring, and were overtaken by the whirlpool here and drowned. Jack, the guide, told me many such a tale, as we went up the Humber one day, when, weather being tempting and wind fair, we scudded across the bay and entered the River of Delight. Its sweet charm is perhaps that it is so near habitations; sometimes one can throw a stone to where the narrow railway track winds along the rocky bank, and you are in the water's side. Except for a tiny hut with a snug little couch of spruce boughs, which was for the shelter of the river warden, no sign of habitation met our eyes all day. When it was high noon we were in the boat in the shade of an overhanging cliff, unpacked our generous provision, and if we needed a drink leaned out of the boat and held a glass under a waterfall which poured down the cliff beside us. There were blue-bells nodding at us from their thread-like stems, and glowing hares, and bushy, fish darting from shadow to shadow, and the atmosphere of the day of creation about us, in absolute primitiveness and majesty. Bay of Islands has many little resting-places along its shores where one may lodge and live for four dollars a week and upward. On the track of the railway are Birch Cove, with shops, and post-office and telegraphic facilities; Corner Brook, where the young couple had located themselves in a vine-arborescent lodging; Petrie's, where I stopped, and six times a day went into spasms of mirth over the way they did things—but Petrie's is, at time of writing, the best place available in that region. Log Cabin, not having yet bloomed in the lovely precincts of Bay of Islands. There are a dozen little scraps of settlements in some one of which sportsmen, grays or gays would find lodging and welcome.

I had it in my mind to visit the copper mine at York Harbor, nine miles down the west side of the bay, and found that a certain little steamer went that way at intervals. I missed it one day after madly paddling in pursuit for over a mile, and being bright and early the next morning was told it was not returning from the mine for an indefinite period, being chartered elsewhere. I had heard of "chugging" of a gasoline launch during the night, and set out to locate it, being obstinate about seeing the copper mine. To tell how I finally located that launch (and found it a tug), and being infatuated by that time with the idea of a lark, sent out a general invitation to the girls of the countryside to go to York Harbor, and being visioned the tug, and being cheered on and aided and abetted by its owner, gathered a delightful party of very nice girls, shipped a cook, old and deaf and able to make forty-horse-power tea in an incredibly short space of time, was enthroned on deck over the closed hatch in a decrepit deck-chair, unearthened from Petrie's lumber-room, with my girls perched around me, feeling that Captain Bernier had a right to envy me, and ordered the mate to cast off and the engineer to set her going, while the cook got the kettle on for tea, would never convey to you

the rollicking fun of that hour, nor the beauty of the sail which followed. The gad-about little steamer which had not been available did not get much the start of us, and her captain was properly surprised when we "chugged" up to the wharf at York Harbor. The copper mine is far up the mountain side, and to reach it one makes a perilous voyage on a trestle running Petrie's in a blessed thing to leave behind, and breathe the sweet salt air of the open, and see the magnificent outside of that mountain once more!

They call the range which shuts in the little side of the Bay of Islands the "Blow-me-down" mountains, for reasons which will perhaps occur to you. The islands are many and varied in size and contour. One standing a bit out to sea at the mouth of the bay recalled "Paddy's Milestone." Allas, Craig of the bonny Clyde. And we got home in time to see the boy from Petrie's chasing the moonbeams from a fish-flake, into which she had breached her way to munch the tails of the drying salted cod!

And so the holiday came to an end, with a little stolen visit to the Log Cabin, and why not?—with the express nine hours late and a handy freight of day before yesterday just passing Petrie's in a stately progress westward (and guaranteed to pass the Log Cabin in time for lunch) as I happened to be killing time in a wonderful essay at shopping. It was "Up you go!" from the jolly conductor, and "Put my trunk and bundles on the express, sure," to the man at the crossing, and away into the pretty country where we developed a train to gather raspberries and squash-berries, and arrived without gloves or umbrella or coat (all three left on the shop counter, but I got up later on) to take a last look at one of the prettiest spots in Newfoundland. LADY GAY.

A Great War Correspondent.

WILLIAM MAXWELL, now in the Far East as war correspondent for one of the big London dailies, is, perhaps, the best all-around journalist that London possesses to-day. Maxwell was with Kitchener to Khartoum and has the medal with clasp for Omdurman. He went to South Africa and was present at all the preliminary fighting, including Elands-laagte and Lombard's Kop. He was in Ladysmith during the siege. When Maxwell was free of Ladysmith he went by way of Durban, Port Elizabeth and Kimberley, to Bloemfontein, where he joined Lord Roberts, who was with the main army. He was present at all engagements up to the Portuguese frontier. He crossed Delagoa Bay and interviewed Kruger. Retiring to Durban and Pretoria, he went out after DelVet, and doubtless would have been present at his capture had not the Boer leader left earlier in the day and continued to do so with a regularity which became habitual. In all this traveling Maxwell had more excitement than falls to the usual lot of even the war correspondent. More times than did Job he escaped by the skin of his teeth.

Among Maxwell's friends one of the warmest is Major Burnham, the famous scout, to whom Lord Roberts wrote to believe there is not another man in the British army able to do what you "have done." Accidents somewhat similar in nature brought the men into more intimate relations than might have been the case otherwise. The major had fallen with a horse which the Boers had shot under him. He had been badly crushed, blood vessels in his stomach had burst, he had lain insensible for a day and gone on with his work the next night, though he had to crawl several miles to do it. He had blown up a railway, and fainting from exhaustion, was found quite by chance by a British scouting party. Maxwell, on one occasion, when he had a narrow escape from the Boers, rode out on a prospecting pit and fared no better than the major. In time he got out, though he does not recall how, and rode for two days with two broken ribs and a leg swollen almost to the size of his body. After that a surgeon put him in a plaster cast and he continued his work.

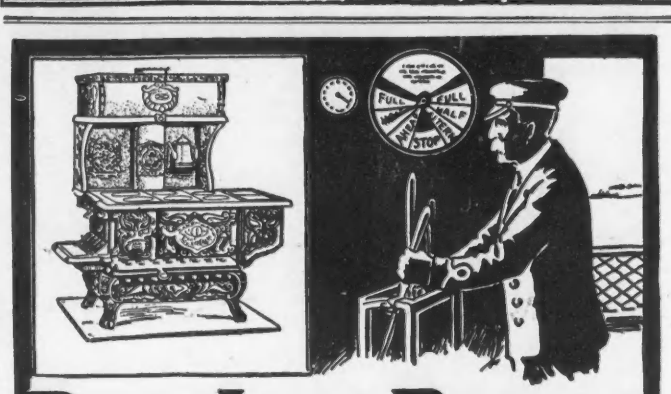
The real grievance of anarchists is that they can't all be kings.

Miss Rapide (in dark hall)—O-o-o-h, mercy! who is that?

Bob Gayle—Jack the Hagger!

Miss Rapide—Oh, how you scared me! Come right in here where we shan't be disturbed.

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He was only slowly returning to his greatest work when the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870, and literary life fell into a state of collapse. "For my part," wrote Zola, "I imagined it was the end of the world, and there would be no more literature." Paris, after the Commune, wanted nothing but the friv-

Longfellow: "It is certainly more exacting to be worried than married friends because one does not marry young, but so long as they do the worrying, and not you, fancy you can stand it. You marry, however, and go forward to being a wife, and it isn't anything to be laughed at. It is both very easy and very hard to be a wife and a subject. There are now so many careers possible for girls, what with business, nursing, and other professions, that the number of girls who marry is becoming much smaller than of old. And temperaments change, example influences, local conditions are all factors in the prohibition of women from matrimony. This will probably reverse itself in the distant future. The modern girl is more self-writing is combative and mobile, more sensitive and somewhat pessimistic. You have great and dominant power as a woman, and you are more self-reliant. October 14 brings you, dear Libra, and with you the scales are fastened on you, and you are given the abilities and with more self-control a conservation of force you will develop."

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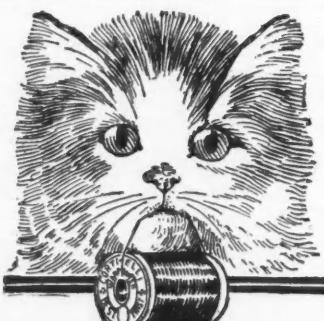
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ME. SCHUMANN-HEINK, the famous German contralto, made a complete conquest of her audiences last week at the Princess Theater, where she appeared in the new role of a comic opera singer in "Love's Lottery," by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards.

Apart from the beauty of her voice and the polished art of her singing, she won a triumph as a comedienne pure and simple. Probably few of her admirers in Toronto suspected that she possessed legitimate comedy talent, although, of course, she must have had considerable experience on the stage of Europe in filling opera-comique parts. Mme. Schumann-Heink's voice is heard to better advantage in opera of any kind than in concert. There is always a suspicion of coarseness about the voice of your full-toned contralto when heard in the concert-room, which is refined and often disappears in the acoustic environment of the theater stage. A remarkable instance of this fact can be cited in the case of Mme. Scialchi, whose robust notes were often a little startling in their asperity at concert performances, but who in opera revealed a delightful timbre, her voice reaching her hearers with a softness and evenness that allowed its rich color and sympathy to be heard to advantage. In "Love's Lottery," Mme. Heink was assigned the part of Lina, a German laundress of ample proportions and good-natured but lively humor. One of her songs, that both composer and librettist created, the role expressly for her. Mr. Julian Edwards' music certainly gave her opportunities of displaying the best qualities of her voice, as also the smoothness of her singing. There is only one reservation, and that is the polacca number, "Kind Fortune Smiles To-day," in which for a few measures the music, owing to its unsuitable "tessitura," made the singer appear out of breath. The remainder of the song suited Mme. Heink well enough, and it was on the whole a bright and taking composition with the characteristic spirit of the form. Her solo in the second act, "Sweet Thoughts of Home," was throughout a happy medium for employing the artist's most expressive and beautiful range of voice. I need say little of the musical score. It has much of the traditional elegance of opera comique both in the recital of the melodies and choruses and the treatment of the orchestral accompaniment. Of striking originality it possesses little, and occasionally one hears measures that are daintily reminiscent. As a case in point I may mention Lina's solo in the concerted number of the first act, in which she sings old operatic memories. Mr. Edwards' music has two great merits at least; it is tuneful, and it is free from vulgarity of style. He has not in this opera made the strong bid to the masses which he so successfully made with his "War Song" in "Princess Chloé," but he has seized and "captured" a song that is not composed every day. Mme. Schumann-Heink had a splendid supporting company, of whom the particular star was Miss Louise Gunning, a brilliant light soprano with a voice of surprising carrying power in its high register. The other singers were all of merit without being entitled to be called stars. Mr. Stange has written a book which is entertaining and for the most part amusing. I think he would have obtained a still stronger hold on the interest of the audience had he not divided his attention among so many loving pairs. The manager of the company showed a commendable sense of proportion in providing an efficient little orchestra of twenty-four members, and a capital singing chorus. The production was altogether a rare treat to the somewhat blasé patrons of the regular comic opera of the day.

On Monday evening "The Silver Slipper," music by Leslie Stuart, composer of "Florodora," returned for a week's engagement at the Princess Theater. The music may be dismissed as a negligible quantity, but the production is sumptuously staged, and there is a chorus distinguished for animation and its stunning dancers. The solo singers are all of merit, and fortunately no great demands are made upon their ability or gifts.

Now that the famous Vienna critic, Dr. Hanslick, is dead, the critics who he overshadowed are busy bespattering his memory with mud. Some of the disparaging things they say about him may be true, but it would have been more manly had they been written when the man was alive. R. Wallaschek, one of Hanslick's colleagues in Vienna, delivers himself of the following in the assurance that the dead man cannot shoot back: "For his criticisms he selected his material in a very egotistic manner, and he was there were loud complaints that this or that prominent artist was completely ignored by him. More and more, as time went on, he limited himself in his articles to the discussion of what concerned the circle of his acquaintances, which, to be sure, was an extended one. The opportunities he had for varied experience, his rare good luck of being able to exercise his talent on the discussion of important novelties, resulted in his having personal relations

with many musicians, and in this, that hardly any artist of distinction came to Vienna who did not call and pay his respects to Hanslick. This homage gave him much satisfaction; it made him as proud and jealous of his position as a prima donna. Never did he neglect to repay a compliment, however crude, bestowed upon him; nor did he ever forget those who, as a matter of principle or from neglect, had omitted to pay him the tribute of personal homage. By these tactics, as well as by his unforgettable and unparagonable treatment of Wagner, he unfortunately darkened the advantages resulting from his literary gift, and harmed not only himself, but the whole critical guild considerably."

Mr. Francis H. Coombs has joined the vocal teaching staff of the Metropolitan School of Music, and the calendar of that institution announces him as follows: "Mr. Francis H. Coombs's early musical training, like that of so many of England's most eminent musicians, was in the choir of an English cathedral, a most useful and noble training. He won in open competition a valuable (\$500 a year) singing scholarship at Magdalen College, Oxford, and for three years sang in the famous choir of that institution. Among his teachers have been the late Sir Frederick Ouseley and professors of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England. Mr. Coombs has appeared on the concert platform with such artists as Albani, Sanley and Edward Lloyd, and has sung in public principal solos from the 'Messiah,' 'Elijah,' Bach's 'Passion Music,' etc. In addition to the foregoing general information regarding Mr. Coombs, it may be said that his appointment to the staff of the Metropolitan was, in a large measure, due to the strong credentials he holds concerning his capabilities as a vocal teacher."

Miss Mae Dickenson has been engaged to fill the role of soprano in the Caledonian Society concert in Massey Hall on November 15. Home talent was given the preference by the committee this year. Of Miss Dickenson's recent appearance at the Old St. Paul's Harvest Home Festival, the Woodstock "Express" says: "The central figure, from a musical standpoint, was Miss Mae Dickenson of Toronto. Who, as usual, delighted her audience with her rendition of national and old folk-songs of different countries. She sang to her own guitar accompaniment, which was sweet and sweet, and made a pretty stage appearance, attired in a striking dress of red and black, made in Spanish style."

Miss Hope Morgan, the Canadian soprano, has just returned from England, where she has met with gratifying success. She has been singing in the Henry Wood Orchestra of Queen's Hall, London, and will probably sing in the United States with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Wood having advised Mr. Gerike to engage her.

Mme. Nina David, a very high soprano, who was "discovered" by Mr. Robert Grau, will be singing at the Toronto audience some time in November. Mr. Grau expects that his star will at once take the leading position among the world's great vocalists. Mme. David opens her tour in October at Pittsburgh, and Rudolph von Scarpa has been engaged as conductor and accompanist.

The Black Watch Band gave its farewell to Toronto on Monday, being heard in two concerts at Massey Hall. Renewed acquaintance with the band has not caused me to change the opinion I first expressed on the occasion of their appearances at the Exhibition. They were no doubt a fine band, but the long railway ride from Rat Portage, which brought them into Toronto only half an hour before the time set for the first concert, and the fact that they held accountable for several faults in intonation. It was unfortunate that their Toronto farewell was not so arduous as they could have had a day's clear rest before playing. They gave two good programmes, which included selections from Wagner and Beethoven, a couple of numbers by Elgar, and by request, the overture to "William Tell." There was nothing in their rendering of these works which to my mind reached beyond the conventional. Bandmaster Murray seems to be a straightforward conductor. In other words, he is neither poetic nor romantic. With regard to the composition of the band itself, they possess some very able individual players, but as a whole they lack that finish and distinction of tone and technique which he looks for in a concert band. At the evening concert, Lieutenant Governor and the Mayor addressed some very pleasant compliments to the band, and his Honor, acting as spokesman for the Industrial Exhibition Association, presented Mr. Murray with a handsome gold watch as an appreciation of recognition of the services of his musicians at Toronto's great Fair.

The New York "Evening Post" says: "Evidence is still accumulating as to the amazing manner in which Cosima Wagner carries out her duties. She has no more use, of course, for Felix Mottl, since he now presides over the Munich festival; but it is said that Cosima Richter also has had enough of Bayreuth; and no wonder, since Frau Wagner is making the direction of her festivals more and more a family affair, regardless of merit. Two of her conductors are now her son, Siegfried, and her step-son, Herr Beidler of St. Petersburg, hitherto unknown to fame; while another step-son co-operates with her son in the stage management. The singers and ticket-sellers, however, are still hired and paid. A correspondent of the 'Frankfurter Zeitung' complains that the rule forbidding any one to take his seat after the music has begun is now grossly violated at every performance, to the great annoyance of visitors. The same correspondent makes the amazing assertion that there has been much annoyance caused by those persons who violently fan themselves, not with fans, but with their hats held at arm's length over their heads, after the American fashion! (This is probably how Frau Wagner imagines Mr. Cosima's audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House.) For other peculiarities of Bayreuth, it would perhaps be unfair to hold the festival managers responsible. That a sandwich costs twenty cents, and that a Berliner has established a tent restaurant in which a dinner without wine costs \$2, is bad enough; but what chiefly annoys the ire of a correspondent of the Berlin 'Tageblatt' is that there is not only a 'Farsfall' monopoly, but also a beer monopoly at Bayreuth. The beer corner and Kumbacher which used to be on tap there have been banished, and a local brewing syndicate has everything its own way; their beer, according to the same correspondent, makes one feel tempted to exclaim with Siegfried: 'Deinen Sudel sang' allein."

Another echo of the last Bayreuth festival comes from a court in that city. A waiter girl, who had been engaged for four weeks, was dismissed after a few days, she brought suit for damages to the extent of 500 marks (\$125).

As the wages of Bavarian servant-girls are notorious for being low, and as the wages of the girls who were questioned as to the basis of her extravagant claims. Her attorney accordingly produced a head-waiter of a wine restaurant, who testified that he had earned in fees alone over \$250 during the festival, and that the other waiters and waitresses in the same place had received from \$125 to \$175 in fees. Nevertheless, the waiter-girl lost her case.

CHERUBINO.

The Art of Mine "Salting."

To "salt" a gold mine means to prepare the samples of ore taken for assay so as to make it appear that the mine contains more metal than it really there.

The swindle is as old as gold-mining itself, though the methods vary as the experts learn the newer tricks. Every man who has a mine for sale is anxious to make the samples look as well as he can, and the dodges which have been devised to put gold-dust into the tested ore constitute in fact a chapter in the romance of gold.

How important is the effect of getting into the sample the smallest particles of dust may be shown by a simple explanation. A mining engineer put it thus: "I take a soft lead-pencil and write the word 'bullion,' using moderate pressure, and in the ordinary size of my handwriting. I weigh the bit of paper before and after, and find that the writing weighs one-tenth of a milligramme. The difference of the weight of that pencilled word is an assay for gold worth twenty dollars, and a half per ton in the ore." That is a temptation which few men with mines to sell are able to resist.

The miner has to deal with men as clever as himself, and it is a contest of wits when he meets the expert. But the resources of the miner are endless. One of the oldest tricks was to scatter gold pellets and flakes of dust on the face of the reef with a shotgun. That is now out of date. Less than three years ago Mr. Chamberlain, as Colonial Secretary, warned investors of the danger of being practised in the mines of West Africa, where "salting" was in full vigor. The natives had been trained to the practice of scattering gold-dust into the ore with a blow-pipe till they had become perfect artists. In this way practically barren ground was made to look rich and sparkling with gold till some one bought it.

In the old American and Australian days the miner was satisfied with comparatively simple ruses to get the dust into the samples. He would secretly tie the long finger and wash it into the ore in the pan for the inspector, and, lo! there would appear a bright deposit of yellow metal when the sample was assayed.

When the experts began to put their samples into the ore by means of a blow-pipe, the miner's task of "salting" became more difficult. The miner went to work and found that he could get within reach of the finger and inject dust by a sort of syringe, or still better, he could inject chloride of gold in liquid form. There was no appearance on the bags, and the seals of the bags in which the ore had been brought. He found that the fibre of the bags yielded gold at the rate of \$50,000 per ton! The "salter" had strolled into the mine, had put his hand into the ore, and had come away with a bag of gold. It is ever so much better if the engineer can be induced to gather up the "salt" with his samples. To secure this, the miner has to be very clever. The whole face of the reef with chloride conveyed on a large brush. Again, when an expert asks for blasting to be done where he fancies, so that the ore from a fresh place, the miner will probably have "tamping" ready sprinkled with gold. "Tamping" is the material that fills the hole after the explosion of dynamite, and the gold is well distributed.

A much more tedious and expensive method is known as "stacking." It involves taking out a whole section of mine and filling the space with ore from another part of the mine, or from another mine altogether. As a rule, a drive of four or five feet will be excavated and the hole filled with soil that does contain gold. The work has to be artistic, so that the ground may appear as if spade and pick had never touched it.

"Colonel Morgan" carried out an extensive scheme on this plan some years ago in Victoria. He got charge of a silver-lead mine of moderate quality. At first he sent enthusiastic reports; then the supply of ore fell off, and the "colonel" said he was busy developing and opening up the mine. Funds ran out, the company was reorganized, and the "colonel" took good many shares at the cheap price. Eventually he called his directors down to see what a splendid property was theirs—silver everywhere, wealth glittering and waiting for machinery to gather it.

The directors were in great glee. They went back to town and ordered the machinery, and sent the shares up with a board. On morning the "colonel" could not be found. He had cleared out his holding in the mine at a fancy price and taken a steamer ticket to his native land. It was discovered that the dirt ore the "colonel" showed his directors had been industriously collected from all over the mine and carefully "stacked" to make

an impression and give good assays. When the Government of Quebec was advertising for tin mines it occurred to certain ingenious miners to make a tin mine on the territory, seeing nature had omitted to do so. They went to Cornwall, England, and secured a great quantity of tin ore, made it up in small packets, and had these carried to Canada on many different ships. The ore was conveyed to a lonely part far from Quebec to the westward, and carefully deposited, as nature might have laid it, on a rough hillside among grass and weeds. There it lay for a couple of years, till wild vegetation and the weeds and grass covered all traces of man's interference.

One day a tin miner strayed there looking for tin in order to win the Government reward. As he was one of the syndicate who deposited the ore it was little wonder that he found it. The assayers declared it a rich deposit, the Government paid the reward, and there was a boom in that tin mine. A company was formed to take over the "reward claims," and the syndicate, having got together all the available money, decamped. They were just in time, for another Cornishman came along and told the authorities that he could identify the very mine in his own county from which the ore had been taken.

An Australian tin mine enterprise had a different sequel. It was salted with tin and sold as a tin mine; but the buyers were well pleased, for they found gold!—A. C.

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Social and Personal.

Mrs. George T. Pepall (nee Le Roy) will hold her post-nuptial reception on Tuesday afternoon and evening next at her home, 24 Shannon street.

Mrs. Harry Brock is now settled in her new home, 174 Walmer road, where she will receive on first Fridays. Miss Brock is also at home on Friday evenings.

A wedding was solemnized at St. Barnabas Church on September 21 by the Rev. W. H. Clarke, M.A., the happy couple being Mr. Gideon B. Moore of St. John's, Nfld., and Miss Margaret Adelaide Allan. The bride was attended by Miss Frances Brown, and the best man was Mr. Jessop. The bride's dress was of navy blue tulle and silk. She carried a large bouquet of white carnations. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. George Brown, 197 Simcoe street, and later in the day the happy couple left for a short honeymoon, the bride wearing a brown traveling-costume and hat to match. They received many handsome and valuable presents. Their future home will be in Dundalk.

Mrs. A. C. McPhee of 29 Concord avenue will be out of the city for about six weeks, having gone with her two sons to visit friends in New York.

Mrs. and Miss Kearsling return to their home in New York this week, after a very enjoyable visit in town with Mrs. Wernand Mitchell and other friends.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Cronyn have returned from Europe.

There will be a meet of the hounds at Chudeigh to-day at half-past one o'clock.

Dr. Squire Spriggs of London, England, is visiting his father-in-law, Chief Justice Moss.

Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Godfrey returned from Niagara-on-the-Lake on Wednesday.

Mrs. Sidney C. Brasier of Brooklyn, N.Y., with her young son, Leonard, is in town for a few days with Mrs. Charles Brasier of Major street, on her way home after spending some weeks in Barrie and Orillia.

Mrs. Reynolds of 17 Elm avenue has sent out cards for an At Home on Monday, October 10, from half-past four to seven.

Mrs. Graham, who has been spending the summer with Mrs. and Miss Seymour in Muskoka and Port Hope, is now at Mrs. Duckworth's. Mrs. Graham is leaving shortly for Buffalo to meet her daughter, who is coming out from England this month.

The Strolling Players' club-rooms were filled, despite the rain of last Saturday, to hear Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Thompson, and to welcome the guests of the afternoon, Madame Schumann-Heink and Miss Louise Gunning. It was late when the two latter artists, introduced by Mrs. Harley Roberts, president of the Strolling Players' Club, made their appearance, escorted by Madame Schumann-Heink's manager. The great contrast was in her most jovial mood, having just come out of a battle royal with her manager, and had "but smiles and kind words" for the Strolling Players. She was introduced to her and felt the strength of her cordial handshake. Mrs. Le Grand Reed was singing when the party arrived, and Madame Schumann-Heink remarked, "A lovely voice," soon after she heard her. The diva and Miss Gunning left their autographs in the visitors' book, and spent half an hour in chat and tea-drinking at the party club. Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Bickford, the former in a cerise and white kimono and cerise obi, and the latter in blue and white kimono and blue obi, with Miss McGill in dull navy and gold kimono, and Miss Wedd in yellow, were, as usual, the admiration of all, as they flitted about the Japanese room, or attended on the famous artist and her friends. The usual habits of the club were there, with several visitors, who as usual were delighted with the whole thing. Mrs. Le Grand Reed is going to give a song recital shortly at the Strolling Players' Club, to which her friends are looking forward.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Carter have left for their home at Moose Jaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Wragge are returning to Toronto permanently, and are now on their way across the ocean.

Miss Enid Wornum is enjoying a visit in Montreal and Knowlton, Que., where various pleasant affairs are being arranged in her honor.

The Conservatory School of Literature and Expression holds its opening session on Tuesday morning, October 4.

Souvenir of World's Fair.

The most artistic publication gotten up in connection with the World's Fair at St. Louis is issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and thousands of copies have been sent out to interested parties who have applied for them. There is a limited supply remaining, and all those who intend paying a visit to the "Ivory City" should write at once for a copy. Maps of the city of St. Louis and the World's Fair grounds, together with a comprehensive description of the Universal Exposition and interesting information as to routes and side trips are contained in the brochure sent free on application to J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto.

"Say, pa?"
"Well, what?"
"Why does that man in the band run the trombone down his throat?"
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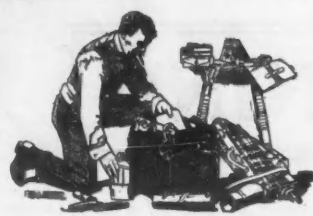
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New York Letter.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Among the theatrical offerings of the present season, thus far, is a new play by Zangwill named the "Comic Governor," written for and around the character of Miss Cecilia Loftus, who plays the leading role. We have Miss Loftus's word for it, however, that the fit is a very poor one, and the music-hall life which it purports to describe is hopelessly out of date. Still, the part gives Miss Loftus opportunity for some of her clever imitations and, on the whole, "goes" to the satisfaction of the average playgoer.

"Lettie" is the title of London's last year Pinero play, which Mr. Frohman has placed in the hands of two very well-known artists, Mr. William Faversham and Miss Carlotta Nelson. Miss Nelson is best remembered for her excellent work with Mrs. Fiske in "Hedda Gabler," a couple of seasons ago. In this new piece she has evidently found a part to her liking. Of Pinero's play itself enough has perhaps already been written to make its plot familiar.

"Business is Business" is an English rendering of Octave Mirabeau's play, "Les Affaires Sont les Affaires," which is said to have made a great hit at the Theatre Francaise last season. Mr. William H. Crane assumes the principal role, that of Isidore Lechat, an unscrupulous and highly successful speculator, who entertains high social ambitions for his spendthrift son and only daughter. Fortune puts a fine old marquis in his power, and his terms are the hand of the marquis's eldest son for Mademoiselle Lechat. But just on the eve of Lechat's triumph the girl announces that she has a lover in the person of her father's secretary, and so repudiates the old man's plans. The news of his son's accidental death reaches him at almost the same moment, and old Lechat's undoing is complete. Not a new story, but any means nor a novel stage experiment. That is hardly to be expected within the bounds of conventional drama at this late day. A new gown or scene, and a slightly different twist to the tale, and there you are for another season.

Likewise "Taps," a drama dealing with German militarism, is around the theme of an illicit love between the daughter of a worthy old sergeant-major and a handsome young lieutenant. The sorcerer's spell of military life is well suggested in the scene between the young lieutenant and the girl's lover when the former is confronted with the fact that the latter is promptly arrested for assault and disrespect to the military, an outrage of which the girl is an unhappy witness. The play is a stirring one, as things of this kind must be, and is in the hands of Herbert Kealey and Effie Shannon, who are more or less known to Toronto.

Another London success that is being done in America is Captain Marshall's "The Duke of Killcraffie," with Mr. John Drew in the leading role. This duke is a spoiled and headstrong child of the nobility who has been flouted, and, to win his lady love, conceives the remarkable project of carrying her off to an old mediaeval castle. This, the Duke of Killcraffie, is situated in a remote part of Scotland, in a mountain fastness, and there the lady is lured, accompanied only by a young widow, with whom the duke's silly-as-a-foal ally in an equally unrequited love. The incident repartee and sword-points make excellent comedy dialogue through one delightful act, but the interest beyond that is sustained at the same level. John Drew, artist that he is, is not specially happy in his part for some reason. Certainly he has not made of it the diamond success that Mr. Cyril Maude did in the London production. But which "American" actor can do the British peer?

The one notable theatrical event up to this moment is Mrs. Fiske's revival of "Becky Sharp" at her own theater, the Manhattan. Mrs. Fiske, who has fought so pluckily and almost single-handed against the theater combine these many years, will probably remain in her own theater most of this coming season. Such is the nature of the obstacles finally put in the way of this independent little woman, in Mr. Roosevelt's free country. Later we are to have a revival also of "Hedda Gabler," which is the D'Arberville, and possibly "Mamma Vanina." Of Mrs. Fiske's "Becky" there is nothing new to say. It is as inimitable as ever, and there always be just as much difference of opinion as to its fidelity as there are differences of opinion regarding Becky herself and leave it has even been urged that Amelia is the heroine of "Vanity Fair!" However that may be, there is the one actress who can play the part perfectly. The company includes that distinguished actor, Mr. George Allis, Second Mrs. Tanager, and the Duke in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is already well known on the Canadian (why not a Canadian?) stage. His Lord Steyn is the feature of the present production, and the play is we have so little of the delightful old staircase of the ball scene, to bear, cadaverous, almost apish-looking creature, yet withal distinguished, silent, impressive, proving the reality of this physical wreck of a nature.

The seductiveness of the supper scene is wonderful. Fences that is too refined in its sensuousness, too refined, that is, for Thackeray's character. As between Rawdon and the rake, we are sorry for poor old faithful, trusting Rawdon, of course, and yet we half regret the climactic disappointment. Such is the spell of Steyn's fascination, and such the insinuating quality of his fine devil's work. Yes, actually the husband's intrusion annoys us for the moment, as it did them. And who should the clever Becky be less readily convinced (if she was) than ourselves? Altogether the cast is a good one, equal in most respects to some years ago. Rawdon is better, Amelia doesn't matter, but Dobbin—would look fitter in parson's clothes than a soldier's.

Mr. Arnold Daly has been reviving "Candida" for one week only and next week will produce a new Bernard Shaw play, "How He Lied to Her Husband." This play is written expressly for Mr. Daly, and will be put on in conjunction with the one-act drama "The Man of Destiny," which was produced last winter for a short time, together with "Candida"—a double bill, however, that proved too heavy for Mr. Daly's

strength. "Candida" was probably the most successful of last year's runs, and it is generally acknowledged that Mr. Arnold Daly's characterization of the poet must rank as one of the best things ever done on the New York stage.

Even Mr. Bernard Shaw would, I think, divide honors with Mr. Daly in the splendid success of this enterprise. Indeed, Mr. Daly deserves to be called Mr. Shaw's collaborator in this country. It took some courage as well as conscientious devotion to art to embark in such high-class theatrical work under present conditions. But Mr. Daly has faith in art and faith that people will respond to the best if intelligently presented. Naturally there is much interest and curiosity over the new piece. However variously the public may esteem what Mr. Bernard Shaw says, they are all attention whenever he speaks. And of this play Mr. Daly writes: "Whether the moral of the little piece is a plea for frankness in all social relations, an exposition of the futility of unskillful lying, or something still deeper and more subtle, will be a subject of controversy, I think, such as always follows the production of a new Shaw piece."

One of the most pleasing dramatic announcements of the year is Sir Henry Irving's engagement of Miss Edythe Wynne Mathison as Miss Greet for a two years' tour of England and America. Sir Henry insists that he will then retire from the stage. What a delightful association this promises for this high-born actress, Miss Mathison, apart from the final recognition it involves of her well-earned place on the serious stage, and what splendid vitality it will bring to this "grand old actors' productions. That no one has heretofore been proffered the place of Ellen Terry is perhaps the greatest compliment both to Miss Terry and Miss Mathison.

And this reminds me that Mr. Ben Greet is with us again and still traveling on the reputation of Miss Mathison. The following extract from an advance notice is worth quoting: "Some one has counted up the actors and actresses of some of the stages in whose training Mr. Greet has had a hand. The list includes Mrs. Campbell, Harry Irving, Dorothea Baird, Basil Gill and Miss Mott, whom we owe most to him. She will not come to America at present." ... What cheek! Only the "modesty of the Elizabethan programme." I suppose, prevents him from adding Sir Henry Irving, Sir Charles Wyndham, Forbes Robertson, Ellen Terry and all the rest.

J. E. W.

A Man's Neckwear.

A PART from my writings I take a very great interest in the way men of means and taste dress; and it certainly is a pleasure to me to see the way the large shapes in cravats—such as grandfathers wore—are, in a very slightly modified form, coming into vogue among fashionably-dressed men. We have not yet reached the point where we require the assistance of a couple of valets to help us in adjusting a cravat as in the "Last of the Dandies," shown so admirably in England by Mr. Beerbolm Tree, but the scarf proper to wear with the frock

Royal Ascot.



Shown by Ely, King Edward Hotel.

coat is not to be correctly adjusted by a novice. To be more explicit, the fashionable scarf to wear on such a formal occasion as a wedding, to church, reception, or any morning or afternoon affair, is a very large English square of pure silk, made of the heavy hand-loomed silks and tied into a very full "puffy" Ascot. The cut of the vest is lower than a year ago, to allow more of the scarf to be seen. A plain necker, or a circle of small pearls, or some such conventional design, takes the place of the brooch of our grandfathers, and holds the scarf in place.

The colors most the mode in such scarves are self and soft blacks, black and white and deep rich tones of brown, purple or mulberry, such as can only be obtained in the hand-loomed silks. White and light colors are laid aside for the present, except for very few occasions, for instance, at a wedding, a groom, his best man and ushers might all wear large white Ascots or such a shade as biscuit or pearl, in their scarves, and look very smart; but, generally speaking, the light shades are not worn and dark tones are more desirable.

I have so much to say about scarves for men that I will leave the other shapes to a later issue, only adding a line about "made-up" neckwear. This should never be worn—it is passe and in very bad taste. A poorly-tied knot or Ascot is far more allowable in all instances than the made-up article.

D'ORSAY.

Indications point to a winter of more than usual activity in society, and the men of Toronto's smart set are already preparing to meet their social obligations. Among the tailoring firms who rank as experts on dress matters, none have greater claim to recognition among the well dressers of this city than Levy Bros., corner Scott and Colborne streets.

The new grill room at the Rossin House is being decorated by the United Arts and Crafts.

The Sherlock Vocal Society will hold their first rehearsal for the season on Tuesday next, October 4. The chorus, when completed, will number 300 good voices, including some of the leading church soloists. The "Seasons" will be taken up on Tuesday. Applications for membership may be made either to the secretary, Mr. H. B. Golley, 16 Wilton crescent, or to Mr. Sherlock at his studio at Nordheimer's.



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Births

Malloch—Sept. 24, Hamilton, Mrs. Stewart

E. Malloch, a son.

Merrick—Sept. 24, Toronto, Mrs. Walter

Merrick, a daughter.

Northcote—Sept. 25, Toronto, Mrs. Frank

Northcote, a son.

Nourse—Sept. 21, Prince Albert, Mrs.

Charles G. K. Nourse, a daughter.

Preston—Sept. 28, Grand Valley, Mrs. J.

A. V. Preston, a daughter.

Turpin—Sept. 22, Medicine Hat, Mrs. W.

H. Turpin, a daughter.

Marriages

Strath—Clear—On Tuesday, Sept. 27, at

All Saints' Church, Toronto, by the

Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Arthur Gowau

Strath, youngest son of the late John

Strath, barrister, Toronto, to Mar-

garet, youngest daughter of the late

Edward Clear of Bowden, Cheshire,

England.

Shenstone—Patterson—At the residence of

the bride's parents, 167 Walmer road,

Tuesday, September 20th, by the

Rev. Dr. Wallace, assisted by the

bride's uncle, the Rev. A. R. Gregory,

Kitty Allison, the only daughter of

John A. Patterson, K.C., to Mr. Saxon

F. Shenstone of Chicago.

Bilkey—Dalton—Sept. 23, Ottawa, Sara

Esther Dalton to Paul Ernest Bilkey.

Noble—Kane—Sept. 24, Toronto, Agnes

Olivia Kane to Albert Edward Noble.

Seale—Martin—Sept. 28, Toronto, Caroline

May Martin to Edward Nelson Seale.

Stapleton—Coulter—Sept. 24, Toronto,

Donna Coulter to Clayton Lilyet

Stapleton.

Deaths

Nicholson—On Sept. 17, at 45 Church

street, Toronto, Henrietta Tarleton

Nicholson, aged 25 years.

Addison—Sept. 25, Toronto, William T.

Addison, aged 5 years.

Glascow—Sept. 25, Hamilton, Sarah A.

Pond Glascow, aged 32 years.

Hutton—Sept. 26, Toronto, John Stinson,

aged 69 years.

Ingham—Sept. 24, Grace Hospital, Toron-

to, Edna Ingham, aged 56 years.

McConkey—Sept. 27, Toronto, George

Scott McConkey, aged 61 years.

Robertson—Sept. 26, Toronto, James Rob-

ertson, aged 61 years.

Scott—Sept. 22, Clifton Springs Sanita-

rium, George Noble Scott.

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

If an article is long the majority won't read it; unless it is long enough to present the strength of the case or portray the gravity of the situation, the matter under discussion is likely to be thought trivial. If the subject is taken up frequently the reader thinks the writer is "harping" upon it; unless it is continually kept before the public eye the whole affair is forgotten. If experience has impressed upon a writer for the public press the gravity of a mistake being made by a government or by the public generally, he is apt to speak strongly, frequently and at length, and by and by he may be voted a crank, a bore or a fanatic, and put out of business. Last summer when Mr. Justice MacMahon gave his now celebrated decision that the Christian Brothers were not qualified to teach under the Ontario Education Act, I wrote at length with regard to the campaign of the Hierarchy which had brought about the situation in which a lay Separate school teacher was forced to appeal to the courts to be protected in his business from a part of the legally unauthorized educational machinery of his own church. At that time I ventured the prediction that the Government would be appealed to for an authorization of the work of the Christian Brothers in the Separate schools—condemned by the Government itself less than ten years ago—on the ground of scarcity of teachers possessing the sectarian qualifications insisted upon by the Hierarchy. During the months subsequent to Mr. Justice MacMahon's decision, I have on more occasions than one pointed out the preparations made by the Ontario Government for relaxing the regulations governing teachers, and indicated the disastrous result that a sort of thing would have upon the teaching profession and upon the pedagogical standing.

The national Government, struggling through conditions of unusual and indecent stress, have countenanced, if not assisted in, the general debauchery of the electorate, a subject generally dwelt upon by the party papers. But the debauching of our educational system in the hope of retaining Roman Catholic support has been a subject carefully avoided by even the so-called independent press lest their utterances might be quoted to show that they were not "broad-minded," or as indicating that the political party for which they show the greater sympathy was straddling "the Protestant horse." Unrebuked by either pulpit or press, the politicians in the Park have had reason to think that their policy of yielding to the pressure of the Hierarchy has either remained unnoticed or has been approved by the "broad-minded" public, which considers it "bigotry" to endeavor to prevent the narrowest kind of fanaticism, the most warped of all narrow sectarianism, from destroying the only basis upon which a Public school system can exist, i.e., that of not mixing at all in religious matters.

On Monday, it has been recorded, there was a surprise sprung on the court at Osgoode Hall when the appeal in the Christian Brothers' case was called for argument. Mr. George F. Shepley, K.C., counsel for the Separate School trustees, is reported as saying when he heard that temporary certificates had been granted by the Education Department to the Christian Brothers, enabling them to evade the operation of the injunction of the High Court, "This comes as a complete surprise to me. Until my learned brother made his statement I was totally in the dark as to any such proceedings having been taken by my clients." Of course Mr. Shepley was not aware of the Jesuitical burrowings which had been going on to induce the tottering Government to yield to the supposed necessities of the Hierarchy—like Providence, these people move in a mysterious way their wonders to perform. Those who had watched similar performances in similar "emergencies" knew what we had a right to expect. If I have been unable to make any impression in the matter I have at least the consciousness of, even at the risk of making this page appear heavy and bigoted, having plainly set forth exactly what might be expected and what has actually happened. To please the Hierarchy rather than ever, slobbered out some special favors in the shape of permits; the injunction of the High Court has been evaded, and the plaintiff, J. D. Gratton, and his friends of the lay Separate school teaching craft have been temporarily defeated and their expensive proceedings to obtain justice made ridiculous and nugatory.

It was pointed out on this page that the inspectors would be made implements in the vote-hunting of the Education Department. Separate School Inspector Rochon, belonging to the district affected by the litigation, has reported "that there were not enough qualified teachers of the Catholic faith to man the schools," and therefore that the Government has issued temporary certificates which are valid until next June—and forever unless the People say "No" and say it out loud. I predicted almost the words that have been used in the Government's excuse, as well as the machinery that has been used, to justify them; words used, too, in denial of Plaintiff Gratton's affidavit that there were plenty of properly qualified lay Separate school teachers in the district to man the schools.

The Christian Brothers have now obtained possession. If an attempt is made to oust them, they and the Hierarchy will have a "grievance," the bigotry of the Church out to turn these self-sacrificing adherents will be talked of as a piece of outrageous persecution, and the Hierarchy will laugh at the Court and the Government, and prepare to coddle and fool the Opposition to a greater extent when it becomes a Government than they have unfortunately succeeded in doing even in the recent past.

DISAPPOINTED as a young miss who had expected to wear a new gown, "Saturday Night" emerges this week with that distinctive lack of composure which marks a matron receiving a caller in the midst of housecleaning. During an interchange of quarters the editorial staff have been puzzled to find a place to sit down and the compositors a place to stand up. The type-setting machinery failed to arrive on time, and typographical error is composed of an old skirt and a new shirt-waist. To suit the new press the size of the paper had to be changed, and it was discovered too late to get a new folder that the old one was too small to take the sheet, so the paper is printed from the old forms on the new press, and folded on the old machine. If the paper looks and speaks a little clumsy, you may reckon that we are not sure that we have got our back hair on straight and that a pin has been sticking into us all week. Sure thing we will be all right next week, out on time, or else in the hospital.

THE "Globe" has demonstrated that it is not the business of an election court to investigate whether or not the candidates are of good character, but whether, according to law, the one petitioned against is entitled to the seat. Probably the "Globe" is correct, but its argument discloses a strange anomaly. In the criminal courts, when a man has been discovered with stolen property in his possession the effort of the court is not simply to establish the ownership of the property and take it away from the person in whose wrongful possession it has been found, but to establish who was the thief and punish the crime. The man discovered representing a stolen constituency should be punished for stealing it or for being an accomplice in the theft if his innocence is not as clearly established as it would have to be in case of a much less valuable asset belonging to somebody else being found on his person. If election laws were framed by high-minded judges instead of by low-minded politicians, probably they might be made much more effective. As it is the election courts are very much like a game of "hide-and-seek," "pussy wants a corner," or "button, button, who's got

the button?" The dignity of the court and the majesty of the law are both seriously impaired by the travesties of justice in which the Government of a province or country plays the game on one hand and the Opposition on the other. It is said that banks and other big financial institutions often condone offences of their employees against honesty if restitution is made by either the culprits or their friends. It is not a matter of surprise that the methods of election courts are creeping into our criminal courts, for if the makers of laws are the chief offenders against the statutes, how can we expect institutions that are by no means philanthropic in their purposes and make no pretense of rising higher than a financial level, to be superior to the theory that laws are made for the restitution of stolen property rather than the punishment of the receiver and the thief?

A PATHETIC case is reported to have occurred in Montreal, where the marriage of two young people was annulled because the bridegroom, who was under age, did not first get the consent of his mother, who was the plaintiff under her maiden name. What possible good the law-loving mother can hope to accomplish by her interference does not appear. She has doubtless caused inestimable suffering, cast a slur upon the birth of an innocent child, embittered two lives, and, if the young man is really a man, will eventually fail in her efforts to keep the two apart when the legal technicality arising from her youth shall no longer stand as a bar to a binding marriage contract. Surely the experience of other officious parents has by this time taught a lesson sufficient to discourage interference of this kind. If parents find that their moral influence cannot prevent their children from marrying against the will of those whom they are supposed to obey, there seems little chance of the law proving more successful. In the case referred to, the time for invoking the law—if it were to be called in at all—was before the marriage was consummated, not a year and a half later, when the young

speakers are engaged in it, for if public ownership be not declared for on the third of November, before another appeal to the country is made it is to be feared that Canada will be so hopelessly in the bondage of the Grand Trunk Pacific, so fettered by the iron and steel of the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern and other private interests, that it will be well-nigh impossible, even if the people declare in favor of owning and controlling the lines they have practically built, that any political party will be able to put such a policy into effect. Mr. Borden did not, in my reading of his speech, directly promise to take over the Grand Trunk Pacific, though he may have relied upon his previous declarations; and he made too slight a feature of the fact that now or never the declaration of the electors can be made effective in this regard. Even the "News" admits that Mr. Borden was disingenuous in his explanation of the Opposition shirking a full investigation into the Davis contract for lighting the Cernwall Canal, and this lack of candor must weaken the whole effect of his speech. If he is not believed to be sincere he cannot be effective, but he has at least grown in the esteem of those who heard him as an able and accomplished gentleman who will probably make an excellent Premier by the time he reaches that position.

IT looks as if an explanation is due from the Hon. Mr. Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, concerning the charge made by Captain Salmon, the Wreck Commissioner, who conducted the inquiry into the "Canada" "Cape Breton" collision. Captain Salmon in rendering his report concerning the accident, made a public statement to the effect that, while the investigation was in progress, he was approached by the Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who inquired how the decision was likely to go, and on Captain Salmon's refusing to give any information he was informed that "it might be advisable to consult the counsel of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, Mr.

"amount of the cost of packing and the express charges," and the unframed portrait will be forwarded. Sometimes the picture comes, and sometimes it doesn't, but in any case the cost of packing and the express charges are many times as much as they should be. "Truth" mentions one case where the customer could not be induced to buy a frame, but was persuaded to send the "cost of postage and packing"—nearly a dollar and a half—and when the picture arrived he discovered the cost of packing at one cent. Of course anyone should know that no legitimate firm would undertake to do work of any kind for nothing, but it is wonderful how the smooth stories that these fellows tell deceive even clever people. I have heard that practically the same scheme that Tanqueray is working so successfully in other parts of the Empire is being worked in Canada. I know nothing of the people who are said to be conducting the business here, but from what I have heard I should recommend anyone whom their agents approach to be extremely careful as to any orders they may be asked to sign, and to make some inquiries before permitting pictures they value to leave their possession.

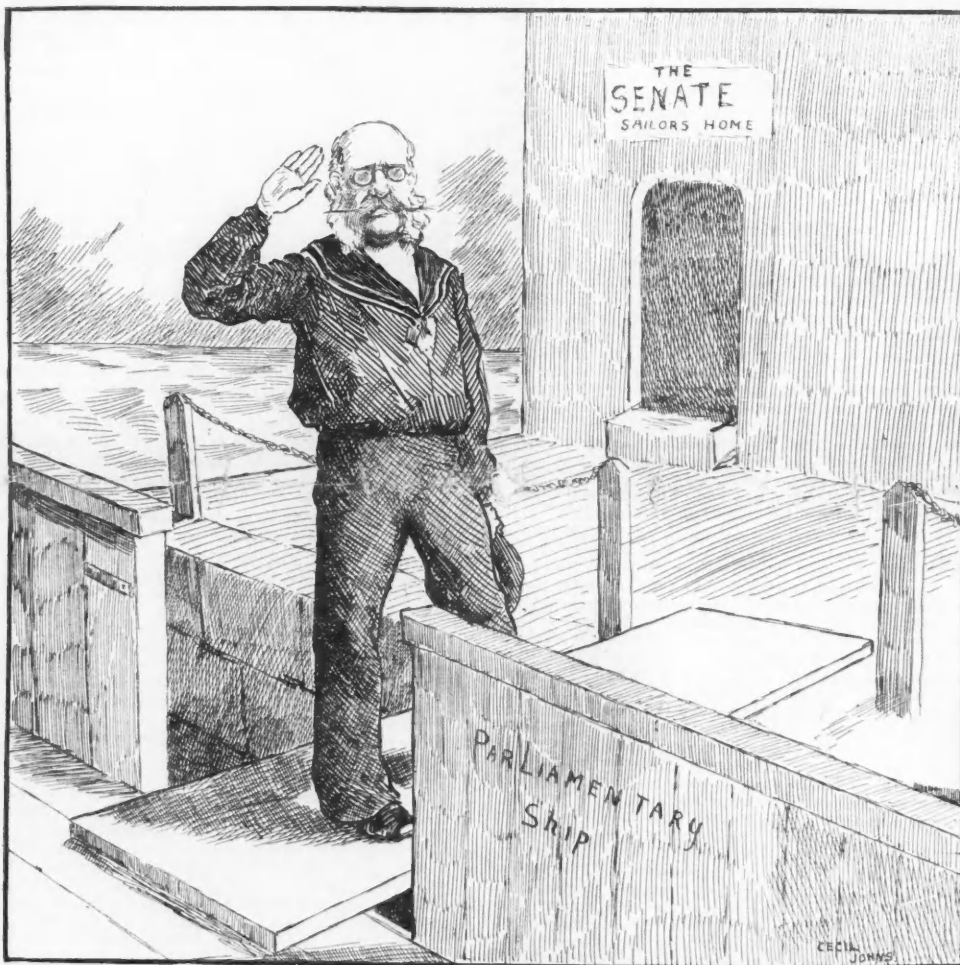
THE demand of the North-West Territories for autonomy is being presented in peremptory fashion. The Territorial Assembly is in session; every speech rings changes on the cry that the Territories must be let govern themselves and control assets which they claim to be theirs. Dr. Patrick, speaking in the Legislature, parodied Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "Peace, Prosperity and Progress" with "Public Ownership, Provincial Autonomy, and no Peace till we get 'em." Premier Haultain expressed his belief "that the issue upon which this election would be fought in the North-West would be that of provincial autonomy." This sort of thing will somewhat embarrass Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and he has to thank the Bishops—who tried their best to keep him out of power—for having lately induced his friends to influence him to the extent of delaying Territorial autonomy until, because of the weariness of waiting, or by some locus-paceus, a east-iron Separate school system may be saddled upon that new and great country which desires nothing of the sort. The issue has become so acute that Hon. Mr. Sifton is quoted as having promised, in a letter written to Premier Haultain, that it is the intention of the Federal Government to grant Territorial autonomy next year if returned to office. Every government that becomes entangled in priestly intrigue eventually gets the worst of it, and as Sir Wilfrid has nothing for which to thank the Church it is marvelous that he has permitted himself to be so fettered as to even appear to be in the position of offering as a Bribe that which is so distinctly the Right of a great stretch of fertile territory now becoming so rapidly and respectfully populated.

CONSIDERABLE discussion has been indulged in by the local press as to how the constituencies of West, Center and South Toronto should be apportioned. Mr. Brock having declined to reconsider his determination to retire from parliamentary life, it has been suggested that a new candidate should be given the West, and that Mr. E. F. Clarke, who is deservedly popular, should contest South Toronto, where the Liberals believe they have a chance of winning and a strong Opposition candidate is necessary. This does not seem fair to Mr. Clarke, whose hard and effective work in Parliament, and possibilities as a man of Cabinet rank, entitle him to an absolutely safe seat. He has been in public life for many years without utilizing the many opportunities which have doubtless presented themselves of enriching himself by forgetting his duty to his constituents and the country. As a speaker he is one of the strongest men in the Opposition, and from a Conservative point of view should be free to assist his leader during the campaign. Mr. Osler is a business man and naturally belongs to Center Toronto. Mr. Claude Macdonell is a polished and popular Roman Catholic barrister, and while I do not believe in selecting candidates because of their religion or opposing them on account of it, it is so obvious that he would appeal strongly to an electorate which is said to be composed of over thirty per cent. of his co-religionists that I mention the circumstances merely to indicate that it is by no means necessary to force Mr. E. F. Clarke into a strenuous fight, and Toronto and the country at large cannot afford to lose him—or Mr. Osler for that matter—from Parliament. Of course the "Catholic Register" does not specially desire a Catholic candidate in South Toronto; a weak-kneed Protestant would be of more use to the Bishops in Parliament.

THE Weston Fair closed last Saturday with a banquet, and the banquet closed with a row. Mr. St. John, the local M.P.P., it appears, endeavored to insert the name of a fellow legislator on the banquet bill of fare, but the chairman, probably thinking that the dish smelled too "high," refused to accept the urgently suggested change in the programme and a considerable disturbance was the consequence. The chief mistake was on the part of the local legislator, who seems to have tried to turn an agricultural into a political meeting. One of the most irritating features of public dinners is the effort of those with a special object to gain, in the direction of having their friends called upon to make a few remarks. Banquets are, as a rule, altogether too long, and the prepared programme should more frequently be shortened than extended. Moreover, the introduction of controversial subjects, or of people over whom there is a controversy, is in exceedingly bad taste, which in this case was not excused by the contention that the uninvited guest was a member of the Legislature. Being a member of such a legislature as we have in Ontario is not a very great honor, and being such a member of it as the person in question is a great dishonor. Chairman Pearson did quite right, no matter what may have been his motive, in refusing to be bullied into affording an opportunity, until the end of the dinner, for a political Judas to magnify his temptation, excuse his treason, dramatize his repentance, and explain why, after the manner of his prototype of Palestine, he did not go and hang himself.

A CHICAGO jury has just rendered a verdict which declares that John Alexander Dowie is not entitled to \$55,000 left him under the will of a New Zealand sheep-raiser. The jury wisely found that the testator was not of sound and disposing mind at the time the will was made. This verdict suggests a possible way of discouraging this prince of fakirs in his efforts to rob the weak-minded of the world. Every little while Dowie succeeds in buncing wealthy and dying persons out of enormous sums of money through his power to convince them that he is a new and revised edition of Elijah. It is only these large bequests that the general public ever hears of, but there is reason to believe that thousands of smaller sums find their way from the pockets of the poorer classes to the satiated and canvas-booted fakir of Zion City, Illinois. I have heard of one case in Toronto where a widow who keeps boarders for a living sends one-half of her gross earnings to Dowie every week. I don't suppose there is any legal way of preventing silly persons of this type from ruining themselves, but the action of the Chicago jury in declaring the testator to have been of unsound mind when the will was signed looks like a good plan for protecting the rightful heirs of deluded persons from the machinations of a monumental parasite. The act of anyone who wills money to Dowie and his Zion bazar should be taken by any sensible court as conclusive proof that the testator was not in a proper mental condition to make legal disposition of his property.

ENGLISH shop-keepers, who were said to run mad in their efforts to secure the patronage of the wealthy Yankee tourists, seem to have grown tired of the work of waiting on them, for over some London shop-doors—according



THE END OF THE VOYAGE.
Sir Richard Cartwright—Othello's occupation's gone.

couple had themselves become parents. In the Province of Quebec they prefer to annul marriages rather than establish a divorce court. The instance given shows the hardship that this sometimes inflicts, for the six-months-old infant of the young couple is, according to such law, illegitimate. The old Scotch law which held that the unmarried male person who promised to marry an unmarried female person who promised to marry him, became her husband and their child or children must be considered legitimate, has always seemed to me just, and that the difficulty of proof in such a case was less of a hardship than the annulling of anything that could reasonably pass for a marriage, particularly if there were a child or children in the case.

Incidentally it was said that the mother of the young chap "is very wealthy, and in addition to her son's age gave other reasons." These reasons may have been quite weighty, and they may have been less weighty than the wealth of the one who put them forward; and it is the evil existing in some portions of Canada—Ontario amongst others—of making divorce even for Biblical causes, or annulments of marriage, so expensive that they are only within reach of the rich, which drives those without the price into either open adultery or police court cases for bigamy. If it were not for the influence of the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church we would have divorce courts in this country, giving out divorces for no causes less serious than are now found sufficient by the Senate, and this is but another instance of how in our efforts to appear "broad-minded" and "tolerant" we become narrow and despicably arbitrary with the poor and indulgent to the rich and powerful. There will be an end to all these things some day, and the history of agnosticism and contempt for conventionalities which marked the decadence of France will yet disgrace our own records, but it is to be hoped that the release from clerical tyranny which set France on its feet and is again making it one of the greatest powers in the world as well as one of the most tolerant, will come to Canada as well, and come hand in hand with true religion and genuine broadness of thought.

THE Borden meeting on Tuesday night, though largely attended and the leader's speech of great educational value, does not appear to have been a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm. Such political meetings are valuable in preparing voters for the adoption of a policy, but if they are to be relied upon to change the views of electors they must be persisted in for a period much more extended than from now until election day. It is unfortunate that this educational process did not begin sooner and that so few able

Archer, before rendering a decision, and that such action would be exceedingly acceptable to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries." This statement of Captain Salmon's was immediately followed by his resignation of his office, as a protest against political interference with the decisions of courts of justice. The charge laid against the Minister and Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries is of such a serious nature that I refrain from making any comment until Mr. Prefontaine has had an opportunity to make public his reply, which, as a Minister of the Crown, charged with the most inexcusable tampering with a court, he should not withhold from the public for twenty-four hours. If justice is to be tempered with politics, instead of with mercy, the people want to know it, that they may express their opinion of the new mixture at the earliest opportunity.

LONDON "Truth" is once more after the scalp of a man named Tanqueray, the most notorious of the "free portrait" bunco men. Tanqueray does not confine himself to England or the British Isles—the world is his oyster, and from all reports he is growing quite fat on the diet. According to "Truth," complaints are pouring in from South Africa, Australia, India, New Zealand, and other parts of the Empire from people who have been swindled out of small sums by means of a trick that should fail to deceive almost any intelligent child. The game is worked in the following manner: An agent of a photograph enlarging company calls at the house of the prospective victim and asks permission to enlarge, by some new process, the photograph of some dear—preferably dead—relative. There is to be absolutely no charge. The company at present is doing this work free, that the victim will tell his or her friends what a satisfactory job it is, and will recommend them to try it also. A little while later the agent calls again and informs the customer that the picture will be quite useless without a frame, and that they carry a line—merely to suit the convenience of their customers—which is the only correct thing to surround such a picture. In order that the picture may show off to proper advantage when exposed to the critical gaze of the owner's friends, the company is willing to put a frame on and deliver the picture for a sum quite insufficient to cover more than the cost of the raw material of which the frame is made. In reality the price is at least three or four times the real value—usually twice as much as the picture, frame and all, could be bought for from any legitimate concern doing work in this line. If the customer cannot be persuaded to purchase the frame, he is sometimes threatened with a lawsuit and in other cases asked to advance the

to the latest cable despatches—the following notice has been posted: "To Yankee Visitors: This is not a Museum, but a Shop." The notice, it seems, has become a necessity owing to the practice of the lady visitor of compelling the clerks to pull down and maul over pretty nearly everything in the place before making even the most trifling purchase. I have often thought that some sort of broad hint posted conspicuously in our own stores would go a long way towards discouraging the inconsiderate habit which prevails to such a marked extent among the lady shoppers of Toronto. The needless trouble that women cause shop-keepers, merely that they may satisfy their curiosity, has become so noticeable that the "lady shopper joke" has become so familiar to readers of comic papers as is that choice old brand of witticism inspired by the mother-in-law. Perhaps it is only thoughtlessness on the ladies' part. Perhaps they would be very sorry to think they were causing unnecessary trouble. If so, they will not doubt be glad that the London shop-keepers have given them a hint of what they think of people who pull a whole store to pieces before buying a shilling-worth of ribbon—and doubtless they will also appreciate the kindly suggestion contained in this paragraph.

CHICAGO seems to have learned a lesson from its terrible experience in the Iroquois Theater fire. It will be remembered that after the great tragedy the mayor ordered the closing of all theaters and similar places of amusement until such time as the buildings were constructed and equipped in accordance with the city's regulations for such places. The other day a fire started in the Great Northern Theater, and thanks to the prompt action of the employees, the construction of the building and the thorough equipment of the building with safeguards to prevent a calamity, the place was emptied in one minute and forty-five seconds. I doubt very much if there is a theater or hall in Toronto that could be emptied of a large audience in a short time, even under the most favorable conditions. A great fire was made immediately after the Chicago disaster; the theaters and other public places of amusement were to be thoroughly overhauled and every modern provision against a fatal fire was to be adopted. If any radical changes from the old conditions have been made I haven't noticed them, nor have they been given publicity. An asbestos curtain added here and there is the only noticeable change since last year. We shall have a theater fire of our own some day, and then we shall have an opportunity of knowing how much we have profited by the experience of the unfortunate people of Chicago.

AT eighty-six years of age Mrs. Mary Gillespie died in a Denver hospital after having been the mother of thirty children, all of them twins—fifteen pairs. She certainly did her duty by her country, and her death in the County Hospital was rather a pathetic close to a remarkable maternal career—a career which apparently offers no charms to the mothers of the new generation, the favorite-sized family now consisting of one precocious youngster or a poodle dog and a canary. While a large family must bring many domestic joys in compensation for the privations, yet I confess to a certain curiosity as to the mental attitude of Mr. Gillespie when he discovered that his wife had so noticeably acquired the twin habit.

MR. CAWTHRA MULLOCK'S generous gift of \$100,000 for an out-patient branch of the Toronto General Hospital, it is to be hoped, will furnish an example for older men who have but a few years left in which they can enjoy their wealth. Mr. Mullock has not waited until he is old and death must shortly separate him from his riches or his heart perhaps be hardened to the cry of the suffering. Montreal millionaires have not been slow or parsimonious in their donations to hospitals and educational institutions, but in Toronto we had lack of evidence of either the millionaires or the philanthropic impulse until this modestly tendered but magnificent gift to a necessitous and most useful institution.

MR. A. B. AYLESWORTH'S entry into public life, it is to be hoped, marks the turning of the tide recently carrying our most distinguished jurists into the service of corporations. Mr. Aylesworth, who, it is said, will be a candidate in Durham—formerly represented by Hon. Sir Blake—will doubtless be made Minister of Justice, although it is announced that he will for the time being be a member of the Cabinet without portfolio. With thousands of other admirers, I believe he will achieve great success in public life, and I venture to predict for him an honorable and brilliant career which should compensate a high-minded man for the material advantages he is disregarding in the practice of a profession in which he stands so high. But the Liberals, it seems to me, might have given him an easier constituency.

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"A Nobler Conception of Citizenship."

THE following propositions, passed on Monday at the meeting of the Peterborough Ministerial Association (12 members), have been sent "Saturday Night" for publication, and are inserted with the greatest pleasure as an evidence that our clerical brethren are awakening to the importance of dealing with citizenship in this world as well as in the next. Comment will be made next week. They are said to have been under consideration for months, but publication has been deferred until the present as being an opportune time.

"In view of the near approach of the general election, we, the members of the Ministerial Association of the town of Peterborough, feel that it is part of our duty as teachers of religion and as citizens in public positions, to urge upon all voters in our community that they more carefully consider their rights and responsibilities in reference to the exercise of the franchise.

"1. It is important that every voter should clearly understand that he is entrusted with a definite part in the government of the country and the direction of its affairs.

"2. By virtue of this position the voter is asked, as a patriotic citizen, to express his deliberate opinion at the polls as to the men most fit to administer the affairs of the country and as to the policy to be adopted for its interests.

"3. But should an elector sell his vote, which is thus entrusted to him as the expression of his own deliberate opinion, it is clear that he is guilty of disloyalty to his country, as well as of an act of definite sin.

"4. Furthermore, any citizen who, by direct or indirect means, bribes his fellow-citizen to sell his vote, is guilty of still greater disloyalty and sin, as the guilt of the tempter is necessarily greater than that of the tempted.

"5. We appeal to the ministers of the Gospel throughout the country to join in a general effort to free our beloved land from political immorality and to lead our people to a higher and nobler conception of citizenship.

"On behalf of the Association,
"J. C. DAVIDSON, M.A., President.
"J. G. LEWIS, B.A., Secretary.

"Peterborough, October 2, (?) 1904.
"With reference to the above it may be stated that after receiving their final form, the resolutions were unanimously passed by a standing vote of the meeting. Among those who contributed to the work of preparation and share in the responsibility are the Rev. Jonathan Bastow, M.A., now of Renfrew, and Rev. J. P. Wilson, B.A. (president of the Bay of Quinte Conference), who has lately removed to Belleville. The resolutions were adopted at a full meeting of the Association, representing the four Protestant communions of Peterborough, the only absentee being Rev. E. A. Langfield, who signified his assent and co-operation. Rev. George Warren (Anglican) and Rev. T. W. Leggett (Methodist) of Lakefield, having considered the resolutions, have expressed their entire agreement with them, and desire to be associated with the Peterborough ministers in issuing them. The members of the Association fully recognize how very simple and elementary these propositions are, but in view of their apparently wide non-acceptance, in view of the importance to the country of a clear understanding of responsibility on the part of voters, and since it seems to be felt that sufficient admonition and guidance have not come from the pulpit on these important matters, the Association has determined to publish even these simple expressions of their convictions, believing that their evident truth will commend them to all."

Social and Personal.

A large At Home on Wednesday at the Speaker's chambers in the Parliament Buildings assembled a great many ladies, friends of the Premier and his family, to honor the debut of Miss Mabel Ross, youngest child of Hon. G. W. Ross, who was presented to the guests by Miss Ross, sister of the debutante. Miss Ross received in a very handsome cream lace robe, with mauve orchids on the corsage, and the debutante wore pale blue, and looked very girlish, with an air of violet and her shining blonde hair simply rolled a la Pompadour. An orchestra played in the wide corridor outside the reception room, and the usual generous buffet was spread in the adjoining dining-room, where a number of the debutante's girl friends saw to the comfort and refreshment of the guests. These fair attendants were Miss McLean of New York, Miss Adele Sylvester, Miss Lois Duggan, Miss Gussie Beatty, Miss Doris Suckling, Miss Mabel Morrison, Miss Maud Band, Miss Irene Alexander and Miss Mitchell. Seldom has a prettier group of not-outs done willing service for a sister bud, and the promise of beauty for the coming debutantes is far above the average. The sisters of the debutante, Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Ernest Gunn, were at the reception, the former in a deep ruby gown and hat and the bride of August in a dainty flowered mousseline de soie with white chiffon hat. Mrs. Belton (nee Ross) of London, in a very pretty gown, and Mrs. Donald Ross were also of the family group, and the Premier came in toward the close of the afternoon and had merry greetings from his friends. The buffet was done in white tulle with tall vases of crimson and white roses, and many flowers, nasturtiums and other fall blooms, were arranged about the rooms. Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the Misses Mortimer Clark honored the event with their presence, and Mrs. Gibson of Hamilton and Miss Gibson, Mrs. Stratton of Peterborough, Mrs. Otter, Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. W. R. Riddell, Mrs. E. F. Johnston, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Arthur of Ravenswood, Mrs. Sydney Greene, Mrs. and Miss Beatty, Mrs. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Auden, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mrs. Sylvester, Mrs. and Miss Sheridan, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. Lamport, Mrs. Dunnett, Mrs. Morang, Mrs. Heaven, Mrs. and Miss Loudon, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. Gilmour, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. and Miss Cross, Mrs. King, were a very few of the other ladies present.

St. George's Church, St. Catharines, was on Wednesday the scene of a wedding interesting many Toronto people, the groom, Mr. Edward Douglas Gooderham, son of Mr. V. G. Gooderham, being a Toronto man and member of a family totaling perhaps the largest number of any in our city. A careful of relatives and friends went over to St. Kitts in the morning and welcomed the fair young bride, Miss Kathleen May Neelon, to their circle. Rev. Canon Ker, assisted by Dr. Miller of Bishop Ridley College (of which Mr. Gooderham was once a student), performed the wedding ceremony. The church was decorated with autumn flowers, and the bride, who looked very lovely in her wedding gown of crepe de soie, with lace encrustations, orange flower wreath and veil of tulle, was brought in and given away by her father, Mr. G. M. Neelon, in a beautiful bouquet of lily of the valley and white heather. The bridesmaids were Miss Alice Hodggets and Miss Ethel Platt of St. Catharines, and Miss Grace Baldwin and Miss Jessie Cross of Toronto. Miss Cross and Miss Hodggets wore pink point d'esprit gowns and pink hats, and Miss Platt and Miss Baldwin blue. Mr. Arnold Neelon of Buffalo, the bride's brother, Mr. Schuyler Snively and Mr. Frederick Baldwin of Toronto were ushers. Mr. Harry Gooderham was best man. The parents of the bride held a reception at their residence after the ceremony, and after a happy series of congratulations and good wishes and some dainty fare the bride and groom left for New York on their honeymoon. Mrs. Gooderham traveling in a suit of brown broadcloth with hat on suite. Mr. Gooderham gave his bride a pearl necklace, and her maids pearl pins; the ushers also received pearl pins. Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham will reside at 83 Prince Arthur avenue, later in the year, and in the meantime will take up their abode at the King Edward.

A score of brides have been holding their post-nuptial receptions this week, as many as half a dozen on some days, and always two or three. On Monday three east side houses were besieged by callers, Mrs. Wallace Helliwell receiving at her father, Mr. Jarvis's, home in Glen road; Mrs. Burke at Thistledeale, her mother's residence in Bloor street east, and Mrs. Charlie Lee at her father's home in Isabella street. Just west of the city's dividing line, Yonge street, Mrs. Charles Worsley received on the same day at her father's home in Yorkville avenue, and the four receptions, curiously enough, were all held in the paternal homes of the brides, and gave no hint of the cosy abodes or apartments where their lives are for some time to be spent. Mrs. Gerard Strath's reception on Thursday was also held in her father's home, but she is to reside there permanently.

Mrs. Wallace Helliwell looked most queenly in her Limerick lace bridal gown, and was assisted by Mrs. Lawrence Boyd and Mrs. Percival Jarvis in the drawing-room, and her bridesmaids, Miss Helliwell and Miss Carolyn Jarvis, in the

tea-room. Mrs. Jarvis received with the bride. The tea-table was done with Marguerites and white lights unshaded. A great many friends called on Monday and Tuesday afternoons, both days being open house in honor of the four brides I have mentioned as receiving early in the week, and Mrs. Strathly also receiving two days, on Thursday and Friday, at Colborne.

Mrs. Burke, in spite of an attack of tonsillitis, to which she succumbed for Tuesday's reception, bravely donned her beautiful wedding gown on Monday and received the visits of a host of friends at Thistledeale. Her sisters and her bridesmaids, Miss Muriel Smith, Miss Muriel Massey and Miss Lucie Jackson, were most kind in looking after the callers in the tea-room. Mrs. Wilkes made apologies for her invalid on Tuesday and regrets were mingled with hopes for her speedy recovery. Mr. and Mrs. Burke were married in the early summer and have had an ideally pleasant residence on Center Island, the Islanders smiling each afternoon when Mrs. Burke paddled down the cut to meet her young husband at the ferry and paddle him back to their residence for dinner. Everyone who knows this amiable and lovable young matron hopes she will soon be quite well again.

The High Park Golf Club are giving their second dance this evening in the clubhouse, 4115 Avenue. Mesdames W. P. Atkinson, W. B. Bulling, T. Watson, Yeoman, F. H. McCausland and George Gouinlock are the patronesses.

Mr. Arthur Kirkwood of the Sovereign Bank, Toronto, and Miss Victoria Henry of Orangeville, will be married next Wednesday at Orangeville.

Mr. Leonard Boyd and Miss Ida Field will be married next Wednesday afternoon in St. Philip's Church.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pellatt, Q.O.R., and Mrs. Pellatt have gone to Boston for a short visit. They left town on Thursday. Mrs. Lincoln Hunter received at her new home in Walmer road on Thursday and yesterday, when a great many friends admired the elegant rooms and the graceful hostess, who wore her white "robe des noces." The reception room was done with American Beauties and ferns and the two sisters of the bride, Misses Ida and Kathleen Smith, and Miss Amy Douglas, assisted in the reception. In the dining-room was a beautiful polished oak table set with many good things and decorated with pink roses. Mrs. Smith, mother of the bride, and Mrs. Bell, a cousin, poured tea and coffee, and Miss Florence Misener of Buffalo, Miss Winifred Evans, Miss Jeanette Dalton and Miss Ruby Hunter waited upon the callers. It was all very pretty and dainty, and many compliments were paid to the bride on her taste in arranging so charming a menage.

The gift of the good stork this week was a son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Slaght, Mrs. Slaght (nee Lukes) was one of last year's brides. Her friends were glad to hear that she and her little son are doing well.

Last evening was gala night at Lambton Golf Club, when Champion George S. Lyon was the guest of the club at dinner. Mr. Austin has been entertaining several of the visiting lady golfers during the past ten days, and will later on welcome Mrs. Griscom's team from Philadelphia, at the invitation tournament. Miss Lottie Dodd, an English champion, is coming to the tournament and will be the guest of the Lambton Club.

Canon and Mrs. Welch are comfortably settled in the new rectory beside St. James' Cathedral. Mrs. Welch is at home on Thursdays after four o'clock.

Lord Minto sent word very late last week that he could not attend the State dinner at Government House arranged for Wednesday evening, and to which he had, of course, accepted an invitation. I hear it was to have been a big event, over one hundred invitations having been accepted. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with much regret, had no other alternative but to cancel their invitations.

Mrs. Cattanch, who has been abroad since spring, has, I regret to learn, not been at all in her usual health. The last week in September she went to Scotland to visit Lord and Lady Strathcona, and is expected home in a few weeks.

The marriage of Miss Ann Brethour Mills, daughter of Dr. James Mills of Ottawa, formerly of the Agricultural College, Guelph, and Mr. Arthur R. Hamilton, will take place at the College, Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. George Creelman, sister and brother-in-law of the bride, giving the wedding. Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Sybil Dagmar Seymour and Mr. John D. Wood, which takes place next Saturday in St. John's Church, Port Hope.

Miss Pilot of St. John's, Nfld., is spending a short visit with Mrs. George Evans in Rusholme road.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen Pardee, daughter of the late Hon. T. E. Pardee to Mr. M. R. Burrows of Sarnia, was quietly solemnized at St. George's Church last Thursday by Rev. Canon Davis in the presence only of the immediate friends and relatives. The bride was brought in by her brother, Mr. F. F. Pardee, the bridesmaids being Miss Mildred Burrows and Miss Margery Garvey of Sarnia. The best man was Mr. M. B. Whittlesey of Detroit. The bride wore white satin with veil and orange blossoms, and bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaids wore white silk with pink girdles, white hats with pink roses, and carried pink roses. The ushers were Messrs. E. T. Bucke, Robert Mackenzie, Guy W. Marriott and Percy Patterson.

Mrs. Charles Worsley received on Monday and Tuesday at the residence of her father, Mr. Nicol Kingsmill. The bride was in a dainty gown of pale blue, and was assisted by Miss Kingsmill and her other sisters, with Misses Sprague and Nordheimer, who made up the charming group at the wedding. Miss Lilian Onslow, daughter of Mr. W. O. Onslow, 111 Yorkville avenue, formerly of London, will sail from Montreal on the 13th inst., her destination being the Government House, Allahabad, India. Miss Onslow expects to spend two years with her uncle and aunt, Sir James and Lady La Touche. Sir James is the present Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces of India, and his wife was formerly Miss Julia Rothwell of London, Ont. Sir James and Lady La Touche are extremely popular, the latter being a most delightful hostess, and the Government Houses at Allahabad in the winter and Naini Tal in the summer are the centers of gaiety for that portion of India. Miss Onslow will visit friends in England until November 4, when she will sail on the P. and O. s.s. "Marmora" en route for Bombay, to be joined at Marseilles by her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Mardon of India, and Miss Caswell of Chicago. The good wishes of her many friends will be with Miss Onslow on her long journey.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave a very pleasant tea for her guests, Right Honorable James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce, who left Toronto yesterday, after a few days' visit at the Grange. About fifty friends were invited, and informally received by Dr. and Mrs. Smith in the drawing-room, where a cosy glow from red-shaded lights lent additional comfort to the wide old-fashioned rooms so dull an afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Bryce met old and new friends, and the former recalled with appreciation his last "tea" at the Grange, when the summer of a bygone year was the opportunity for the al fresco gathering which had so pleased him. Mrs. Arkel is spending some time at the Grange this season, and did her part most gracefully in entertaining the guests, some of whom were the Premier and Miss Ross, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. MacMahon, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Dr. Squire Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, President and Mrs. Loudon, Professor Mavor, Mrs. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Colonel and Mrs. MacLean, Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Sweeney, Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Mrs. Allen, Dr. and Mrs. Grasset, Dr. Goldwin Howland, Mr. Oliver Howland, and two or three others.

Dr. Goldwin Howland, a namesake and godson of Professor Goldwin Smith, has arrived in Toronto, where he intends residing. Dr. Howland is a son of the late Mr. William Howland.

Lady Kirkpatrick sails to-day by the "Canada" for England, and will remain abroad until April, visiting her sister, Mrs. Beckett, in London, and elsewhere.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth have taken Closeburn during Lady Kirkpatrick's absence, and will occupy it immediately.

Mr. Douglas Ridout is in Muskoka for some shooting, and during his absence Mrs. Ridout and her two "wees" are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones in Emsley place.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne have gone to Alaska. Miss Constance Boulton has quite recovered from the effects of her horseback accident, and was at the polo game at Sunlight Park last week.

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SOCIETY
R. and Mrs. Nattress, who have spent the summer in village, have returned to Toronto and are again in their home in Carlton street. Mrs. Nattress will not receive until next month.

Mrs. G. T. Denison, jr., is still in Muskoka, which is a locality very beneficial to persons afflicted with that tiresome complaint, hay fever, from which Mrs. Denison has been for many seasons a sufferer.

Miss Virginia Hugel, who has been visiting several friends in Port Hope and Sturgeon Point for the last two months, is now staying with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hubbell, 711 Spadina avenue.

A White Horse paper of last month says: "A pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bigger, when their daughter, Miss Lilly Bigger, was married to Mr. Frank Harbottle of the N.W.M. Police and Deputy Collector of Canadian Customs, stationed on the W.P. railroad, at the summit. The ceremony was performed by Rev. L. O. Stringer of the Episcopal Church. In the presence of the bride's family and a few friends of both parties. The happy couple left for their future home at the summit on the 10.30 train, amidst well-wishes and under a shower of rice. The bride's gown was of ivory satin, studded with pearls, her only ornament a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Harbottle will later visit Mr. Harbottle's mother and his sister, Mrs. William Adams of Toronto.

Mrs. Walter Murch (formerly Miss Louise Tandy) received for the first time since her marriage on Wednesday afternoon and evening, at her home in Bathurst street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cockburn arrived from abroad last Saturday. Mrs. Cockburn, though still an invalid, looks better, and her friends are hastening to call and assure themselves of her welfare.

Mr. and Mrs. Caulfield have returned from the Island, and are settled at Miss McLennan's, 65 Isabella street. Mrs. Caulfield will receive the first Monday in the month during the season.

The engagement is announced of Miss Kate V. Symon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Symon, and Mr. W. Norman Munro. The marriage will take place the first week of November.

Many friends in Toronto will learn with regret of the death of Hon. W. A. Delaplaine of Wheeling, West Virginia, on September 27.

Miss Mary B. Sanford, a Canadian now engaged in literary work in New York, is publishing another book called "The Wandering Twins," the experiences of a youthful pair of hunters and fishers in Labrador. Her "Romance of a Jesuit Mission" was greatly liked by Canadians.

Mr. George Bruenech has just returned from Lake Memphramagog, where he has been making some pictures for some time ago. Mr. Bruenech will hold one of his exhibitions at Matthews' from the 15th to the 29th of October, and will show a wide range of water-color sketches done during his tour of many months abroad. His subjects at this exhibition will be from Canada, Bermuda, Jamaica, Brazil, Chili, the Falkland Islands, England and Norway.

Mrs. Roderick Bethune (nee Henderson) will receive for the first time since her marriage at 13 Lamb avenue, on Tuesday, October 11, from 4 to 6, and afterwards on the first and third Mondays.

Mrs. P. C. Larkin of 11 Elm avenue, Rosedale, will not receive until the first Monday in November.

A very quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Paul's church, Bloor street, on Saturday, September 24, at three o'clock, when Miss Donna Coulter, granddaughter of the late William McDonnell of Lindsay, was married to Mr. Clayton Ulyot, a native of Toronto. Rev. Henry J. Cody officiated. Only the immediate friends of the bride and groom were present. The bridesmaid was Miss M. E. Stapleton, and Mr. William McDonnell was best man. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Stapleton left for the East on a short trip, and upon their return will take up their residence at 273 Sherbourne street.

A house wedding took place on September 28 at the residence of Mr. William Watterson, 311 Church street, when his youngest daughter, Mabel Rebecca, was married to Mr. F. W. J. Hill, Rev. H. Moore officiating. The bride's gown of white silk was trimmed with chiffon and pearls, and her veil was of tulle caught with orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet was of roses and lily of the valley. The ceremony was performed under a floral bell, and the bride's attendants were her sister, Miss Jean Watterson, in pale blue crepe, with sheaf of red roses; her niece, Miss Marjorie Johnson, in white with bouquet of pink roses, and two flower-girls, also nieces, Misses Jean Johnson and Marguerite Walker, in white, with baskets of flowers and smart pink sashes. Mr. William Hill, brother of the groom, was best man. The groom's gift to the bride was a set of mink, to the attendants pearl rings, and to the best man a pearl scarf-pin.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson have rented their house, 104 St. Vincent street, furnished, for the season. I believe they will go south later on for a time.

By a slip of the pen I announced Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere's reception days this month as Tuesdays instead of Mondays, on which latter day she will receive at La Futale, and not after October until the New Year.

Miss Zillah Grantham returned on Saturday from a delightful visit to her sister, Mrs. Thompson, in Vancouver.

Mrs. O'Grady, head of the clan in America, who resides with her son at 2 Queen's Park, has been ordered by her physicians to receive no more pay visits, as she has been suffering for several years from her throat.

Right Hon. James Bryce and Mrs. Bryce left yesterday for New York, where Mr. Bryce has some important lectures to deliver.

A pretty wedding took place at five o'clock p.m. on Wednesday, September 28, at 419 Third street N.W., Washington, D.C., the residence of Mr. Charles L. Walker, when his niece, Miss Daisy Costello, became the wife of Mr. Harold F. Lloyd of Toronto. The ceremony was performed in the drawing-room, which was artistically decorated with palms and cut flowers, while from the arch were suspended the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes. Rev. D. J. Stafford, D.D., rector of St. Patrick's church, officiated by his master of ceremonies. The bride, who was unattended, was beautifully gowned in soft white silk with yoke of heavy lace, and wore the regulation bride veil and orange blossoms, carrying instead of flowers an ivory prayer-book. The witnesses to the nuptial contract were Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Murphy, the latter wearing an exquisite black lace robe over white taffeta. After the ceremony a dainty dejeuner was served, and the happy couple left for their future home in Toronto, amid showers of rice and many good wishes. The bride's traveling suit was a tailored blue cheviot with toque of blue and green. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd will be at No. 10 Rathnelly avenue after November 1.

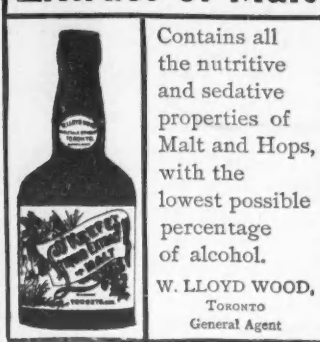
One of the prettiest church weddings that has taken place in Aylmer was held at the Methodist church on Tuesday week, when Miss Carrie Price, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Price, was married to Mr. Charles Adamson Low of Kingston. The church was most beautifully decorated with ribbons, foliage and flowers, green and white. The bride wore a white gown with white ribbon and flowers, as were all the chandeliers and pillars in the church. At eight o'clock the bride entered the church with her father, looking very pretty in a handsome gown of point d'esprit over white taffeta, and the customary wedding veil. The ceremony took place beneath a very handsome floral bell. Rev. W. G. H. McAllister, pastor of the church officiating, assisted by the Rev. James Livingston of London. The bridesmaids were the bride's sisters, Misses Esther and Ena Price. Miss Price wore a handsome dress of white crepe de sole, with picture hat to match. Miss Ena wore a pretty gown of blue crepe de Chine, with a picture hat. The groomsmen were Mr. William Craig of Kingston, and the ushers Messrs. Frank Price of Simcoe, E. G. Johnston of Toronto, Harold B. Youell, and Louis G. Glover of Aylmer. About one hundred and fifty invited guests and twice that number of spectators witnessed the service, at the conclusion of which a large reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where the happy couple dined, and were beautifully decorated with ribbons and flowers. Several toasts were proposed and heartily responded to. Mrs. Price wore a very handsome gown of gray voile over taffeta silk. The groom, Mr. Adamson, wore a suit of gray, with a mother of pearl blue tie, a most becoming gown of navy blue silk. The bride's going-away dress was navy blue, with hat to match. The bride is without a doubt one of the most popular of Aylmer young ladies, and will be greatly missed here by a large number of friends, both young and old, who will wish her every happiness in her new home. After the wedding reception the happy couple drove to St. Thomas, where they took the train for Quebec and other eastern points, where they will spend a three weeks' wedding trip, after which they will take up their residence in Kingston. The groom's gift to the bride was a very pretty amethyst locket and gold chain; to the bridesmaids gold brooches, and to the groomsmen and ushers gold wish-bone scarf-pins.

The lady patronesses for Miss Mabel Hicks' piano recital in St. George's Hall on the evening of October 17th are: Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Meredith, Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. H. S. Strath, Mrs. Murray, Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere and Mrs. W. S. Andrews. Miss Hicks will provide a programme of much interest, and deserves every success.

There can be no doubt that the citizens of Toronto are quick to make use of a good thing when it is offered. The rapidity with which the owners of the better class of houses are adopting the electric light is an evidence of this. Its use is becoming so general that those who usually have the best that is to be had are realizing that if they want to be "in the swim" they must do away with obsolete methods and adopt the "electric light" idea. The reliable services furnished by the local electric light company justify this, and when the cheapness of the light is considered it is small matter for wonder that it is being so generally adopted here.

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THE CRUISE O' CUPID

From the Log of Harold Brooks, Caricist.

By Gordon Rogers

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Duel and the Law.

I focussed the glass hurriedly, as the lens caught the blur of the rapidly-moving skiff. The rover was indeed Algernon Potts. And in such of the three motionless skiffs were two men, each lying on oars.

"Bob!" said Giggles, hoarse with excitement, "we've got 'em! These chaps that took 'in in on Grindstone has found out that 'e took them in. They've got over their beer." I passed the binocular to Giggles, and he raised 'em on the boats. "That's them!" he said feverishly. "They've chased 'em across, but 'e's been too fast for 'em. 'E's beat the doubles again, and 'e's quitting now." A shout reached my ear. "Ello, that chap in the canoe's stopping now! It's Willoughby! Ah, Potts called 'im! Potts is rowing over to 'im now! There! They've got their 'eads together! Now Willoughby's off again! He's cutting across the town a bit. Potts is following, but coming down. I see their game. They're going to try an' sandwich Mr. Carew!"

The glass swung from right to left in Giggles's hand, and he said on, "Bob! That Grindstone bunch is going back. No, they're spreading out! One boat's going up between Tidds and the town. 'Ello! There's another boat coming out from the town wharf, with three in it. 'Anged if I don't think it's that Dutch Hans in the stern! 'Ere, Mr. Brooks! Giggles whirled the glass and seized his oars. The pair dashed away, and I trained the glass on the mark. Events were shaping rapidly for a climax and a coup.

Events were shaping rapidly for a climax and a coup. Beyond Dark Island, was pursuing the even tenor of his way toward the Inn. Potts was still coming down, but with circling glances toward the boats, now he shot a look over his right shoulder and quickened his stroke. I put the binocular down, and paddled a single oar, for it was plain that in a minute's time Willoughby, Potts and Jimmy must come together upon their convergent way.

A voice rang sharply over the water. It was Willoughby's, shrill and insistent. "Carew!" he piped, and rattled his paddle across the gunwale. "Hold up, do you hear? My name's Willoughby!" "So my ear and my eye informed me!" sang out Jimmy, paddling blithely on. "There ain't a boat on the river with your siren of a voice or beautiful figurehead, thank the Lord!" "Don't thank Him too soon!" snapped Willoughby, crossing Jimmy's bow. "Then the two light racing boats came together with a bang.

"Look out!" shouted Jimmy, and pushed Willoughby's boat away. "Well, what is it? I've no time to waste!" "Oh, you can't heckle me!" retorted Willoughby. "We're not in the Committee's tent now, Carew. I was waked, do you hear?" He waved an arm, and Potts, who had lain on his oars some lengths away, stern on, swung his skiff about.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" Jimmy roared. "Come on, Potts! You're a pretty pair!"

Another canoeist had come up stream, and now lay his paddle, drinking in the scene. It was White, the boy who had laid a tenner on Willoughby in the race for the Cup.

Potts hesitated with a sweeping glance at the converging skiffs, then came on. He rushed his skiff through the placid water, with the intention of striking Jimmy's canoe on the beam. But Willoughby's bow had lapped Jimmy's again. Jimmy reached far forward quickly, seized the nearest gunwale of Willoughby's boat, and with a sudden, strong pull shot it astern, where it was struck smashing by the bow of Potts's skiff; and Willoughby, who had risen to his blade in hand, was thrown to the boards.

"You fool!" he snarled, getting to his knees. He struck at Potts with the paddle, the blow falling short.

But Potts did not relent. He gripped his oars afresh. For in his ears was the sweep of many oars, and the rapid rush of boats through the moonlight blue. Giggles's voice rang out. "Potts! Ship your oars! You can't get away! I've got a warrant, do you hear?"

Potts heard, and thought otherwise. He glanced to left and right. Below him was another skiff, coming on. Beyond Giggles were two more, coming in. And still fourth was coming down, and from its stern seat a big voice bellied to the moon.

"Botts! Algernon Chummy Botts, yes! I haf a warrant yet already! In der name of der King! You come nut me, Botts! You cannot get away! Der was no escape! It was Hans, you know!"

There was no avenue of escape, apparently, save the broad and shining one to the shore; and, whether it should lead to destruction or not, further, with an intent about Potts, as Willoughby, who had swung his boat about, rushed it at Jimmy again, and the two racing machines crashed together once more.

Willoughby, evidently thirsting for Jimmy's life or blood with the homicidal malevolence of a Malay, stood up and whirled the single blade above his head. It was a furious blow at Jimmy's that he made; and as the polished maple gleamed in the moonlight, a sound of alarm broke from the lips of young White.

But Jimmy's cleverness in ring tactics stood him in good stead. Even at the disadvantage of being off his feet, he ducked with comical agility and skill. The wide, heavy blade skimmed his dark head, and Willoughby, losing his balance by the momentum of his vicious stroke, crashed to his knees. In the next moment Jimmy had leaped forward and dealt two mighty buffets, with

open palms, right and left, on Willoughby's ears. Then, as Willoughby ineffectually waved his arms, Jimmy adroitly shifted the position of the canoes so that they came bow to bow. He leaned forward again and seized the gunwales of Willoughby's craft; and before Willoughby could recover his faculties or balance, Jimmy had dexterously overturned the canoe, and Willoughby went into the river with a resounding splash.

"A fair field, Willoughby!" Jimmy bawled as he paddled on, and Willoughby's head bobbed up and glistened under the moon. "Come, Brooks! We'll have the Commodore's launch there on top of us, with all this delay! I wish you would go on to the town wharf," he added, as I caught him, "and call at that photographer's for my plates and proofs. And drop in at a florist's and get some roses for the table, you know. And I need a fresh shirt and tie, if you don't mind, and hurry back and get into your togs!"

As I pointed for the town wharf, while Jimmy cut around Squaw Point below the Inn, there came shrill whistle-blowing from the launch, the clatter of oars in skiffs, a babel of shouts, oaths and cries, the grating of keels on a pebbly beach, and a tall figure raced along the shore. A score of odd figures leaped into light and pursuit. There was a flash of fire, paled by the moonlight, and a revolver shot rang out. The tall figure climbed the bank and disappeared in the gloom of the grove. The pursuers followed, with more cries. Then their voices died away, and silence and the moon reigned once more upon the throne of night.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Pursuer of the "Fairy Queen."

The town was bright in the light of arc lamps and the moon, and merry with the movement and laughter and chat of brown-skinned boatmen in gowns, and brightly-eyed girls in summer gowns. The night was warm, and brilliantly lit saloons of the innocuous ice-cream and pernickery potatory were inveigling fair women and brave men across their shining thresholds. With my eye on the photographer's place I crossed the street, but I stopped dead to stare. For before me, in the glare of an arc lamp, stood a tall young man, brown-skinned, clean-shaven, clean-cut, in double-breasted blue, and a dark-blue peaked yachting-cap, worn with a rakish tilt. Across his arm was something which he was regarding with an air of perplexed gaze, and his expression widened to a good-humored grin as he said:

"A little waspy, dried-up, red-pepper of a son of Ireland, not half as big as you, has been chasing me around giving me the fiercest rave that ever burst out an ear; and then he dumped this freight off on me, as if I was the wharf down there, and skipped up the street. They ain't his, that's sure; but I'm good and ready to state they ain't mine!"

He held the "freight" up, and with a broader grin than before viewed the arc light telegraphically through the posterior breaches of the trousers of olive-green.

I enlightened Mr. Stevens as to the original ownership of the neither garment now in his possession, and he remarked: "I've been getting the glad hand from half the water boys in town about being the winning horse to-day. I was out on the river late—with a friend—and a young chap called Brown, who got on the 'Fairy Queen' yesterday at Fisherville, said I backed a chap there was me in a canoe race, and won ten plunks, and he made me promise to have dinner with him at the Inn to-night. He said the only difference between me and him was that I wasn't trained so fine and had a mustache, which he thought I'd shaved off, maybe, since he saw me last at that old sleazy Hollow where the 'Fairy Queen' broke down. Well, that gave me an idea. I thought if I could mix it up a bit with my duplicate, I'd be doing myself a turn; and the first time I tin-canined into a barber-shop and had her off. How's she look?" Mr. Stevens caressed a close-shaven upper lip. The change wasn't worked me any good yet, but I'm waiting to hear the returns come in from your friend Carew, and if he's been getting the welcome buzz from just one little friend of mine, I'll call it an even break. No, thanks. I haven't been in a bar without getting the merry come on, and I'm about tired explainin' I'm more at home taking up tickets on a steamboat and cunning freight than breakin' records in a canoe."

"And what went broke on the 'Fairy Queen'?" I said, as I turned in at the photographer's with me.

"Key in the cross-head! It sent the piston clean through the cylinder and smashed the cylinder head. Cracked the side of the cylinder too, and you never saw such a run on the bank as that hungry passenger push of geezers made on my till for company's cash to hire rigs to take them into town! There wasn't a ten-acre farmer that wasn't going to miss a ten-thousand-dollar deal in real estate on account of not getting to Limestone on schedule time; and there wasn't one didn't give me the straight office he hadn't any cash in his kick. That young fellow Brown, of Fisherville, was the only thoroughbred in the lot. He hadn't a tear comin', and med a rig out of his own wad; and that's why I'm going to give with him to-night and see that he's reimbursed." Mr. Stevens had turned back to the photographer, and when he rejoined me I observed that the olive-green trousers were no longer across his arm. The florist had but a short dozen of roses in his case, but he waded out to the green-house for some American Beauties, he said, and despatch them for instant delivery to the Inn; and as they were for the table he would put in lots of green. So I turned in at the haberdasher's with the short dozen boxed under my arm. Mr. Stevens remarking that he, too, needed a necktie shirt and tie, and my taste was rather flattered when he decided on the same patterns that I selected for Jim.

"And how fares Miss Green?" I asked, as we stepped briskly toward the Inn. "Brown of Fisherville said—"

"Don't repeat it!" interrupted Mr. Stevens, placing a kindly but warning hand on my arm. "I've had a yellow streak of green, with all the middle

shades pitchforked into one never-to-be-forgotten hat along with pink and orange and blue. First it was the pale Jennie, and last it was the dark green garment of your honorable friend." Mr. Stevens paused abruptly in speech and stride, and gazed apprehensively toward a girl in a loud hat approaching us. With a huge sigh of relief as she passed by he stepped out, and said: "I thought it was J. G. on account of the hat. That headgear of hers caused enough runaways and smash-ups and sudden deaths between here and Brewer's Mills to make the road one long procession of funerals for the next three days. It put a hearse out of business, and started the swift-eat march to the tomb that ever came down the pike! I believe it was that hat queered the machinery on the 'Queen' when the girl was rubbering at it over the rail. You see," he added confidentially, "I couldn't shake Jennie at Brewer's Mills. I stayed with her folks over night, and this morning nothing would do but she must get down to see the races too, having some folks in this town; though what she's doing the horse put up. It took the pony smashing a shaft, and then a whiffetree, and she didn't then whenever he'd get a sight of that hat, there wasn't any race coming to me except what the horse put up. It took as long to get here as traveling from Brickville on the Stop-and-Carry-One. But I shook Jennie at last!" he added with a note of pride, that was tempered, nevertheless, by a strategic glance to right and left, as we crossed a street. "She didn't like the idea of my gettin' the mustache off; not on account of the mustache so much, I guess, as going into that barber shop; and she stayed pretty close to the harbor door. But I wasn't the fleet to be bottled up. There was a back door out of that port; and it's up to Miss Green's folks to pilot her back to Brewer's Mills. Holy mackerel! What's this procession?"

We had crossed the bridge and turned toward the Inn. A tall figure raced toward us, and some yards behind followed a straggling mob of men and boys. It was Potts, with the law and populace at his heels.

As he came almost upon Stevens filled his view. For a moment he seemed to savor the other way. Then, as Stevens stood still, with a stare, Potts swerved toward us. He dashed at Stevens, with an oath, and aimed a vicious blow. Stevens threw up a guard across his face. But the blow was a fast and desperate one. It glanced from Stevens' arm and caught him on the forehead with a thud, causing him, like Seth Bludso, "great surprise." Stevens was knocked off

his feet, and Potts was away with a bound. As his panting pursuers went by, I recognized among the interfering gentlemanly and hot polio push of the town, the slim photographer, Dutch Hans, and Bob of Rome.

"Hell!" said Stevens, getting up. Then he sped after them, nimble as a deer, and it looked like Potts's finish, I thought, as I entered the Inn.

The office was crowded with gossiping groups. In one group were Andrews, Gannon and Lime, late of Red Horse; and as I passed to the desk to get the number of Jimmy's room my arm was caught by Brown of Fisherville, who reminded me I had some money coming to him that he wished to burn, and asked me to dine.

"I'm just waiting for Stevens to turn up," he said, "and if White gets here in time I'll give him a bid. I believe that tenner was White's little all."

The clerk was just sending a boy with a telegram to Number Thirty-three, and I followed that blue and red messenger of the elevator. But Andrews interposed.

"Hullo! What's the best word now?" he said, slapping my back with a heavy hand.

"And I'm extra dry, too!" he answered, jovially. "Carew deserved to win!"

Jimmy was awaiting my coming with his shirt and tie, and he promised me as he undertook to get into the shirt, and open the telegram at the same time, to hurry into my togs. Suddenly he gave a half-stifled cry. Jimmy's eyes were staring at the telegram as I looked up with a surprised and lathered face.

"Poor old Owen!" he said, softly. "Gone at last!" Then he walked to a window, and leaning out, stared over the great river's moonlit breast. I knew that his thoughts had flashed back over the tide of time to the thousand miles of the days when he and the dead baronet were boys together; and I would have felt properly sympathetic and sad if it hadn't been for that confounded new shirt he had half on. Because, what with one cuff of it having come up through the collar-band and poked through just under an ear, and the fact that he hadn't begun to tuck in the tail, the sympathetic in me got a bad jar, and sadness fell sadly out of the window over Jimmy's head. You can't wrestle with a telegram of bereavement and a fresh-laundered refractory shirt at the same time and expect any friend you may have around to take a tragic view of it. I mumbled some consolatory commonplace from the conventional ambush of my father, and he answered a knock at the door and took in a package Jimmy said:

"Not a word about this telegram Brooks, of course. It would cast a damper over the party. Not one of 'em could appreciate that I've been prepared for the news; because, the poor, patient old boy lasted through the past six months only because it pleased God to keep him alive when there really wasn't any life in him."

He had ripped the string and paper off the package, and he stared at the contents as he said:

"Hullo! How the devil do I come into these again?" Then he picked up a card which had dropped to the floor, and read:

"Mr. Stevens presents his compliments to Mr. Carew, and that gentleman's pants. He don't care for so much ventilation in his clothes, with the fall coming on; and the color don't suit Mr. Stevens in any shade."

"This is the second rap he has had at me to-night," Jimmy said, as he kicked the offending olive-greens under a bed. "A pale, light-haired girl—Miss Jen Green, I suppose—said 'Hello, Charley!' as I came up to the Inn. I had to double around a block and get in by a side entrance to throw her off the track." Jimmy shook out my short dozen of roses, playfully kicked the box after the olive-greens, and tied the roses with some ribbon of white and pale blue. "I've a little surprise in store for you," he remarked. "Mr. Stevens hasn't got all the jokers in the pack." Then a little door in a clock on the wall flew open and a "little rosebud" of the Moore's having left Rome per stage and Stop-and-Carry-One for the St. Lawrence boat; and Jimmy had such simple, cheerful faith that the little railway would stand by him and live up to its record by missing connections with the big boat that he planned his dinner party in honor of the brown-eyed Bess. But it was a question in my mind whether they had really intended to go by the big boat that night.

Well, Bessie, in a Parsifal blue and chiffon gown, her eyes tenderly bright, her whole face radiant, her cheek alabaster, was more lovely than even my short dozen of roses, which she now held. She gave me her other hand, with a word or two of girlish greeting, frankly glad and warm; and then it was off to the wide balcony overlooking the moonlit tide, on the arm of Sunny Jim, for her; and for me back to the mines going over the same old vis-a-vis Roman House verandah scene with Rome's prospective mamma-in-law. She said, giving the whole dream of the morning away:

"We were so disappointed at missing the regatta, Mr. Brooks. Was there ever a more tormentingly tedious and tiresome apology for progress than travel by the Stop-and-Carry-One? Had it not been for the conversation of two Athenians in the car—one a photographer, with a swollen face, and the other a Dutch constable named Hans—we should have died of ennui."

We gathered from their talk the details of your adventure of the previous evening at Athens with that unappealing Mr. Potts. And I suffered from Mr. Potts in a less amusing way. There

was a copy of the Brickville 'Snooze' in the car, of this morning's issue, and Bessie insisted on reading for my delectation his fulsome nauseating paragraphs about ourselves. I am afraid Bessie's ideas of humor and mine do not agree. And then, on another page—

What another page of the 'Snooze' had disclosed I did not then learn. A shrill-voiced page of the Inn announced: "The Commodore and members of the Regatta Committee of the A. C. A., and ladies!" And Sunny Jim, with the radiant Bessie in tow, blew in from the balcony to greet his guests.

"Unavoidably detained, Carew, on the river!" explained the Commodore. "A titling tournament to the death was in progress and the 'Water Lily'—emblem of peace—intervened, and—"

"Mr. De Fuyster, of New York!" shrieked the crier of sentences at the door, and then we all went down to dine.

The Commodore, who was taking the blooming Bessie down, had entered into detail of the event which had detained the launch, when the whole procession came to a sudden stop on the broad stair.

"My dear Miss Moore!" said the Commodore. "It's a most extraordinary likeness! Most extraordinary!" The Commodore's wife, on Jimmy's arm, gave a little gasp and giggle; and the rest got the rubber habit quicker than an electric shock. Mamma tilted her classic chin as she adjusted her pince-nez; and Bessie's frank smile merged into a rippling laugh that broke the ice of propriety.

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H. H. FUDGER, President.
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SIMPSON

COMPANY, LIMITED

SATURDAY, OCT. 8TH, 1904.



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THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON. with William Gillette in the principal part, at the Princess this week, is the most important dramatic production of the present season, so far as the present season has run. As might have been expected, it has not been well patronized—it is a high-class and clever performance. Toronto is a place that appreciates good songs and "comic" opera. "The Admirable Crichton" is by far the most brilliant piece of dramatic work that Mr. J. M. Barrie has yet produced. It is not in the ordinary sense a drama, nor yet a comedy. It is precisely what its title calls it—"a four-act fantasy." Probability does not enter into it for a moment; possibility offers no opposition—stinging satire occupies the author's sole attention, and stinging satire he has produced with a lavishness that almost bewilders. There is scarcely a sentence that has not a stab or a cut in it, now directed at the aristocracy, now at the serving class. The play might readily have been called "Circumstances," for on circumstances the whole action depends, not only in the reproduction. Crichton is the real life of which it is a fanciful reproduction. Crichton is the butler of the Earl of Loam, a silly old man who thinks he believes in democratic principles. Like the Earl of Aberdeen, he deceives himself into believing that he does not believe in an aristocracy. Like Lord Aberdeen—and it is clear that Mr. Barrie knew Lord Aberdeen's peculiarities—he has all his servants come up to the drawing-room once a month to be waited upon and entertained by his daughters—very proud and disdainful young ladies. This occupies the first act, which closes with a most ridiculous scene, where the daughters fall asleep after their terrible efforts, and after Lord Loam has announced that he, his daughters and a select party shall set out on a yachting cruise within forty-eight hours. The next act shows the party wrecked on a desert island. Here it is ability, not birth, that counts—and here Crichton begins to feel the necessity of exercising authority, his right by natural endowment. One by one all the others are finally compelled to yield to his will. Here is where the character of Crichton shows up at its best, for here he has not yet tasted the sweets of power to an extent sufficient to permit to develop those absurd weaknesses with which he is endowed, and which are revealed in the first act. It is in the third act that he shows up in all his extravagant folly. Through the weakness of his companions he has become an autocrat. He lives in almost regal state, and no less self-respecting servants are to be found even in England than the nobly-born menials who content among themselves for the privilege of serving him. This is the part that some critics have called inconsistent with the rest of the play. To me it does not seem in the least inconsistent—nor will it to anyone, I believe, who takes into consideration Crichton's weakness of character to start with. He acts exactly as any man of his character and station would act under his changed circumstances. The third act closes with Crichton signaling a British ship to come to their rescue, when he knows that such rescue will make impossible his marrying Lord Loam's eldest daughter, Lady Mary, with whom he has just become engaged. The fourth act shows them all back in Lord Loam's house in London—with Crichton occupying his old position as butler. Lady Mary is about to be married to Lord Brocklehurst, an honorable young simpleton. She laughs now at her folly of ever dreaming for a moment of becoming Crichton's wife, and when the curtain drops on the last act Crichton has given notice of his intention of leaving Lord Loam's service and of setting out for a new country—presumably the United States. The play is one that has caused, and will continue to cause, controversy. From first to last it is a laugh at everything. It opens with a sneer and ends with a question mark and a smile of ridicule. The author makes no attempt to solve the riddle which he spins—and in this, despite the opinion of Hall Caine and the equally inartistic Miss Corelli, he is thoroughly artistic. The business of the artist is not to indulge in philosophy—it is to describe things as he sees them. I have been asked by a friend whether Lady Mary really loved Crichton, and if she did, how it was that she no longer was faithful when they returned home. The answer seems simple. Of course she loved him on the island, and the reason she no longer loved him when they came home was because the circumstances were changed. Love—in spite of what the sentimentalists tell us—depends altogether on circumstances for its existence. Remove the circumstances under which it flourishes and it has no basis on which to rest. The company is a competent one, but I don't think Mr. Gillette is particularly happy in the part of Crichton. He is too much the gentleman, too much the scholar, to make a good butler. The Yankee company gave the play, I should think, quite a different color from that which an English company would give it. But I, for one, was too much delighted by far to offer any very harsh criticism. The only thing I really objected to was the line which Mr. Barrie has put into Crichton's mouth at the very end of the play: "No," he says to Lady Mary, "not even from you will I hear a word against England." This is pure gallery guff and should be beneath the author's dignity.

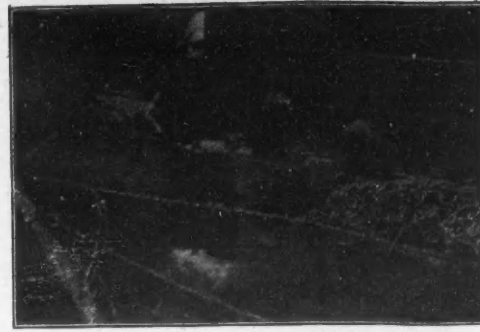
JAQUES.

At Shea's this week a good welcome was given Mr. Hilliard in that moving little drama entitled "Number 973." Most people know the plot, know that ex-convict Number 973 is discovered in the act of burglarizing a house by the master thereof, and how he is finally given another chance on account of his having risked his life in saving the little daughter of his captor. Mr. Hilliard's forceful acting and the good work of his assistants make the play a very affecting little performance. Mr. Lew Bloom, that uncommonly funny tramp, with his stories and songs, keeps the house laughing. Especially good is his song of the sea. There are



THE EFFECTS OF A MODERN BATTLE AT SEA.

Disastrous effect of an exploding shell on one of the "Askold's" great smokestacks.



Yawning aperture in the starboard side, where a twelve-inch shell passed through the "Askold," clearing the superstructure deck and carrying away the torpedo-net—glass port near the hole was not even cracked.

three newcomers here this week—Tenbrooke, Lambert and Tenbrooke. One of the trio gives a very artistic and finished performance on the violin and piano, showing great command over both instruments. Carter and Bluford have some effective songs and do some good dancing, but the great charm in their turn is the stage setting, which is particularly good. Frank Bush, the story-teller; Mme. Meloch and her trained birds; Ada Arnoldson, who calls herself "the Swedish Nightingale," a rather uneven contralto who sings with poor enunciation; Lucie and Viato, and a good kinetograph show complete the programme, which, on the whole, is not above the average.

The only attraction at the Princess Theater next week—the ever-popular English musical comedy, "A Chinese Honeymoon"—will surely be received by the theater-going and music-loving people of Toronto and vicinity with eminent satisfaction. This international comic opera has been a welcome guest here before, and in its coming this year it is heralded as one of the entertaining features of the season on the stage during the last four years a musical comedy containing more wit and humor, more bright and sparkling music and prettier costumes and scenery than the "Honeymoon." The company presenting this popular melange of humor and song is one of the very best in comic opera, and includes Marie Louise Gribbin, Lillian Reed, Frances Golden, James A. Kiernan, Fred Heck, Charles Prince and W. C. Brockmeyer, all of whom were connected with the original Casino production. The entire cast is made up of clever people and the opera from beginning to end, which includes many new and novel features, will be presented with careful regard to details. "A Chinese Honeymoon" comes for an engagement of three days, beginning Thursday, October 13, with matinee Saturday. Sale of seats the usual days in advance.

Mabel McKinley will head the bill at Shea's Theater next week. Mabel McKinley is the niece of the late William McKinley, who was President of the United States until he was assassinated in Buffalo. During his term of office she resided over the White House, which is the President's official residence. Last year the vaudeville managers by official request induced her to make a short tour at an enormous salary. So successful was this tour that another one was arranged for this season, and Toronto is one of the first cities in which she will appear. Miss McKinley does not depend upon her name for her success, as she has a voice that would be a big drawing card even if her name was Mary Smith. The advance sale is said to be the greatest of the season. Mr. Shea has surrounded Miss McKinley with a complete and well-selected vaudeville bill, and as an extra special attraction he has signed Hassan Ben Ali's Toozoonin Arabs, said to be the most wonderful tumbler and gymnast ever brought to America. This is their first trip to this country and the second week they have worked here. Then there will be Mary Hampton & Co., in a one-act comedy entitled "The Melodrama." Fulgora, the transfigurator, has an act all by himself in which he makes several lightning-like changes of costume and plays many different characters. Artie Hall, Herbert's dogs, Ford and Wilson, blackface comedians, and Alice Lindendoll, complete the bill.

H. A. DuSouchet, author of "My Friend From India" and "The Man From Mexico," has written a new farcical comedy entitled "Who Goes There?" Walter E. Perkins will appear here this season in the leading role. Funny little Perkins achieved great success in both the former plays, and it was on that account that DuSouchet wrote "Who Goes There?" for him. In those farces Perkins inspired humor by playing the roles of human beings in trouble. DuSouchet, knowing that it is human nature to laugh at other people's misfortunes, has written just such a part for Perkins to play in "Who Goes There?"



"UP IN THE COCONUT TREE."

Mr. Borden sings: "Tho' I am king of the coconut grove, I'm lonely;
Sweet little chimpanzee, I love you only.
Tho' you are only sweet sixteen,
I want you to be my hahoon queen.
If you'll agree, you can rule with me,
High up in the coconut tree."



Sporting Comment.

NOT many of us can afford to play polo, but any man who has sporting blood in his veins must enjoy the Indian game. At Sunlight Park last Saturday there was a first-rate turn-out of spectators who, many of them, saw the game for the first time. The ground is some twenty yards shorter than it should be, but otherwise it furnishes a splendid playing surface, all too soon to be ripped open by the spade and mattock of the builder. When the ground at the Hunt Club is completed, it will give a first-class field, but its distance from the city will deter many from making the long journey. Perhaps when the city shall have taken possession of the Garrison Common it will be able to give us a mile track at the Exhibition. Within the oval a first-class polo ground could be laid out. The Rochester and Buffalo players had all kinds of pleasant things to say of our players. The men from the American towns certainly had better ponies than the Toronto players, but the home team was better in stick handling. There was, of course, a certain advantage in playing on familiar grounds, but this does not count so much in polo as in other games.

My Australian correspondent writes: "The steamer which conveys this letter carries also to Vancouver the team of Rugby Union footballers, including representatives of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland, whose visit has been the great event of our season now drawing to a close. The team, which is especially strong in the back division, was uniformly successful in its engagements in Australia—i.e., in New South Wales and Queensland, the only two states in which the Rugby game prevails. The three test matches with Australia were won by scores of 17 points to 0, 17 to 3, and 16 to 0 respectively. Eleven other matches against the states, city teams and country districts were also won, and while the Australian forwards were usually efficient and sometimes did really excellent work, their backs were completely outclassed and outplayed. The series of five matches in New Zealand was less satisfactory to the visitors, who had their captain and another good man disabled, and suffered from two or three very rough sea passages, after one of which a couple of them had to be carried to their hotel. Of the five games, two were won, two lost, and the other a scoreless draw. New Zealand, on a very bad ground, and in wretched weather, defeated the visitors by 9 points to 3. The sturdy New Zealand forwards quite smothered the British backs, who were unable to bring off their brilliant combinations, but I feel sure that the British were completely out of form and must have suffered from their captain's absence. This was the more unfortunate, as last season the New Zealanders showed themselves decidedly superior to the players of Australia, and had they met the visitors in the latter's best form the match must have been highly interesting. Efforts were made to induce New Zealand to send a team to Sydney, or to contribute eight members to an Australasian team against Britain, but no such match could be arranged, and instead thereof the visitors last week played a third game with New South Wales. They won by 5 to 0, but were hard pressed for a good part of the game, and it was hard to believe that they were the same team which had previously shown to so much greater advantage. Seeing that New Zealand is so much stronger than Australia, it is a pity that three matches with 'Maoriland' were not made the important feature of the tour, but of course Australia was able to command sufficient gate money to justify the issue of the invitation, and we consequently enjoyed the cream of the play, while our neighbors only got a brief visit as an addition to the programme. The record shows that in Australia 265 points were scored by the team against 51 by their various opponents, while in New Zealand they netted 28 to 33. F. H. Buoh, the clever Welsh half-back, distinguished himself in every match and scored a wonderful number of points, many of them by field goals. D. Bedell-Sturwidge, the captain, was also conspicuous up to the time of his accident in Queensland, and indeed every member of the team acquitted himself well. As the Britishers are returning by way of Canada, I suppose they will play one or two games by the way. British Columbia was the only province that played the genuine Rugby Union game in my day; but if the tourists play at all in Eastern Canada I will venture to say that though they will be unable to show anything like their proper form, nobody, after seeing them, will call the real game a slow one. The truth is that the season in Eastern Canada is too ridiculously short for any genuine proficiency to be attained, and no amount of tinkering with the rules will ever overcome this obstacle. The open winter of the Pacific Coast gives British Columbia a chance, but I doubt whether at the present time she can show anything better than Vancouver's team of 1890, captained by the Scottish forward Malcolm. I am led to these reflections by the fact that Australian Rugby men, who have already tried their strength with South Africa, are talking about arranging a visit from Canada. Now, while the footballers of New Zealand and Britain have shown that Australians have much to learn, the lesson has been set before very apt pupils who, moreover, can play continuously from March to October with very little interference from the weather, whose forward play is already good, and whose organization for the development of the game is extensive and systematic. Should the invitation be issued, Canadians will do well to decline it unless the game in British Columbia has sufficiently advanced for course the whole team from that province. Eastern Canada would not have a look in with any of the Sydney clubs. New South Wales has beaten Queensland three times, winning the last two games by 10 points to 6, and 8 to 0. But one round remains to be played in the local Rugby competition, in which the University has an advantage of but one point over North Sydney, which has a similar lead over the next two clubs. The final round is scarcely likely to alter the lead of University, but there is at least a possibility that Saturday may not see the championship settled. At the Australian game Queensland has beaten New South Wales by 39 to 31. Football will soon be over, and baseball, too, practically ended last week, the local championship going to Paddington, for which club several leading cricketers play. Cricketers are now getting ready for work, and a few minor associations are finishing competitions left uncompleted last season. Next month club cricket will be in full swing. Australia needs bowling for next year's visit to England, and the New South Wales Association is arranging a series of matches to give country players a chance to prove their quality in good company."

Worldly Wisdom.

Look before you leap, but if you wish to leap into matrimony, don't look.
Perseverance is the virtue of the dull-witted; the clever man attains by the audacity of the attack.
In love it is the rapid, fascinating hare, and not the slow, honest tortoise, that wins the prize.
A house-party is a hot-bed for the devil's choicest variety of fruits—peaches, sour grapes and dates.

THE WISACRE.

Their Achievements.

The middle-aged man who resided in the tall white house with the green blinds simply sat and looked and looked and looked at the middle-aged wife of his bosom, and she sat and looked and looked and looked at him. Neither said a word. She had painstakingly planted his liver-pills, and he in turn had taken her sweet peas.
There really wasn't anything to say.

Anticipation.

It is one hundred years to-day since Professor Loeb announced to the Scientific Congress assembled at the World's Fair held at St. Louis in 1904 that he had succeeded in creating life by artificial means. Think of it—only one hundred years! Who, living at the time when the announcement was made, could have looked forward and seen the results of the discovery as revealed in our social conditions of to-day? Surely no one! In looking over the newspapers of Professor Loeb's time, I am astonished to see the surprise, criticism and ridicule that his announcement aroused amongst his contemporaries. Few seemed to regard the discovery as a fact, and all the jokesmiths hammered out jests in reference to the artificial oyster trust that they affected to believe would be a commercial development of the near future.

How stupid the opposition! How flat the witticisms! In the light of modern knowledge, how thick-headedly incredulous even the more intelligent of our ancestors appear! The probability of artificial oysters being produced a subject for jest, forsooth! What would the man who made the first joke on the subject think could he but visit the municipal incubators of Toronto to-day and see the manner in which the species is being reproduced—a species free from the dread of hereditary ills that human flesh formerly was heir to? I should like to have had that man with me when I visited the incubators the other day. My means have reached a state when, under the law, I am compelled to undertake the upbringing of another child. I called up the chemist in charge of the incubators and put in my order, and then, thinking it just as well to see that nothing but the best of material was used in the manufacture—for, as everyone knows, there have been a number of complaints lately concerning the inferior lot of salt that the authorities imported from England some time ago—I took a stroll down to the laboratories myself.

It is an extremely interesting department where the citizens of this great city are manufactured. Anyone going through will be well repaid for his trouble. I found Doctor Makum, a most courteous and obliging official, ever ready to take unlimited trouble to make clear to the visitor any point in the work which he superintends.



"Pointing to a row of infants' heads."

Though I have lived in Toronto something over forty years—exactly how long over forty I refuse to state—I am almost ashamed to confess that I had never before been through the works. I at once displayed my ignorance of modern practical science by pointing to a row of infants' heads and asking the Doctor what had happened to their owners, that they were so dismembered. Though the Doctor is composed of the most polite ingredients—the material from which he was made was carefully selected by his wealthy foster-parents in France—he was forced to smile gently as he explained that the heads were all right, that they merely were some left-overs which were awaiting bodies not yet ordered, and which would be made up in any size to fit the taste of future customers. The heads, it is scarcely necessary to mention, are regarded as by far the most important part of the animal. It is therefore customary to have a number of them made up and kept in stock, as the work of turning them out cannot be hurried and at the same time be guaranteed to prove satisfactory. It is customary to make journalists and lawyers of those who are so made and declined for not being up to specifications.

The materials employed in the manufacture of humans are, of course, not known outside the civic laboratories, though most of us know the more common chemicals employed. Salt is understood to be the chief ingredient, and it is to the weak nature of the last lot of this staple that the



"The place was simply packed with babies."

objectionable freshness of many of the youngsters in the streets to-day is to be blamed. I warned the Doctor against continuing the use of an inferior article, and he assured me that as soon as they heard the first complaints they had at once increased the strength of the saline solution.

After selecting a likely-looking head from the row on the shelf, I signed the order book for the infant—carefully filling in the blanks for the dimensions of the body—and then the Doctor kindly conducted me through the factory and incubators. What an instructive place! Bottles, vats, bake-ovens and warm-air chambers everywhere! And the humans in the making! I had no idea of what complex pieces of machinery we are till I had completed the round of inspection. One room is set apart entirely for the manufacture of arms; another for legs; a third for the trunks, or cases, as the Doctor called them; a fourth for the internal organs, and a fifth for the assembling of all the parts. When the child has passed through the fifth room it is ready for the final stage—the incubator. And this is by far the most interesting department of the whole establishment. The place was simply packed with babies—babies of all colors, sizes and shapes, made to order according to the likes or whims of their foster-parents-to-be. For the most part they were in glass cases kept at a proper temperature, but some of them had reached the stage where they were permitted to leave the shell, as it were, and to hop and roll about their compartments with comparative freedom. There are roosts, or perches, and trapezes everywhere, and on these the youngsters perch and swing and "go" their time away. In the corners of each compartment clock-work taps are placed, and from these the "patients" are fed automatically. I tell you, things are changed since I left the incubator. Then the work of reproduction was in its infancy. Loeb himself was still alive, and he had to be called in every little while to straighten out some tangle which a primitive plant had produced. Now everything works smoothly, systematically, neatly and swiftly. There are no annoyances, no discomforts. I wonder if the next generation will appreciate the advantages which they enjoy by being produced and raised by such a splendid system? Unquestionably they should be thankful and prove even more perfect men than their predecessors.

JAQUES.

Invariably the Case.

Where poison ivy spreads its noxious leaves
And mosses are found in hissing sheaves,
Where dread malarial mosquitoes bite
And other weaponed insects vent their spite,
When my vacation takes me far from home,
Such seems the prettiest spot in which to roam.



The famous stolen cope that the Holy Fathers of Ascoli are trying to get back from Pierpont Morgan.—From a photo taken in Ascoli before the theft, and comparison of which with another photo helped to trace one of the alleged thieves.

The Tragedy of the Stolen Cope.

NOT long ago England and the United States were much interested in the marvelously beautiful antique cope which was to be seen in Pierpont Morgan's art collection, exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, in London.

Now I propose to relate the tragedy which followed the theft and public exhibition of that cope. No sooner was the precious relic seen in London than it was recognized as the one stolen two years ago from the Cathedral of Ascoli, Italy. The cope is priceless. It originally belonged to Pope Nicholas III, and was presented by Nicholas IV, to the cathedral. Dante, speaking of the former in the "Inferno," says, "Sappi ch'io fui vestito del gran manto."

The Italian police were at once roused by the news from England, and, following little clues, fastened their suspicions on two persons—Father Raffaele Castelli, who, at the time of the stealing, belonged to the cathedral at Ascoli, and Enrico Rocchigiani, a photographer of Volterra. The priest was accused because he seemed to have been acquiring property which the police thought he should be too poor to pay for. The Castelli family are exceptionally united and consist of a married sister, Don Raffaele, and a younger brother. One evening recently they were all tranquilly sitting, enjoying the evening air, when suddenly the tramp, tramp of an armed squad was heard in the road. Don Raffaele turned to his sister, laughing, and said, "If one had something on his conscience how that sound would make his heart beat," and he had no sooner finished speaking than eight carabinieri, with an officer, came out of the gloom and stopped at the gate. They came silently up to the group and surrounded the young priest.

"You are wanted," they said; "come quietly and we will not make a scandal."

"But why? Of what am I accused?"

"Of knowing more than you ought about the cope."

The scene that followed was uncommonly painful. To be even accused of crime is considered a mortal disgrace by the Castelli family. At last the carabinieri and the young priest himself, cut the scene short as the only thing to do, and the dungeon door closed for the first time on a Castelli. As Don Raffaele left he said, "I am innocent; never believe anything else, and I will live to prove it. Keep up heart and believe in me." The sister, in a delicate condition, fell into convulsions and the baby she expected with so much happiness never breathed.

Father Raffaele at first abandoned himself to despair in his prison cell, but his religion soon came to his aid, and, in the morning, he was calmer. Some days later he was released "for want of sufficient evidence," but he is changed past recognition. An old man at 28, he feels himself under a ban and his only desire is to go among strangers who do not know his story.

Enrico Rocchigiani, the photographer, had also, like Father Castelli, been showing too much money. Until not long ago he could scarcely make a living, when, suddenly, as it seemed, he had plenty of means and talked of marrying. Being enterprising, he brought out a post-card of the stolen cope and gained considerably by it. One fell into the hands of the police, and a bright officer at once exclaimed: "But how is that? The cope had only been photographed once before it disappeared, and this is not a reproduction of that picture, so the cope must have been photographed after it was stolen!"

That night there was joy in police quarters, while Rocchigiani, unsuspecting, planned his future with his fiancée. The next evening also found him engaged in the same pleasant occupation, which was so engrossing that they did not hear a ring at the front-door bell. The courtship was suddenly interrupted by a gruff voice saying, "I arrest you in the name of the law." Enrico jumped as though shot, and the police, thinking he was trying to escape, seized him, whereupon a struggle ensued, while his fiancée fainted.

Signorina Bianca Mascagni, to whom Rocchigiani was engaged, seems to have been a poor-spirited creature and was easily game for the authorities. "Where did Enrico so suddenly get his money?" "Did he steal the cope?" "Who were his accomplices?" "Where is Enrico's money?" were the questions rained down on her until she was reduced to a jelly with fright. "Don't arrest me; don't arrest me!" she whimpered. "I know nothing!" was her continual cry until, hard-pressed, she confessed that her lover had given her \$3,000, which was in the bank, a fact that the police had never suspected.

The triumphant authorities ran to the jail and, bursting into Rocchigiani's cell, cried, "We have you now; how about the \$3,000 you handed over to Signorina Mascagni?" With a gesture of despair, Rocchigiani hid his face in his hands, refusing to answer any questions.

The next morning when the guard opened the door of the photographer's cell he stumbled against a heavy object which swung out as he touched it. The stark form of Rocchigiani, clad only in his night clothes, hung from a hook over the door, with his sheet as a rope. In his convulsively closed fingers was a slip of paper on which he had laboriously written with a burnt match, "I am innocent. Search for the guilty, and when you find them you will not touch them; they are too high. I die because a woman has betrayed me."

Thus ends the first chapter. Will the second tell of Pierpont Morgan's return of the cope to the Holy Fathers of Ascoli?

ISABELLA COCHRANE.

A Novel Way of Fishing.

JULIAN BURROUGHS, a son of the famous John Burroughs, has written as follows to his father from Jamaica:

After spending even so short a time as one month in the tropics, one can readily understand the possibility of such a strange—to us—performance as that Mr. Charles Kellogg and I witnessed one night in Kingston harbor. We were idly lounging about the wharf of the United Fruit Company, waiting for the 'Admiral Sampson' to take us back to Philadelphia, our cameras, with every plate already exposed, having been stored away with our baggage. Otherwise we might have gotten some kind of a picture, even in the failing light, of the strange scene before us. Two negro fishermen had put out their net, as the great circle of buoys or floats indicated, and had stationed themselves at one side with their boat. All would be quiet for a few moments until suddenly with a great shouting, which was taken up by a crowd of coolies on shore, the two negroes would rap loudly with their paddles on the side of the boat. Instantly mullets would flash out of the green water, trying to jump over the boat into the water beyond both boat and net. They jumped out of the water six feet or so from the boat, and would surely have cleared everything had it not been for a net which was hung on poles like a fence, and which invariably threw the mullets back into the bottom of the boat. This was repeated over and over until the catch numbered dozens, from two to six or seven being caught each time the pounding and shouting was resorted to. Certainly nothing could be more characteristic of the tropics than such a performance, yet our friends at home have always called it a fish story. The mullets are a silver fish, about the size of herring, except that they are rounder, being in shape like our chubs. They are great jumpers. When we drew a seine for alligators in the Salt Ponds at Port Henderson the mullets jumped all over the net, in and out, just for the fun of it apparently. Great numbers of them are caught with dynamite by simply grinning it and throwing it into the water, when the silly mullets at once dart up and swim around and around until the dynamite explodes and kills them all. At Port Henderson I threw stones from the dock when in the clear water I could see the mullets appear as if by magic, darting about the stone in a whirling circle. How such habit originated it is hard to imagine.

The Right Hon. James Bryce.

HAD the good fortune to hear the Right Honorable James Bryce, M.P., address the Canadian Club on Monday evening last on what he called "Things in General." As a matter of fact, his attention was almost entirely devoted to the present and future relations of Canada and the Mother Country.

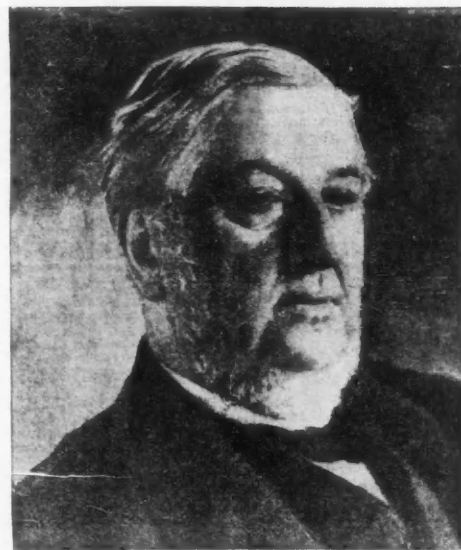
Mr. Bryce is not what is commonly called an orator—that is to say, he is not mentally or temperamentally equipped for the launching of a flood of rhetorical guff upon a defenceless audience. But he is a speaker in the best sense of the word. His presence is not imposing—he is rather a little man—but his face and manner, when once sized up, command attention and respect. His voice is not noticeably musical—indeed, there is a hissing sound given to words ending in "t" that suggests the Highland Scotchman—but it is sharp, clear and strong, and carries well. His head is not strikingly large, but it is peculiarly well shaped. His face, covered as it is by a bristling grey moustache and beard trimmed to a rounded point, bears a stronger resemblance to the well-known pictures of "Captain Kettle" than does any other face that I have seen in real life. His manner is that of an unusually intelligent professor—certainly not of the politician. Whether one agreed with his views or not, no sprang from honest conviction and not from partisan prejudice.

Since Mr. Chamberlain set out on his campaign for an Imperial preferential tariff, it has been the custom in this country, I think, to regard Mr. Chamberlain and his party as the only responsible persons in England who really desire a strengthening of the bonds of empire. It must have occasioned a great deal of surprise, then, among his audience when Mr. Bryce, without the slightest qualification, made the claim that the Liberal party, no less than the Conservative or Chamberlain parties, cherished no dearer hope than that as time goes on the colonies and the Mother Land will be drawn closer and closer together, and that Canada will yet have a voice in the affairs of the Empire. But the speaker refrained from indicating how those of his political faith proposed to make this hope a reality. On this point only might Mr. Bryce be accused of being intentionally obscure.

One of the most interesting parts of the address was that which explained the British Liberal party's objections to a preferential tariff arrangement. Mr. Bryce and his colleagues claim that Great Britain should never enter into any agreement whereby she would be debarred from making any changes in her fiscal policy as the necessity for such changes chance to arise. If, for instance, she should become involved in a costly war, it might be necessary to impose a tax on articles which she would be forbidden, by the preferential tariff agreement, to tax. This, Mr. Bryce claims, would be an intolerable situation and one calculated to produce strained relations between the Mother Country and the colonies. The point seemed to impress the audience. Even in presenting this objection to the proposed arrangement in favor of the colonies—which he evidently thought would be unfavorably received by his audience—Mr. Bryce displayed a fairness and a frankness quite unknown to the politician, a fairness and frankness that could only have come from the carefully trained and experienced scholar, to whom the logic and philosophy of a question are all-important.

It is a good thing to have these distinguished Britons come out here and give us the benefit of their experience and ideas. It cannot help but broaden the outlook and increase the knowledge of those who hear them. What the people of this country need is a more cosmopolitan way of looking at things—and, next to travel, the conversation of the citizen of the world is the greatest assistant in acquiring it.

JAQUES.



The late Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the famous British statesman, who died very suddenly on Saturday last.

Before and After Vacation.

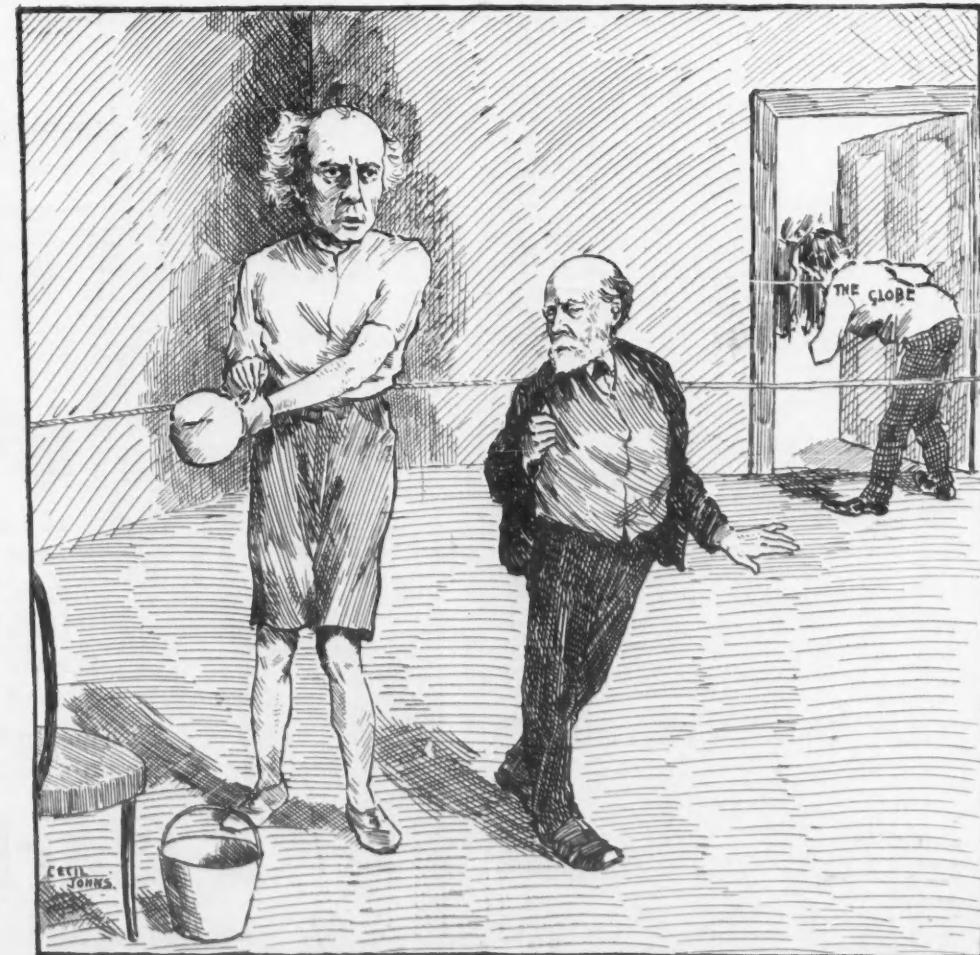
MRS. SAWYER to her mamma: "Dear Mamma—We go to the country to-morrow for six long, delightful weeks of perfect rest and quiet. Horace has found the most charming place, a dear old farm right on the bank of a beautiful river, with green fields and grand old woods all around it. Won't it be splendid for the children? I intend keeping them out of doors every minute I can, and they'll come home so brown and healthy you won't know them when you come to see us in the fall. We expect to have a perfectly lovely time. I'll write again when we get there."

The same to the same:

"Dear Mamma—We came home Saturday, and you don't know how glad we are to be here again! Horace will know it when he gets me to the country again. There we were cooped up in two stuffy little rooms with one closet about as big as a soap-box. I wrote you before about the dreadful water they had because the well was within ten feet of the barn, and about our dear little Horace getting so dreadfully poisoned with ivy before we had been there three days. I haven't dared to tell you before, but Maudie and Bruce came near being drowned in that dreadful river. They were playing in a leaky old boat when it upset, and if Horace had not chanced to be right at hand they would have been drowned. Then they were lost in the woods for five dreadful hours, and little Bruce got pitched over a fence by a hooky cow. All of the children got into a hornet's nest one day, and they were stung all over. Harold fell from the hay-loft and knocked out two of his front teeth, and Horace had to gallop six miles for a doctor, for we feared the child was injured internally. Horace was taken with malarial fever, and it is lucky it didn't end in typhoid. We found out just as we were leaving that there was a foot of water in the cellar, and that the walls were covered with a green slime.

"And mosquitoes! I never saw anything like it. We had to fight them night and day. Claude fell into an old well, and it is a mercy he wasn't killed. We had feather beds to sleep on, and apple pie for dessert every day we were there. The farmer had a big yellow dog that barked and howled all night, and four or five old roosters that began to crow at about two o'clock every morning and kept it up until six. And the hen-house was right under our windows. There seemed to be a thousand crickets in our room, and it made me so nervous to hear the rats scampering about between the walls and overhead that I couldn't sleep for a minute. We stayed one week and came home. I'll write again when I get rested."

MORRIS WADE.



STRONG BACKING.

Mr. Ross—Now, don't have the least fear, Sir Wilfrid—I'll see you through.

Canada for the Canadians.

But **Humyadi Janos**For **CONSTIPATION**

because it is the best Natural Laxative Mineral Water. Its fame for more than a quarter of a century rests on the solid foundation of merit. Leading physicians in Europe and Ontario to Western British Columbia recommend it daily. Half a tumbler taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Anecdotal.

That there are conscientious janitors is proved by the case of one who works at Johns Hopkins University. He was unfortunate enough to receive a counterfeit five-dollar bill, the worthlessness of which he discovered when presenting it to the secretary. He was cast down over the discovery, but said that he remembered the man who had handed it to him, and would watch for him. Some time later the secretary asked him if he had yet seen the man who had handed him the bill. "Ach," said the janitor, "dot man vot gif me dot bill he dit not come around aretly. But vot is de difference? Some days I see, I think de bill was good and some days I think it was bad; so I wait for one of dem days ven I tink de bill was good and I pass him out."

Lord Roberts once found himself in the center of new friends in a London club. There was a very tall gentleman present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense. On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship, and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but—" shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you." To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

It is not often that the stage aspirant manages to reach the office of Wolsey Hawkes, who is the right-hand man of that Napoleon of theatrical managers, Charles Frohman. Of course it was a woman who did the trick the other day. She apparently created a fair impression, for the generally busy Mr. Hawkes asked her: "Are you married or unmarried?" as he prepared to book her application. "Unmarried," she replied, "I was the reply that startled the placid manager."

A Scotch gamekeeper, a great light in one of the kirks, was asked the difference between the Free and the United Free churches. "Give me the actual difference in a simple form," the inquirer requested, after a long lecture from the gamekeeper. "Well, sir," said John, "if you want it plainly, it is this: we'll all be saved and they'll all be damned."

Francis Wilson, the comedian, was in New York rehearsing a musical piece one hot day this summer. Everyone in the company was tired from their work and the heat, and things were not running smoothly.

As is generally known, Mr. Wilson's voice compels him to almost speak his songs. The chief musical number of the piece had been sung several times when the musical director, who was leading, called for a repetition.

The company started it again, and had sung only a bar or two when the director stopped them, and tapping his baton angrily on the footlight guard, said: "Come, come, Mr. Wilson! You are just murdering the time."

"Well," replied the actor, "it's better to murder it at once than to be continually beating it as you do."

Everybody had a laugh, and then the song was rendered again, this time without any comment from the orchestra.

King Leopold of Belgium, who has been at Biarritz, taking a vacation from the worries of kingship in general and Congoland troubles in particular, was the central figure in an amusing incident which set that fashionable French watering-place laughing.

The democratic monarch bathed there, as did every other man, privately and unostentatiously. One morning as he came out of the water he chanced to collide with a portly man who evidently did not know a king in a bathing-suit.

"What do you mean, sir?" he snorted savagely. "Be more careful. I would have you to be a member of the Paris City Council."

"Then I offer a thousand apologies," replied Leopold at once. "I am only the King of the Belgians."

Some time ago Dr. Gott, now Bishop of Truro, was traveling on the Underground Railway in London. One of his fellow-passengers was a religious man of the aggressive type, always anxious for the souls of others, but wearing nothing in the way of a white tie to make known the fact to the world at large. Quoth the enthusiast: "Where are you going to?" Dr. Gott, with his gentle manner, answered: "To Victoria."

"To which city?" asked the enthusiast. "I'm going to heaven." "So, I hope, am I," said the future bishop; "but I'm going via Victoria."

A story whose origin is attributed to Oliver Herford relates that a friend, entering the Players' Club one evening, saw the humorist surrounded by the group of admirers who usually gathered about him to enjoy his talk. "Ah, Oliver," remarked the friend, "surrounded by your coterie, as usual?" "Yes," rejoined Mr. Herford, "likewise by my panterle and my vesterle."

"The Book Shop."

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In purchasing our stock of literature we carefully study the tastes of our patrons. We read every book put upon our shelves. We therefore have no hesitation in saying that we have the best and most carefully selected stock of popular literature in Canada. Your orders by mail or in person shall have our best attention.

WM. TYRRELL & CO.
8 King Street West, Toronto

New premises 7 and 9 King Street East in a few days.

A Century of Clippings.

Sporting Intelligence.

Mrs. Thornton against Mr. Flint.

500gs. each, p.p. 1,000gs. bye.—Four miles.

York races, which had once acquired the character of the first in the kingdom for sport and company, had evidently declined for some years past in both those attractions. This year, however, they have recovered their superiority, and no former year, even when the Marquis Rockingham attended the course, had the best horses of the kingdom appeared on it, was more distinguished than the present. The famous match won by Bay Malton, so renowned in the Annals of the Turf, and the astonishing exertions of Eclipse, the most extraordinary racer that ever appeared, did not attract a fifth part of the people whose exertions led them to witness a match in which Mrs. Thornton had undertaken to ride. Knavesmire is said, on this occasion, to have contained 100,000 people. York and the surrounding country, were almost emptied of their inhabitants; and the throng was so great that besides a considerable number of supernumerary attendants employed to keep the course clear, a party of the 6th Light Dragoons were on the ground to assist in that necessary object.

About four o'clock Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, and in high spirits; her horse was led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Borton. Mr. Flint did not delay his appearance and they started a little after four o'clock. The fair equestrian took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a very capital style. Her horse, however, appeared to be somewhat shorter of the two; and, at the beginning of the last mile, Mr. Flint got the lead and kept it. Mrs. Thornton now made every possible exertion, but perceiving that she must inevitably lose, she drew up in a very scientific manner, within about two distances.

At the commencement of the race bet were 5 and 6 to 4 on the lady, and in running the first three miles 7 to 4, and even 2 to 1 in her favor. Some of the most experienced sportsmen on the stand were of opinion that she must win, but in the course of the last mile the odds turned in favor of Mr. Flint.

Mrs. Thornton, according to the opinion of the best judges, rode in a very superior style. Her dress was a leopard-colored body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and a blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

Knavesmire never witnessed a more glorious scene. The oldest amateurs of the turf, who were present, acknowledged that Mrs. Thornton displayed a style of horsemanship, if we may be allowed the expression, of a close-seated riding, that was at least equal, if not superior, to anything they had seen from Chiffney, Buckle, Shepherd, or Collins, and that of a great many.

Not less than £200,000 were supposed to be pending on this extraordinary match.

The "Times," Aug. 28, 1894.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A new musical after-piece, entitled "The Gay Deceivers," was last night produced for the first time at this theatre. The foundation of this farce with songs, as it is modestly termed by the author, is acknowledged to have been furnished by "Les Evenements Imprevus," an opera produced on the French stage some years ago. It is claimed by a gentleman of the name of Arthur Griffin, who is the offspring of his muse, but the veritable author is strongly suspected to be George Colman the younger. We shall not enquire why a gentleman of high poetic reputation should resort to more than one instance to this species of literary imposture, or why he should decline to acknowledge compositions that would confer celebrity on the most successful of his dramatic rivals.

He did not fare better last night for playing the incognito. Had he come forward with all the strength of his well-merited reputation, we are persuaded he would have found an advantage in it, and escaped the disrespect which was offered to his piece towards the conclusion.

"The Gay Deceivers" is not deficient in those witty allusions and happy equivoques which are to be found in most of Mr. Colman's dramatic efforts. Some of the characters are of the original, but they have been all drawn with a view to the particular talents of the performers by whom they were represented. Bannister and Andrews were extremely comic in their different characters, and the equivoque scene between Nehemiah Flam and Jenny Stumps convulsed the audience with laughter.

The piece was received with perfect approbation until the very last scene, when the most violent opposition was commenced against it, no man knew why or wherefore. We think the author was not fairly dealt with. "The Gay Deceivers" does not yield in easy and natural humor to any of his dramatic effusions, and we are much deceived if this opinion be not confirmed by unprejudiced audiences.

The music, which is partly selected and partly original, has been composed and adapted by Mr. Kelly. The overture contains one light but very interesting movement, and the music is distinguished by the taste and delicacy of the composition.

Mr. Elliott announced it for a second representation, but not without considerable opposition on the part of the determined few who first excited the clamor against it. He addressed the audience nearly in the following words:

"Ladies and Gentlemen—

"I have never failed being heard by this audience. My friends, for my author, which will terminate only with my life, induces me to say that it is not his wish to obtrude anything on you. This piece has been got up in a considerable hurry and I must say that justice has not been done to the author this night. There are persons sufficient in the house who call for a second time, and therefore I think it my duty to announce it for future performance."

The "Times," Aug. 23, 1894.



USHING through the country,

brave in gold and green and red of autumn, long we had met once more the fascination of the country road.

You know how it winds away through the ribbon from the spacious, modically lively station plot; now and then there may be some one vanishing with it, in a country "buggy" and a cloud of dust, but usually such human life may be on tap in the country station remains on the platform to indulge in the proverbially unlucky pastime of watching the train out of sight. The country road, like the way of the transgressors, may lead to very unpleasant places, but equally it may be full of loveliness of flowers and shrubs, green with the suburban tint no hose and moving machine ever gives to city grass plots. There are just now orchards to read and pumpkins to abstract from the fruitful lands beside the country road, but it's not what we know about it that attracts me, rather its sweet life mysterious and unexplored round the convenient corner, leaving one wishing, guessing, wondering, longing, as the train sweeps one relentlessly along. The path of dalliance seems to lurk in that country road, and the stern impulse of duty may be personified by the flying train; we naturally sigh at the suggested temptation, even though we have no intention of yielding.

To-day I have actually gotten up before six o'clock, and my clock sounds the beginning of another week's work. The golden sun is filtering between apple branches ruddy with luscious fruit, touching garlands of glowing Virginia creeper festooning the balcony, and trailing voluptuously over the low roof of an old-fashioned house, in the air; on the long blades of grass gleam tiny rows of diamonds, damp kisses of the night; a faint breeze awakes a peevish, though loaded with belated fruit, hanging in a shady corner, and growing old and acid for lack of the sun's sweet touch. About four o'clock Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, and in high spirits; her horse was led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Borton. Mr. Flint did not delay his appearance and they started a little after four o'clock. The fair equestrian took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a very capital style. Her horse, however, appeared to be somewhat shorter of the two; and, at the beginning of the last mile, Mr. Flint got the lead and kept it. Mrs. Thornton now made every possible exertion, but perceiving that she must inevitably lose, she drew up in a very scientific manner, within about two distances.

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ago, a guest came unbidden, but hospitably welcomed, to my childhood home. A certain person saw him, and said tersely, "Cod-eyes!" When the cod who was decapitated by my unskilful knife slipped from my fingers, his head turned up and one glassy eye gleamed at me. I dropped the knife very suddenly, hearing after all these years that scornful remark of the certain person, and knowing she had exactly met the situation. If I were a believer in transmigration I should certainly fancy that unlabeled person had his revenge after long waiting, shouldn't you?

LADY GAY.

Why She Changed Her Mind.

"WILLIAM," she said, "I need a tailor-made gown."

He said never a word, but he did a lot of thinking, and he knew

that tailor-made gowns are expensive, and that when a woman once acquires the tailor-made habit it is difficult to break her of it.

"William," she said, "I must have a tailor-made gown."

He sighed. When a man's wife says "must" there isn't anything for a man to do but to obey, unless he is able to think up some entirely novel and effective scheme. Argument is just a little worse than useless.

"William," she said, "I intend to have a tailor-made gown."

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Handsome Mink Sets \$49.50.

A Set consists of a handsome scarf and large "Empire" muff. The scarf may be 66 and up to 74 inches long, made with broad stole ends—ends finished with 8 mink tails. At the neck are 2 heads and 4 tails or two handsome silk ornaments. The mink skins all through are strictly prime No. 1 quality rich, dark, natural shade. A set easily worth \$62.50, special

\$49.50.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited, 103 King St. East, Toronto.



An Experience.

HERE is a man ahead of me. I am tired this afternoon, and slightly irritable.

I am anxious to get home where I can rest.

I wonder if I know the man ahead of me?

Yes, his name is Jones. Jones is a story-teller and recounter of reminiscences. It wouldn't do to catch up with him.

I never realized before that Jones was such a slow walker. My house is four squares down the street and his is five.

I must go slower. Now we are going along about even. I like Jones, but it would be a strain to meet him just now. I would have to gather myself for a mental effort. I would have to slap him on the back and ask him things I don't care a hang about. Then Jones might begin one of his stories.

Hello! I'm gaining on him again. What is the devil's name makes him go so slow? Perhaps he hears me coming. Maybe he's laying for me.

I never knew before how hard it is to slow down from my accustomed walk. Well, I'll keep it up. I'll get within a reasonable distance of Jones, and then stop short and wait. It's easier to do.

But suppose he should hear me coming? He would naturally turn around and wait for me. Better stop now and give Jones a chance to get away.

I'll be hanged if I can stop. I'm too nervous to stop. I'd like to build a fire under Jones.

I'll be up to him in a minute, curse him. No, I won't. I'll loiter, I'll dawdle.

Jones, I'll get even with you for this— for keeping me away from all the comforts of my own home just when I need it most.

There! Gaining on him again. Whew! This is warm work. But I must stop. I will stop. I'll—

"Hello, Jones, old man! Didn't you see me coming? Why in thunder didn't you wait for a fellow?"—"Life."

Nine Million Acres

Government Lands for Homesteaders

In Western Nebraska, near the Union Pacific Railroad, in section lots of 640 acres each, for almost nothing. The salubrity of these lands is something remarkable. Distance from railroad is three to thirty miles. There will be a grand rush of homesteaders. This is the last distribution of free homes the United States Government will ever make in Nebraska. Write for pamphlet telling how the lands can be acquired, when entry should be made, and other information. Free on application to any Union Pacific agent.

"That cheque you gave me is no good."

"All right; I'll give you another."

For Rainy Day Wear

GRAVENELLE has replaced all other fabrics. Kain Coats, Walking Skirts, and even Tailor made Suits are now made of "Cravenette" in preference to any other materials. "Cravenette" is permanently waterproof—light as the best wools. Colors are fadeless and cannot be spotted by rain.

Cravenette

comes in all the newest shades and fancy mixtures—and is identical with the finest grades of dress goods.

Every yard of the genuine bears the "Cravenette" trade mark.

Sold by the yard and in ready-to-wear garments by leading dry goods stores.

Literary Comment.

SIR Gilbert Parker's new novel, "A Ladder of Swords," has a subtitle "Tale of Love, Laughter and Tears." One can not but admire Sir Gilbert's enthusiastic appreciation of his own work. His keen analysis of his story is also highly commendable. No one with a less brilliant mind than the author could discover either laughter or tears in the story itself, much as they might be amused or grieved at the unsuccessful efforts of the narrator to dash off a story while waiting for a division to take place in the House of Commons. From first to last the story is the work of a man who either had no interest in what he was writing or was too self-satisfied to think for a moment that the public could refrain from being delighted with the opportunity of reading the production of so distinguished a person, whether the work itself was good or bad.

It is the romance of two Huguenot lovers in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The plot is a good old commonplace plot that might have been made into an interesting yarn if proper attention had been given to it. This is evident from the number of tolerable successes that have been made out of the same material. Some years before the story opens Michel de la Foret had become an officer in the service of Comte Gabriel de Montgomery, and fought for him until the Comte gave up hope and requested his lieutenant to convey Madame de Montgomery in safety to England, where the protection of the Protestant Elizabeth would shield her from the vengeance of the savage Catherine de Medici. While crossing the channel the refugees are stopped by an English frigate, and the English captain forces Michel to return to France, though he consents to permit Madame de Montgomery to land on the island of Jersey. Michel, in the meantime, has received a letter from his sweetheart, who is living as a fugitive in Jersey, in which she prays that he will give up the hopeless struggle in France and come to her. After what are supposed to be many misfortunes and after overcoming what the reader is asked to regard as terrible difficulties, he comes.

It is unfortunate that the author should have attempted to describe Michel's fight against the storm in the

reader never has occasion to worry very much over the faithful pair, for the wires that work the puppets are always visible. Poor old Leicester is once more dragged in as the scheming, handsome, and passionate villain—but he is foiled, foiled at last, and sent into seclusion in disgrace. Angele saves the Queen's life, Michel wins everything in a tourney, through a whim of Elizabeth's he becomes a preacher, the happy couple marry and—but no, they do not live happily ever afterward, for the plague comes along a few years later and carries Angele and her young son off—and Michel falls on the field of battle. This is the point in the story where the reader is supposed to weep, but he would be a sentimentalist indeed who could work himself up to the point of tear-shedding over the wooden creatures that the author has put forth as hero and heroine of this novel.

The book is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

In the preface to his book, "The Mystic Spring and other Tales of Western Life," Mr. D. W. Higgins says: "During the half-century that I was in active life I made copious notes of events as they transpired. I carefully studied the peculiarities of speech, the habits and mode of life, and the frailties as well as the virtues of the early gold-seekers on the Pacific coast, and now venture to lay some of the most startling incidents that came to my knowledge before the reading public for their information and verdict."

In his long and varied experience Mr. Higgins has undoubtedly come across some remarkable incidents and has done well to put them in book form. He does not attempt to analyze his characters, but simply tells his facts in a very entertaining way. And yet most of his stories show that he has observed and studied human nature, not through black and not through rose-colored glasses, but simply and naturally. There are twenty-three titles to the stories in his book, but there are many hundreds of incidents strung up in that twenty-three. One of his best stories, "A Fugitive from Justice," in which he tells of his assistance to a family of three and their ingratitude when he meets them after



Sir Gilbert Parker and the King at Marjienbad.

channel while making his way to Jersey. Victor Hugo did something with a storm in the channel a good many years ago and the scenes in "The Man Who Laughs" and "The Toilers of the Sea" have not been quite forgotten yet. A smile of pity will come to the lips of those who remember Hugo and read Sir Gilbert Parker's description of a small boat fighting against annihilation in a stormy sea. Here is the strongest part of it:

"This was the critical instant. A heavy sea was running, the gale was blowing hard from the northeast, and under the close-hauled sail the 'Belle Suzanne' was lying over dangerously. But the tide, too, was running hard from the south, fighting the wind, and at the moment when all seemed terribly uncertain swept them past the opening and into the swift-running channel, where the in-draught sucked them through to the more open water beyond."

"Although the 'Belle Suzanne' was in more open water now, the danger was not over. Ahead lay a treacherous sea, around them roaring winds, and the perilous coast of Jersey beyond all."

"Do you think we shall land?"

quietly asked de la Foret, nodding toward the Jersey coast.

"As many chances against it as for it," M'sieu, said Buonespoir, turning his face to the north, for the wind had veered again to the northeast, and he feared its passing to the northwest, giving them a head-wind and a swooping sea.

"Night came down, but with a clear sky and a bright moon, the wind, however, not abating. The next three hours were spent in tacking, in beating towards the Jersey coast under seas which almost swamped them. They were standing off about a mile from the island, and could see lighted fires and groups of people upon the shore, when suddenly a gale came out from the southwest, the wind having again shifted. With an oath Buonespoir put the helm hard over, the 'Belle Suzanne' came about quickly, but as the gale struck her the mast snapped like a pencil, she heeled over, and the two adventurers were engulfed in the waves."

Unfortunately for the reader, however, that did not end them. They were rescued by the mighty Seigneur of Rose, the self-sacrificing admirer of the heroine, Angele Claude Aubert, whom he gives up when he discovers that she loves Michel. This Seigneur, by the way, is the only well-drawn character in the book—and he, one might suspect, is a carefully traced copy of Porthos, in Dumas's "Three Musketeers."

Everything goes well in Jersey for some time after the rescue of the hero, and then an order arrives from Queen Elizabeth commanding the arrest of Michel and his appearance before her in England. Catherine de Medici is after his scalp, and it is she who is responsible for the English character's action. Michel arrives at Greenwich, and of course the girl and the Seigneur soon put in an appearance also—otherwise the characters would be too much scattered to keep the story running smoothly. In England things are supposed to get very badly mixed up, but no one seems to run any very serious risk—at least the

some years, is very good. He ends the story by saying: "To be remembered only for a few trout and a broken pitcher, after the tremendous sacrifice I had made for them, was too much for my sensitive nature. I never heard of them again, and have managed to survive the estrangement."

During Mr. Higgins' forty-six years of Western life he has prospected, mined, traded, owned a theater, and managed theatrical companies, filled very position in a newspaper office from "devil" to editor and proprietor, and finally ended his public career as Speaker of the British Columbia Legislature.

The book is altogether bright, instructive and highly entertaining, such stories as "An Ill-Fated Family," "Happy Tom," and "A Child That Found His Father," being as thrilling as any of the romances that are written nowadays and possessing the charm of being true. One might think, however, that Mr. Higgins would have improved his book by including in more descriptions of the scenery and places through which he traveled, as in some places the narrative seems rather bald. (Toronto, William Briggs.)

The New Order of Things.

(A Candidate Speaks.)

I like these quiet, calm campaigns. Without torchlight processions. Without discordant martial strains. Or muscular digressions.

I like the freedom from the hot and blustering and lying. The lack of votes that may be bought. The scorn men have of buying.

I like the freedom from abuse. With which the papers treat me. Few idle tales are put to use. In efforts to defeat me.

With gladness in my heart, I know. When I begin my speeches. That I shall have a decent show. Against old eggs and screeches.

I like the lack of bitterness.

I like the quiet thinking.

I like the fairness of the press.

The lack of bets and drinking.

And one thing more, I'll here avow. That makes me very glad is

We seldom kiss soiled babies now. To captivate their daddies.

S. E. Kiser.

Jenkins—You can't get around a girl this winter.

Tompkins—Eh? Why not?

Jenkins—Because her fashionable dress will be thirty feet in circumference.

"Funny that Gramercy always speaks of his wife as his better half."

"Why so?"

"Because she's his third."

First Old Clubman (reminiscently)—Was your daughter married?

Second Old Clubman (whose daughter has been thrice espoused, absently)—Yes, now and then.

A woman thought the Man she loved

A Demigod in truth;

She married him, and found him out

A Demijohn forsooth!

Silence sometimes covers a magnitud

UNMATCHABLE as a summer drink

"PALMADA"
CEYLON TEA "Iced." A delicious and wholesome drink.
SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS. BY ALL GROCERS.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor reserves the right to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

R. H. J.—It is not an harmonious development, but is capably endowed with strength, independence of impulse, and practical ability. Instability may, as you state, be one of your drawbacks, but if so it does not hurt much. Perhaps your character is devoid of the ingratiating touches which make the courtier and the diplomat, and is evidently at times most erratic. There are power, expression and perception shown in it. Originality and perception are also plain. Perhaps you are born under a double sign, which often causes restlessness and uncertainty, and with the Saturnine influence makes the pessimist of the most hopeless type.

Flunker—I hope that is your nom de plume. "As near as I can make it out. You are generous and broad-minded, but not as well disciplined as you might be. Following the impulse of the moment and yielding to persuasion when your higher sense counsels firmness. You love power and have the bright and careful method, not much logical force, a wholesome caution in repelling confidence, and a rather straightforward and primitive outlook. Tenacity of opinion and purpose is suggested, with some possibility of temper and a critical turn of mind. There is not much sensitiveness nor highly cultured taste suggested, though the general tone is noble. What should you most guard against in character and temperament? A lack of inspiration.

Teeswater—The books for which you quote, "The Ample Life" and "The Better Way," may be had from The Methodist Book Room at one dollar each.

Turkey Egg—Whether gobbler or hen be in this egg has "nothing to do with the case." In any case the writer is strong, buoyant, self-centered, cautious, fond of power and apt to be engaged in business. Capacity for warm affection and a courageous and frank nature are suggested. Writer will not lightly submit to coercion, nor will much grass grow under his (or her) feet. The taste is good and much cleverness, perhaps artistic, is indicated. It is a youthful study, full of the joy of living, and likely to be somewhat prejudiced and self-willed.

Omar—There is a good deal of imagination and ambition to rise and some gift of expression. Culture and experience are lacking and the study, though interesting, is rather crude for delineation.

Evelyn, Gordon and Allan—Watch for your answers later on. The studies look very promising.

Elizabeth B.—No, I don't waste time worrying over the wickedness of the yard. I find it in it. I am sure you can do likewise if you make up your mind to it. If you want to worry over wickedness, just take a bird's-eye view of yourself, dear. Then something may come of it. It worries me because you don't do your best and cross your "I's" and "O's." You are good? March 7 brings you a sign. Pices, the fishes, which is a sign given to sad reflections unless properly trained. You are clever enough to do better, and have a mind able for very good work. What should you most guard against in character and temperament? A volatile and elusive turn of thought, and excellent method shown.

Eleanor—No month is "lucky." All may be over-ruled by strength and influence into good, even when the influences are most Saturnine, if one have courage, philosophy and faith in oneself. We are born to rise—what a pity so many choose to be serfs. May 6 is what I call a first-rate date. The May poets are often over-materialists, the things of sight and sense rule them unduly, but they are not without strength and stability the touch of true spirituality they become great. You have many pleasant traits and should be bright in perception, pleasant in expression, and apart from a tendency to discouragement, quite a promising study. Look on the sunny side.

Lena—I should rather say it was "anything but pleasant to go on hating oneself and worrying over the opinion of others." I should rather say it was a specimen of the genus fool. Now, Lena, I am afraid my answer will affect your life. You should be master of yourself and your conditions, if anyone should. Of course you'll do better as soon as you throw off your foolish attitude and justify your birth. Neither father nor mother, but your own self, can bring triumph out of your efforts. Look up and away from the sordid, the affected, and realize that Leo is the king of beasts.

Janet M.—Now, here's a Leo child after my own heart! Not worrying over what people think of her, but bubbling over with happy, wholesome love of "all the delights of sound and sense," as she calls the observations of "a watchful devotee of nature." August 15, in the heart of the glowing month of fire, has developed an ardent lover of the beautiful, full of sympathy, hope, pleasant temper and words, generous and unconscious of self. There is love of tradition, some ambition, frank speech and fair discretion, with beauty of expression shown.

Margaret—January 20, little lady, would bring you under Capricorn, the goat, an earth sign and one capable of good things mental and moral. Certainly I believe in astrology. I cannot cast your horoscope without having time, but will try to find some one who can. The generality of those who advertise readings of the heav-

ens are, I fancy, not advanced astrological students. It is a most fascinating study.

Dumpy—You have a refined and clever character, very bright perception, and probably light and animated expression; a good deal of self-reliance, good policy, excellent system and fair judgment are shown. You can feel keenly, are apt to be exacting and perhaps mistrustful in matters of affection, are emotionally sensitive, and would not pleasantly take second place. A very fine Leo, proud, touchy and illogical.



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Sold ready for the picnic hamper—spread on bread and eat—Tasty, delicate—nourishing.

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POTTED HAM
" BEEF
" TURKEY
" GAME

Good Grocers sell them.

ALSO MANY OTHER VARIETIES

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Antique Furniture and Works of Art

Observant purchasers have long since realized the fact that by the judicious selection of genuine Antique pieces they secure, not only the benefit of admirable Furniture for their own use, but also the additional advantage of a profitable investment.

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Cure Blood Diseases Constipation Diseases of Women

Special attention given to Diseases of Children and Electrolysis.

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Medical Electrician

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the best salt that Canada's best salt works can produce, and that's where the best anywhere

Sor Salt



HAT genial and unassuming Canadian piano virtuoso, Harry Field, gave a private recital to a few friends on Saturday evening at the studio of Miss Parkhurst, 108 D'Arcy street. As is perhaps

generally known, Mr. Field has spent seven years of his career in Germany, where he had the advantage of its musical atmosphere and traditions, and the interpretative teachings of many of its eminent artists. Mr. Field's style has gained wonderfully in finish, and in every measure he revealed the most scrupulous care and conscientiousness of phrasing, gradation of tone, and expressive delivery. His selections included a Mozart sonata, two sonatas by Beethoven, a little mazurka of his own composition, a ballet movement from Rubinstein's "The Demon," and Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Wohnin."

The refreshing naivete of the Mozart number was delightfully preserved, while technically it was rendered with beautiful clearness of definition. The principal work was the Beethoven sonata, "The Adieu, the Absence, and the Return," which was given with a comprehensive reading and was most artistically played, especially the first two movements. During the intermissions Mr. Field played some interesting about musical life in Germany, and said the following, among other things: "Germany is without doubt the land of song—not only in a productive sense, but also in a reproductive sense. Her song-composers are known the world over, and they have stamped their print upon the song-writers of every clime. Her reproductive artists are numerous indeed, and while they may not perhaps have the best methods of voice production, they have at least knowledge of the contents of their music, and such natural inborn musical instinct, that they give wonderfully inspired renderings. Take for instance the song recitals of Dr. Wueller. This man is known in Germany also as a great actor. His song recitals are crowded. Why? Not for his voice, but to hear the expression and his remarkable interpretative art. Then again take Lilli Lehmann and Mrs. Schumann-Heink; but these are too well known to Canadian audiences to need comment. The reason that Germany is so beneficial for musical study is on account of the special advantages offered in the way of hearing frequently the works of the great masters. Every town of at least 30,000 inhabitants has its orchestra, opera, and concert, supported by the municipality. In consequence these advantages are regarded as a necessity, and are the very things that enhance and stimulate the musical taste of a whole community. It is in these essentials that we in Canada are lacking, although we have excellent societies and as good teachers as you will find anywhere. In Germany you will come across scores of fine musicians, but you have to look around anxiously to find one who is a good teacher, even in great musical centers like Berlin, Leipzig and Vienna. So my advice to students is not to be too hasty in going abroad, but to get first a good solid grounding and the ability to play a tolerably good repertoire in a finished manner. What we need in Toronto to-day is an efficient and well-balanced orchestra, worked on the same lines as the orchestras of seven or eight of the large cities of the United States. We have men of wealth bestowing large donations on hospitals, churches and universities, which is all very praiseworthy, but we never even hear a hint about founding a good orchestra for Toronto. What a benefit, what a godsend it would be to have our own symphony concert! Until we do have a symphony orchestra we must take a back seat with cities like Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, etc., although in other fields Toronto is without doubt the center of culture in Canada."

Belleville and Stratford have invited the Jarvis street Baptist church choir to give concerts in those places. Considering the expense of engaging so large a party of singers—sixty-two was the number that went to Berlin recently—these invitations are of great interest throughout the province in musical circles. At the Berlin concert the choir was given an enthusiastic reception. The concert was held in St. Peter's Lutheran church, which was filled by an audience that included many visitors from Galt, Guelph, Elmhurst, and Stratford. The choir was filled by an audience that included many visitors from Galt, Guelph, Elmhurst, and Stratford. The choir was filled by an audience that included many visitors from Galt, Guelph, Elmhurst, and Stratford.

Mr. Russell G. McLean has been appointed baritone soloist of St. James' Cathedral choir. The choral music for the season's work of the Mendelssohn Choir has now all come to hand. At the rehearsal on Tuesday evening Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and the Brahms "Alto Rhapsody" were distributed to the chorus. Already inquiries are being received in great number from music-lovers in the city and from other parts of the province as to the subscription list. The committee expects to be able in a short time to make definite announcements in regard to the matter. As has been previously stated, the entire Pittsburgh Orchestra of sixty-seven men has been engaged to assist in each of the concerts of the society in February next, and Mr. Vogt is in communication with the managers regarding the principal orchestral compositions to be performed. The orchestra under the direction of Emil Paul will, it is believed, play in finer form than ever, and its guarantee list is the strongest obtained in the history of the organization. The orchestra has already arranged to give three concerts in New York, where Mr. Paul is very popular.

Miss May Perry of Toronto sang the other evening at the First Methodist church, London, Ont. She made a very favorable impression. The London "Free Press" says: "Miss Perry has a fine soprano voice of great sweetness and power, and will always be a welcome visitor in the musical circles of the city."

The fine new organ of the Church of the Redeemer will be officially opened on Monday evening next, with a recital by Mr. Arthur Ingham, the new organist and choirmaster. The instrument, which has three manuals and a pedal organ, is constructed on the tubular

bourne street Methodist church, is having another busy season in recital work and inaugurating new church organs throughout Canada and in the States, his engagements already reaching several months ahead. On Monday he returned from Owen Sound after a series of recitals upon the fine new organ erected in the First Methodist Church, and playing before the largest audiences ever assembled there. On Sunday evening the entire congregation remained to hear his concluding numbers at the close of the service. His recital upon the great organ of the Metropolitan church during Exhibition week will be remembered as having attracted a very large audience. A feast accompanied by Mr. Blakeley was the sketching, from memory, of the keyboard of that instrument, and correctly indicating the name and position of every stop and mechanical contrivance.

Mr. Morley Sherris, pupil of Mrs. Mildred Walker, has been appointed baritone soloist of St. James Square Presbyterian Church.

The Sherlock Male Quartette gave one of their popular concerts at Meadvale last week, and as usual, to a crowded house, though the quartette have frequently appeared in this same neighborhood. Coming concerts will be the Rockwood, Niagara Falls, Pergus, Markdale, Listowel, Cobourg, the West End Y.M.C.A., and several other local ones.

A number of Mr. Sherris' students have recently been appointed to responsible church positions. Miss Mabel Manley has accepted the position of soprano soloist at the Bloor Street Baptist Church, where Mr. George Dixon is the tenor soloist. Miss Dorothy Fowler has been appointed contralto soloist at Carlton Street Methodist Church, and Miss Lucy Hudson soprano soloist at the Annette Street Methodist Church, Toronto Junction.

Great expectations are held of the playing of the far-famed band of the British Grenadier Guards, who give four concerts on Monday and Tuesday next in Massey Hall. This was the band that won the crowning triumph at the Boer War Jubilee. Although it is not likely that it contains any of the members of that day, its efficiency has been fully maintained since then, and it is even said that the present conductor, Mr. Albert Williams, who was appointed in 1897, has carried it to a higher standard than ever. The band has also been engaged to give, along with the great French band, that of the Garde Republicaine. The Englishmen have been received with special enthusiasm, and their music, the features of their playing are described as a beautiful and refined ensemble, and rich and sonorous climaxes free from harshness.

Among members of the Metropolitan School of Music staff who are offering scholarships for competition this season—and whose names will appear in another column of this page—are the following: Mr. W. O. Forsyth, the director, who offers one entirely free, and one partial scholarship in piano instruction; Mr. Francis H. Coombs, who makes corresponding propositions for vocal instruction, and Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, who offers one free scholarship in the piano department. The Metropolitan School of Music is offering many other scholarships of an attractive character in piano, vocal and elocutionary branches.

Miss Via Macmillan has resumed teaching at the Toronto Junction College of Music and at her studio in the Carlton Chambers building. She has last three months conducting teachers' classes in Winnipeg and Vancouver.

A short song recital will be given by Mr. Hamilton Macaulay of London, England, on Saturday, October 15, at 3 p.m., in the Mason and Risch recital hall.

Mr. Sebastian H. Burnett, the well known vocal instructor, offers his annual scholarship. Applications will be received up to the 20th inst. at the Toronto College of Music, or 60 Grenville street.

A large number of valuable scholarships for open competition are offered by the Toronto Conservatory of Music, application for which must be made on or before the 15th inst. These are under leading teachers of the institution in the advanced piano, voice, violin and organ departments, including also twenty-three scholarships in the elementary piano department for talented children under 16 years of age, the total value being estimated at \$1,800.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music has added to its staff Mr. Arthur Ingham, the recently appointed organist of the Church of the Redeemer. Although a stranger to the city, Mr. Ingham has preceded him, the important position which he so capably filled in St. Louis testifying to his ability as a musician. Mr. Ingham purposes giving a series of organ recitals at the Church of the Redeemer in the near future, and will also commence teaching at the Conservatory.

It is worth noting that twenty-five European cities have already given performances of Alois Schmidt's arrangement of Mozart's mass in C minor, published by Breitkopf and Haertel. Critics say that in making this edition Herr Schmidt has practically given to the world a new choral work by Mozart, ranking with his "Requiem." According to the opinion of William Kienz, the well-known composer, this mass is the greatest composition written by Mozart for the church, and the eminent German critic, Otto Lessmann, says that "the choruses in particular rank in grandeur of expression with the best ecclesiastical music in existence." The Pope having set his face against the so-called "frigid" music of Mozart, we are not likely to hear this work in our Catholic churches.

The London Symphony Orchestra has followed the example of the New York Philharmonic Society by engaging for a series of concerts the star conductors Richard, Colonne, Stanford, Elgar and Schur.

pneumatic principle, and has thirty-seven speaking registers, and thirty-seven reed and mechanical stops. The great organ has six eight-foot registers, while two sixteen-foot stops have been added to the swell. There is a new trombone of 16 feet in the pedal organ, and twelve new pipes have been added to the bass flute. Five new stops in the great increase the variety of sound, viz., grand stopped diapason, doppel flute, twelfth, and mixture (three ranks). Mr. Ingham at his recital will give a fine selection of legitimate organ music. His numbers will be Hesse's Toccata in A flat, Le-mare's "Cantique d'Amour," E. J. Hopkins' Allegro Moderato in A, W. Far-ber's concert overture in E, The Clair-laer's Capriccio in A major, Bach's great G minor fugue, Charles Vincent's "Sunset Melody," Smart's Fantasia in major (with choral), Allegro Scherzando in B flat, of his own composition. Mr. Ingham intends to give during the season twelve recitals covering a wide range of organ music. During the season he will also give recitals of his own composition, and he scored a decided success at the World's Fair.

An interesting organ recital, judged musically by the contents of the programme and the character of the performance, was given on Thursday evening last week at St. Paul's church, Bloor street, by Mr. Harold D. Phillips, the organist and choirmaster. The recital was quite a large attendance of appreciative listeners, and had the event taken place in a concert hall Mr. Phillips would have received a warm tribute of applause. Probably the most exciting number was Mr. Phillips' own transcription of the Tchaikowski "Pathetic Symphony" (first movement), which was rendered with its technical demands, and also on account of its wide range of mood. Mr. Phillips interpreted the movement with a faithful reflection of its spirit, and with many skilful suggestions of the original orchestral tone colors. He showed, moreover, brilliant technique in his rendering of the scherzo, and his combinations of registration. The pathetic melody that appears and reappears in this movement was quite well reflected in the recital, and his combinations of registration. The pathetic melody that appears and reappears in this movement was quite well reflected in the recital, and his combinations of registration.

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ANNUAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF SCHOLARSHIPS

For open competition under the following teachers:

Pianoforte—Dr. Edward Fisher, J. W. F. Harrison, Miss Sara E. Dall, Miss H. F. C. M., Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M., Miss L. Z. Caldwell, Mrs. J. Lister Nichols, Miss Eugenie Quehen. **Voice**—Mrs. J. W. Bradley, Miss Jeanie E. Williams, A.T.C.M., Miss Marie Wheeler. **Violin**—Mrs. B. Dr. chler Adamson, Heinrich Klugefeld, Miss Lisa Adamson, Frank E. J. Ford, A.T.C.M., Miss Lena M. Hayes, A.T.C.M. **Organ**—Miss May Hamilton, A.T.C.M. Candidates for above Scholarships are not limited as to age or the amount of instruction previously received.

Also Elementary Pianoforte—Three Free and Twenty Partial Scholarships.

Candidates for Elementary Piano must be under 16 years, and shall not have had more than one quarter in instruction. The above described scholarships (eleven full and twenty partial) are good to the end of June, and will be awarded to candidates who meet the requirements of the examinations.

TOTAL VALUE—\$1,800.00.

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Elsie Drechsler Adamson,

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FRANK E. BLACHFORD

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FRANK S. WELSMAN

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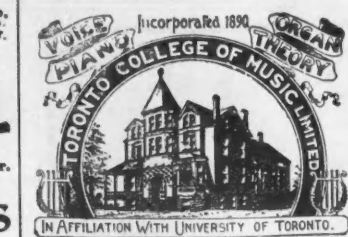
J. W. F. HARRISON

Organist and Choirmaster St. Simon's Church.

Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.

Teacher of Piano and Organ of Toronto Conservatory of Music, Bishop Strachan School, and Branksome Hall, 21 Dunbar Road, Rosedale.

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Scholarships

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Miss Mary Hewitt Smart

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Vocal Directress Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

Studio—Room U, Yonge Street Arcade.

MILDRED WALKER

SOPRANO

Pupil Emmelo Agramonte.

VOICE CULTURE. Concert engagements accepted. Studio—30 Lower Ave., City.

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Pupil of William Shakespeare, London, Eng.

Teacher of Singing, Toronto Conservatory of Music, season commencing Sept. 1904.

For terms, dates, etc., address Toronto Conservatory of Music, or 308 Huron Street.

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THE GREAT CANADIAN PIANIST

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do. Eight Partial Scholarships worth \$100.00.

VOICE—One worth \$80.00 with R. O. Mackay.

Names to be in by Oct. 15th.

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CONCERT BASSO AND TEACHER OF VOICE CULTURE

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MISS MARY D. KEMP

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WRITE

MASON AND RISCH PIANO TALK No. 1

INTRODUCTION

WE've told you the story of the building of a Mason and Risch Piano; the care given in the selection and seasoning of the wood, and the skilful workmanship and inventive genius concentrated in the production of the instrument. We will now take up the several structural points in which it differs from any other make of piano. We will illustrate these points and prove wherein lies the superiority of the Mason and Risch construction.

These talks should be read by every probable piano purchaser. They will deal with the very points which you should know about a piano before you purchase. A piano may be a source of joy and harmony for a lifetime or a short-lived thump box. It is for you to learn to choose.

To everyone interested enough to send us their name and address we will forward full descriptive literature.

MASON AND RISCH

The Piano with a Soul

Mason and Risch Piano Company, Limited, Toronto
Toronto Warerooms—32 King Street West

Social and Personal.

MRS. FREDERICK HAMILTON (nee Mockridge), who is the guest of Mrs. J. D. Tyrrell, 551 Sherbourne street, will hold her post-nuptial reception there on Monday and Tuesday next.

On Saturday last, in St. Andrew's Church, the marriage of Mr. Frank E. Brown, son of Dr. Price Brown, and Miss Isabel Russell McCurdy, was witnessed by a large company. Rev. Armstrong Black officiated, assisted by Rev. G. M. Milligan and Rev. Alexander Russell of Oyster Bay, N.Y., uncle of the bride. The choir sang during the procession of the bride's party to the altar, and Dr. Anderson played several selections of bridal music. Miss McCurdy wore a chiton mounted on silk, with Irish lace sleeves, guimpe and panels. In her bridal wreath was white heather, from Scotland, and a large tulle veil fell from the orange wreath. Miss Hattie McCurdy was maid of honor, in a dainty gown of lemon-colored tulle, with lace undersleeves and fichu and white beaver hat. Miss Jessie McCurdy was bridesmaid, similarly dressed, and Miss Marion Haddon was flower girl. A reception was held at Professor McCurdy's home in Spadina road, after which Mr. and Mrs. Brown left for Virginia and St. Louis for their honeymoon, the bride wearing a brown and green tweed costume, and a green beaver hat. The young couple will reside in Galt.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Turner of 68 Hazelton avenue gave a very pleasant reception on Monday evening, the occasion being the celebration of their golden wedding. The house was beautifully decorated with yellow flowers and autumn leaves. The numerous and beautiful presents testified to the high esteem in which the couple are held. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation by Mr. John R. Arnoldi, on behalf of the relatives, of an address, accompanied by a substantial purse of gold. Telegrams of congratulation were received from friends in Bermuda, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit and Quebec. Among those present were Mrs. McKean, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, the Misses Arnoldi, Mrs. Wakefield, Mrs. Thendavie Shortless, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert McBeth, Mrs. Robert Haye Hill of Bermuda, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark, the Misses Duff, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Miller, the Misses Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cheesman of Detroit, Mr. Charles Arnoldi, Mrs. Agnes Arnoldi, Miss Arnoldi, Mrs. Harris of Detroit, Mr. George Bruneh, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Turner of Chicago, Miss Hamilton Moore, Mr. and Mrs. William McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Parry, Mr. McBean, Mrs. Kilally, Miss Kilally, Mr. McMorrin of Kingston, Mr. Bruce Clark, Mr. Errol Arnoldi. A notable feature of the gathering was the presence of every child and grandchild—not one being absent.

Mrs. Bowers of 20 Roxborough street west will be at home on the second and third Fridays during the season. A very pleasant event took place on Thursday, September 29, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cope, Kippendave avenue, in the form of a ruby wedding, it being the thirty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The house was prettily decorated in red and the tables with red dahlias. About forty relatives and friends, along with ten of their children, sat down to supper, Mr. D. Y. Cope, their third son, being in Calgary. Mr. and Mrs. Cope were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Blackstock of Toronto, Mr. O. D. Glasgow of Niagara Falls, Mrs. R. Harcourt of Guelph, Miss Nora B. Rogers of Guelph, Mrs. N. J. McIntyre of Hamilton, Mrs. Jacob B. Vogt of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Mrs. C. F. Bullen of Highland Park, Mrs. Danahy, Miss Jessie A. Danahy of Buffalo, Mrs. R. K. Chisholm, Miss Katharine B. Parish and Mr. Allan S. Chisholm of Oakville are among guests recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

The marriage of Miss Emma Louise Calder and Mr. John Witchall takes place in St. Anne's church next Wednesday at two o'clock.

Mrs. Jessie Alexander Roberts of Pasadena, Cal., arrived early in the week on a visit to her sister, Miss Alexander of Robert street, and numerous old Toronto friends will welcome the announcement of one of her delightful entertainments at Massey Hall on Thursday, Oct. 20th.

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An overcoat we have designed after the English style.

Extremely loose enough stuff in the skirt to go around three men, anyone of whose shoulders the coat would fit.

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The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

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The Grenadier Guards.

A musical event of importance is the visit of His Majesty's famous Grenadier Guards Band to Toronto. They were chosen to represent England at the World's Fair in St. Louis, leave having been granted by King Edward VII. at the request of the United States Government. The band numbers sixty-one pieces, and it is considered to be the greatest military band in the world to-day. In response to a general request leave of absence has been granted for the band to visit a few of the principal cities of the United States and Canada at the end of their engagement at the St. Louis Exposition, which concludes to-day. They will be heard here on Saturday and Monday, October 15 and 17, at Massey Hall. The bandmaster is Mr. Albert Williams, who is also a Mus. Bac. of Oxford University and a musician of high standing. The colonel of the regiment is the King himself. The band will be accompanied by an officer, Captain Jeffries.

Mrs. Pierson of 310 Lake Front, Center Island, has had the following list of guests staying with her during the summer months: Mr. Sidney H. Lee and family, Mr. Percy Eby and family, Mr. T. B. Clark and family, Mr. Fred Leach of the Bank of Toronto and family, Mr. John Irwin of the City Hall and family, Mrs. Rowley and family of Calgary, Mr. Johnston and daughters of Collingwood, and many others. Mrs. Pierson has now taken the house lately occupied by Mrs. J. D. King of 428 Jarvis street, and we be prepared to receive guests for the winter months.

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October number, the "Four-Track News." Very interesting.

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THE GREAT FULGORA
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The Famous Georgia Girl.
HERBERT'S DOGS
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THE KINETOGRAPH
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The Most Wonderful Tumblers and Gymnasts.



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can see the soiled collar and the untidy appearance of your last year's fall overcoat if you cannot. Add your name to my list and look right.

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Direct Importations of Exclusive Floor Coverings from Turkey, Persia and India

Our large shipment of Oriental Rugs consisting of 35 bales has arrived at last and we are now proud to put before the art-lovers of Toronto the finest and largest collection of genuine Eastern Rugs ever shown by any other Rug house in Canada.

Our buyers in the Eastern markets have been once more successful in securing this magnificent collection at such a reasonable price that it will enable us to offer them at very moderate figures without considering the superiority and the exclusiveness of the goods.

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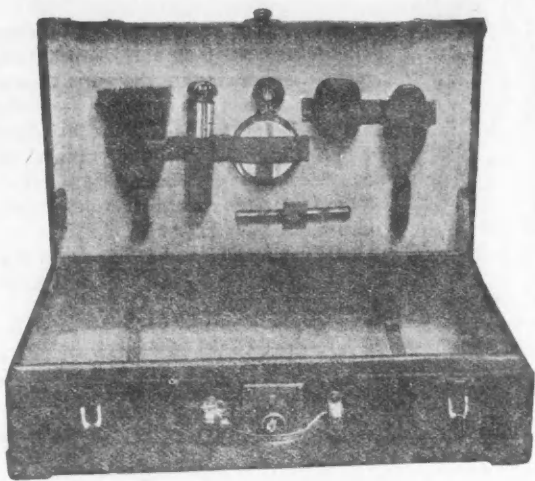
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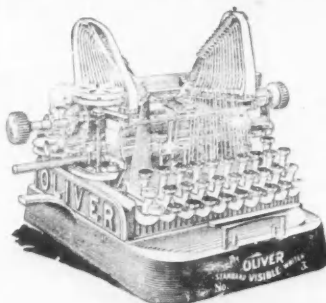
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Social and Personal.

MRS. J. A. M. ALLEY will receive for the first time since her marriage on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons next, and afterwards on the first Tuesday of each month, at 728 Spadina avenue.

Mrs. Walter Maughan (nee Rymal) will receive on Wednesday afternoon, October 13, at 30 Grosvenor street, and will be at home every second Tuesday in the month.

Mrs. Prince and her mother, Mrs. Risley, and Miss Moss are settled at 12 Orde street for the winter.

Dr. Squire Sprigge and his two little ones, with their governess and Miss Moss, their aunt, left yesterday for England.

Mrs. Wallace, wife of Chancellor Wallace, received on Thursday and yesterday afternoons at her new home, 21 Prince Arthur avenue.

The marriage of Miss Cassie Eldred Rust, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Rust, and Mr. Thomas A. Dyas will take place next month.

Mrs. Bernard has left for England, taking with her her niece, Miss Annis Kingsmill.

Mrs. Herbert Mason returned from Chief's Island, Lake Joseph, last night. Much kind sympathy is with her in the sorrowful shock of her brother, Professor Campbell's, sudden death at Muskoka recently.

Mrs. W. Muldrew of Huron street has sold her home. She is with her daughter, Mrs. W. Blackley, 45 Cecil street, and will receive the first and third Wednesdays.

Dr. Chamberlain has resigned his position of Inspector of Prisons and Hospitals to contest the riding of Dundas for the Commons in the Liberal interests. He is to be succeeded by Dr. R. W. Bruce Smith, Assistant Superintendent of the Eastern Hospital for the Insane at Brockville. Dr. and Mrs. Smith and three daughters are to remove to Toronto immediately.

The vacant position in Brockville is to be filled by the promotion of Dr. J. C. Mitchell of the Asylum Service, Queen street west, Toronto. Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell, with the Doctor's mother, will leave Toronto for Brockville the first of next week.

Mr. Harold Jarvis is the guest of the Michigan Commission at St. Louis next week, and will sing on Detroit Day at the Fair.

Fashionable Neckwear for Men.

IN my last letter I wrote of the large scarf, to be tied Ascot-form, for wear with the more formal day clothes. Many fellows, of course, wear such a scarf with lounge and business suit, in which case brighter colors and more pronounced designs may be used to good effect. But this large scarf is most in its place when worn with frock or London walking-suits.

The four-in-hand, like the other shapes of neckwear for men, is no longer of diminutive proportions, and in the place of the narrow, unbecoming, small four-in-hand of the past, the



Newmarket Four-in-Hand.

Shown by Ely, King Edward Hotel.

fashionable shops are showing cravats two-and-a-half, and even three, inches wide, as the smart shape to be worn with lounge and sack suits. These four-in-hands are not tied in the ordinary way, but are drawn up rather tightly; and, while in securing the modish effect, the scarf is destroyed by creasing and pulling, it must be tied into a long, rather narrow, knot to be correct. The man who cannot get this effect had better go to his haberdasher and take a few lessons.

His scarf is the one thing about a man's dress which he should change very often. I have in mind a friend who by this way paid more attention to his necktie than he did to his business (if he had any)—who had enough cravats to start a shop, and all apparently new. I rather think he carried the thing to an extreme, but I always see to it that I have a goodly supply of new, fresh scarves on hand. In fact, it's rather a hobby with me, and I must say I don't think it's such a bad one after all—for a good cravat does more toward giving a fellow a bright, fresh, wholesome appearance than any other article of his dress, and I can tell more about a man and his character by his four-in-hand and the way he wears it, than I can from the shape of his cranium.

In going about the shops this fall I have been struck with the amount of brown being used in neckwear. It is perhaps the leading shade for the present season; but unless one is careful to select an unusually smart design, it would be better to choose some other shade, as the color is now getting a little common. I rather prefer good smart patterns in black-and-white, or such modish tints as deep purple and those indescribable rose tints, green mixtures and so on, often to be picked up at the best shops.

Light colors in four-in-hands are no longer worn. White self-and-self is permissible for formal affairs if a large four-in-hand is worn, as it sometimes is with frock or morning coat. There is a white wash four-in-hand which is very serviceable, sold by some of the leading haberdashers. It is made from a "de Joinville" known as the "Palmetto," and resembles white, closely-woven drill. It can be worn year round, and is very smart.

The bow, or what is more correctly known as the tie, I will have to take up in a later article, as there is much to be said about this smallest style of neckwear for men. Its many uses and misuses—particularly its misuses.

L'ORSAY.

October "Four-Track News."

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Those suffering from decayed teeth should use ...

Covernton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

as it disinfects the breath, leaves a pleasant and refreshing taste in the mouth, and prevents further decay. One trial will establish its merits. Be sure that you get Covernton's, as there are many imitations. Price 24c., 50c. and \$1.00. For sale by all druggists.

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Under auspices of officers of Royal Grenadiers. Prices, afternoon, 50c., 75c., 1.00. Evening, 50c., 75c., 1.00, 1.50. Sale of seats begins Saturday morning. N.B.—Hamilton Oct. 15 and London Oct. 20 are the only other cities in Western Ontario where this great band appears.



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Cook's system not only sweats out the cold but it fills the system with pure oxygen, and thus fortifies it against a second attack.

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\$19.20 TO ST. LOUIS AND RETURN
from Toronto. Good for 15 days. Through First class Sleeper to St. Louis leaves Toronto at 7:55 p.m. daily. Fully equipped Tourist Sleeper leaves Toronto at 7:55 a.m. every Sunday for St. Louis.
All Canadian Pacific trains run into Exhibition grounds at St. Louis.

Toronto, Lindsay and Bobcaygeon Train Service.			
Leave Toronto	9:15 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	
Arrive Lindsay	11:30 a.m.	7:30 p.m.	
Arr. Bobcaygeon	1:15 p.m.	8:10 p.m.	
Leave Bobcaygeon	6:30 a.m.	8:38 p.m.	
Arrive Lindsay	7:15 a.m.	4:45 p.m.	
Arrive Toronto	9:35 a.m.	8:30 p.m.	
Daily except Sunday.			

Tickets and full particulars from Canadian Pacific Agents, or A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto.

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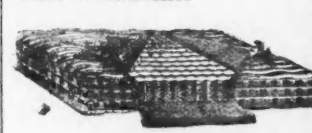
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Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users' testify as to its Comfortable, Healthy and Durable qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Clarke—Oct. 3, Toronto, Mrs. B. Stanley Clarke, a daughter.
McEachern—Oct. 5, Toronto Junction, Mrs. John McEachern, a son.
McTavish—Oct. 3, Montreal, Mrs. Newton M. McTavish, a son.
Morris—Oct. 2, Grimsby, Mrs. J. S. Morris, a son.
Slaght—Oct. 6, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur G. Slaght, a son.

Marriages

Stapleton—Coulter—At St. Paul's Church, Toronto, on Saturday, September 24th, by the Rev. Henry J. Cody, Clayton Ulliot Stapleton of Toronto to Donna Coulter, granddaughter of the late Wm. McDonnell, Esq., of Lindsay, Ont.
Brown—McCurdy—Oct. 1, Toronto, Isabel Russell McCurdy to Frank Brichen Brown.
Cameron—Hamlyn—Oct. 5, Toronto, Mabel Hamlyn to W. S. Cameron.
Gooderham—Neelon—Oct. 5, St. Catharines, Kathleen May Neelon to Edward Douglas Gooderham.
Haydon—Fritchard—Oct. 1, Toronto, Annie D. Fritchard to Nathaniel William John Haydon.
Phillips—Macdonald—Oct. 5, Toronto, Rachel E. R. Macdonald to Albert E. Phillips.
Rowe—McClure—Oct. 4, Hamilton, Margaret Kathleen McClure to Arthur Charles Rowe.

Deaths

McConkey—Suddenly from apoplexy, at his residence, 31 King street west, Toronto, on the morning of Tuesday, the 27th of September, 1904, George Scott McConkey, aged 62 years.
Aitchison—Oct. 3, Hamilton, Ellen (Neill) Elizabeth Aitchison, aged 29 years.
Armstrong—Oct. 1, Toronto, Elizabeth Saunders Armstrong.
Barlow—Oct. 4, Toronto, James Barlow, aged 84 years.
Christie—Oct. 5, Orillia, Peter Christie, aged 84 years.
Dixon—Oct. 4, Toronto, William Dixon, aged 69 years.
Ellis—Oct. 4, Ingersoll, Victoria Carroll Ellis.
Gray—Oct. 5, Hamilton, Junior Gray, aged 78 years.
Hume—Oct. 4, Port Hope, William Angus Hume, aged 17 years.
Hurst—Oct. 4, Toronto, Fanny Elizabeth Hurst, aged 87 years.
Jones—Oct. 2, Toronto General Hospital, Percy Crawford Jones.
Knight—Oct. 4, Woodstock, Richard William Knight, aged 72 years.
Lloyd—Oct. 5, Aurora, Sarah Hutchinson Lloyd.

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